DEADPOOL
CLASSIC

DEADPOOL VS. MARVEL

DEADPOOL CLASSIC

DEADPOOL VS. MARVEL

DEADPOOL CLASSIC

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

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DEADPOOL ANNUAL #1

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DEADPOOL VS. THANOS

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DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE

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MARVEL
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DEADPOOL
VS.
X-FORCE
MO!
SWIERCZYNSKI
LARRAZ
WOODARD

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. OCTOBER 1777.
THE HEIGHT OF THE SO-CALLED AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
THE BRITISH ARMY IS FORCED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST A BAND OF DIRTY, UNDISCIPLINED AMERICAN REBELS.
THE MONGRELS FALL LIKE SO MUCH KINDLING. IT IS CLEAR THIS UPRISING WON'T LAST LONG.
BUT THEN, OUT OF THE TANGLE OF BLEEDING AND DYING MEN...

...COMES A DEADLY AND FEARSOME-LOOKING MERCENARY, CLAD LIKE A REBEL--BUT WEARING A *MASK!*
AND HOLDING A STRANGE-LOOKING *MUSKET!*
KINGSLAYER
EEEEYAAAAAHHHHH!
WHO WOULD BE SO *FOOLISH* AS TO RUSH A ROW OF ARMED SOLDIERS SINGLE-HANDEDLY?
THE ELITE GUARD UNLEASH *THE FULL FURY OF THE CROWN* UPON THIS BRAZEN INTERLOPER!

SOMEHOW, THE STRANGE REBEL IS ABLE TO DODGE HUNDREDS OF *MUSKET* BALLS!
AND CANNONBALLS!
OH, THIS REBEL MUST HAVE *SUCH* BIG...
SORRY. I KNOW THAT'S LOW-HANGING FRUIT, EVEN FOR ME.
AAAIIIIIEEEEEE

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THIS REBEL PROCEEDS TO *DECIMATE THE ELITE BRITISH GUARD!*
AS WELL AS MANY FINE *HEIRLOOMS!*
HATE SHOOTING PEOPLE IN RED UNIFORMS.
SO HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF WHO I'VE SHOT, AND WHO I HAVEN'T SHOT YET.
CAN, LIKE, SOME OF YOU WOUNDED GUYS *DRAW 'X'S* ON THE EYES OF THE DEAD GUYS?
AND FINALLY, THE FEARSOME MERCENARY WITH THE *EVER-SO-LOQUACIOUS* MOUTH--

DO NOT COME ANY CLOSER OR I SHALL TAKE MY OWN LIFE!
NOT SO FAST, GUV'NAH.
LET'S SEE HERE...WANT TO MAKE SURE I GET THIS RIGHT, BECAUSE *NOT EVERYBODY* IS SUPPOSED TO DIE.
UH, WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?
GRRNNRRLL CHWUNNN-UNN-WUHLLL-UHNNNN.
OH, COOL. I *CAN* KILL YOU.

AND LOOK, THIS *TOTALLY ISN'T ABOUT* THE TERM PAPER I ONCE HAD TO WRITE ABOUT YOU.
OKAY, MAYBE A LITTLE.

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE: TIME TO DIE #1

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
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MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES LATER...
CABLE, A.K.A. NATHAN DAYSPRING SUMMERS, IS HAVING VISIONS AGAIN.
HE MEDITATES OFTEN, HAVING RECENTLY ARRIVED IN THIS STRANGE AND TUMULTUOUS TIME PERIOD IN EARTH'S HISTORY. SOMETIMES, VISIONS FOLLOW.
BUT UNLIKE OTHER VISIONS HE'S EXPERIENCED, THIS ONE MANIFESTED SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY.
THE TIMESTREAM IS ON THE VERGE OF **COLLAPSE**. AND UNLESS HE FINDS THE POINT OF DIVERGENCE, EVERYTHING HE'S EVER FOUGHT FOR WILL BE AT RISK.
HE CAN FEEL THE FABRIC OF TIME TUGGING AT HIS BLOOD.
AND IMMEDIATELY, CABLE KNOWS WHO HE MUST VISIT.

CABLE BODYSLIDES TO THE SECLUDED LABORATORY OF DR. FRANCIS TALBOT, A MAN WHO'S MADE BILLIONS FROM THE AMERICAN MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.
HE'S PARANOID AND BRILLIANT AND RICH ENOUGH TO INDULGE BOTH OF THOSE CHARACTER TRAITS.
OOOOF!
WAIT, NO NO NO, I RECOGNIZE YOU, YOU DON'T HAVE TO--
PRINT CONFIRMED. ACCESS GRANTED.
PING

TALBOT IS OBSESSED WITH TIME TRAVEL. AND HIS LAB WILL BE INSTRUMENTAL IN CREATING THE TIME MACHINE CABLE WILL USE CENTURIES FROM NOW.
SO CABLE KEEPS A WARY EYE ON TALBOT. IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO THE MAN--OR IF ANY OF HIS EXPERIMENTS WERE TO GO AWRY...
I KNEW YOU'D SHOW.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HIT THOSE GUARDS, YOU KNOW. THEY WOULD HAVE LET YOU PASS.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, TALBOT?
SOMETHING... IMPULSIVE.

DID I TELL YOU MY GRANDSON VOLUNTEERED FOR *DESERT STORM?*
"BRAVE. HANDSOME. IMPULSIVE...JUST LIKE HIS GRANDFATHER.
"LAST MONTH, A REPUBLICAN GUARD BULLET RIPPED HIS FACE OFF."
IMMEDIATELY, CABLE KNOWS WHAT TALBOT HAS DONE.
DAMMIT, WE'VE DISCUSSED THIS, TALBOT. IF YOU MESS WITH THE TIMESTREAM...
I KNOW... *I KNOW!*
BUT I HAD THE TOOLS TO SAVE MY GRANDSON'S LIFE! HOW COULD I NOT USE THEM? HOW COULD I EVER LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER, KNOWING *I COULD HAVE SPARED HER THE ULTIMATE GRIEF?*
14/05/1987
03:24
WHO DID YOU SEND BACK?
A MAN I *SHOULDN'T* HAVE.

HE STRAPPED THE PROTOTYPE TO HIS BACK, THEN KNOCKED ME DOWN AND PROCEEDED TO REPROGRAM THE TIME COORDINATES!
IF THESE NUMBERS ARE CORRECT, THIS *"WADE WILSON"*--IF THAT'S EVEN HIS REAL NAME--TRAVELED BACK ***MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES.***
CABLE KNOWS HE CAN SLIDE BACK TO INTERCEPT THIS MERCENARY.
BUT HE ALSO KNOWS THAT GOING ALONE IS BAD STRATEGY. ESPECIALLY IF THIS "WILSON" IS PART OF A LARGER PLOT--AND HAS ALLIES.
"THAT'S IT--I'M HISTORY!"
DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE *PROTOTYPES?*

SOMEDAY, THESE MUTANTS WILL FORM THE CORE OF CABLE'S PARAMILITARY TEAM KNOWN AS...
X-FORCE
BUT TODAY THEY ARE MERELY THE TOUGHEST, MOST RESOURCEFUL MUTANTS CABLE CAN GATHER AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
WARPATH
A.K.A. JAMES PROUDSTAR. ABLE TO SNAP YOU IN HALF.
BOOM-BOOM
A.K.A. TABITHA SMITH. BLOWS STUFF UP.
DOMINO
A.K.A. NEENA THURMAN. MAKES HER OWN ODDS.
CANNONBALL
A.K.A. SAM GUTHRIE. FLIES LIKE A JET.
CABLE WARNED THEM ALL OF THE RISKS OF WAGING WAR IN THE PAST.
NOT ONLY MUST THEY REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO THE PAST...AND SURVIVE...BUT THEIR MEMORIES OF THE VERY BATTLE ITSELF MUST BE PURGED, LEST IT DISRUPT THE TIMESTREAM ITSELF.
NONE OF THE TEAM FLINCHED.

1777.
AH, QUIT YER FLINCHIN', ME OLD MUCKER.
I'M NOT AFTER YOU. IT'S *YOUR BRITISH ARMY BUDDIES*, AND THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON.
LEAST I *THINK* SO. ALL OF THESE RAZZIN' FRAZZIN' NAMES AND DATES TO KEEP STRAIGHT!
KILL *THIS ONE*, DON'T KILL *THAT ONE*...IT'S LIKE I'M BACK IN SIXTH GRADE AGAIN.
THWONGGGG
FINALLY! MY TRIPWIRE'S A-TRIPPIN'!
REMEMBER, WADE...
...DON'T FIRE UNTIL YOU SEE THE *WHITES OF THEIR THIGHS*.

WAIT... WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?
AND WHY IS YOUR EYE ALL, LIKE, *GLOWY* AND STUFF? OR IS THAT MASCARA?
CABLE IS OVERCOME WITH DEJA VU. THIS MERCENARY IS STRANGELY... **FAMILIAR.** BUT HE PUSHES THOSE THOUGHTS OUT OF HIS MIND, FOCUSES ON THE MISSION AT HAND.
TALBOT WARNED HIM THAT WILSON WAS CHATTY.
SO CABLE PLANS ON DISTRACTING HIM WITH CHATTER OF HIS OWN-- WHILE HIS TEAM MOVES INTO **STRIKE POSITIONS.**
YOU'RE WADE WILSON, RIGHT?
I'M *NATHAN.* PLEASED TO MEET YOU. MR. TALBOT ASKED ME TO--
BLAM
GUH

TAKE HIM OUT! *NOW!*
AH'M ON HIM!
VRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SUUUUUUUUN ROOOOOOOOF!!
THOUGH THEIR LEADER IS HIT, THE TEAM KNOWS WHAT TO DO: TAKE OUT THE SHOOTER, RESCUE ANY HOSTAGES.
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
HEY, THAT'S A FUTURE HISTORICAL SITE YOU'RE DESTROYING! THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA IS GOING TO BE *P.O.'D!*
THEY'RE ESPECIALLY NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT THE--

BUT THE SHOOTER IS FAR MORE RESOURCEFUL THAN ANY OF THEM REALIZED.
FUH-CHOOOM CHOOOM CHOOOM
GEEZ, MORE BALLS?
OKAY, NOW HERE'S WHERE I USE MY *UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE* TO KICK SOME MAJOR BOO-TAY.
SWING BATTA BATTA BATTA BATTA--
THWACK
SWIIIIING!

BOOM BOOM
DON'T THEY HAVE BASEBALL WHERE YOU COME FROM, DARLIN'?
THAT WAS CALLED RELIEVING THE PITCHER.
GAH!
AND THIS IS CALLED KNOCKING ON THE BACK DOOR WHILE MAMA'S IN THE KITCHEN...
WAIT--WRONG SPORT.
AAAAAAHHHHHH
WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED IN THE BASEMENT.
HIT HIM NOW WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! BEFORE HE JUMPS!
CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

ANYHOO-- DESPITE THOSE HEAVILY ARMED, HEAVILY POUCHED PEOPLE--I GOT MOST OF THE NAMES ON THE LIST. ON TO THE NEXT...
OH, CRAPBALLS! I DROPPED MY COPYBOOK!
HE JUMPED ALREADY. *DAMMIT.* HE COULD BE *ANYWHERE* NOW.
CHECK OUT WHAT HE LEFT BEHIND.
WHAT'S THAT? HIS GUIDE ON HOW TO *REALLY ANNOY PEOPLE?*
BOOM BOOM, YOU AND CANNONBALL STAY HERE TO CONTAIN THE DAMAGE. DOM, WARPATH--SENDING YOU COORDINATES NOW.
I KNOW WHERE WILSON'S GOING NEXT.

July 1863.
Gettysburg, PA.
What's he doing? Going on a *reenactment* kick?
We'll ask him after we *kill* h--
Hey. *Yankee* scum.
This one's for Bo and Luke Duke!
Fire at will, boys!
But, uh, try not to get too much blood on my copybook.
To be continued...

PREVIOUSLY IN

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

Sensing a disturbance in the timestream, time-traveling mutant soldier Cable discovered that billionaire Francis Talbot had hired a mercenary to go back in time to save his grandson from dying in Operation Desert Storm. Instead, the mercenary, a madman named Deadpool (a.k.a. Wade Wilson) had gone back to the Revolutionary War and begun changing American History. Cable gathered a team of Warpath, Boom Boom, Domino, and Cannonball to go back and stop him. No sooner had they engaged him when Deadpool leapt into the timestream again. Boom-Boom and Cannonball stayed in 1777 to try to fix the mess he'd made, while Cable and the others followed Deadpool...into a trap he'd set for them during the Battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War.

Q: Did you...did you really just summarize the entire issue?
A: This is the recap page, isn't that what it's for?

Q: Don't recaps usually come at the beginning of the book?
A: We're innovators.

Q: Deadpool and X-Force have both been around since the 90s...why don't they know each other?
A: Ah, because this story actually takes place BEFORE New Mutants #98, which means it's before Deadpool ever encountered Cable and his crew! Technically, that also means it takes place before X-Force existed, they were still Cable & the New Mutants...but come on. This is X-Force in spirit, am I right?

Q: What about Shatterstar and Feral?
A: Oh, look who's an X-Force expert all of a sudden. They...both had hair appointments when Cable called.

Q: Why does Deadpool not have yellow word balloons?
A: Because when he first appeared in the 90s, his balloons were not yellow, they were white with red strokes around the outside, just like we did here. Eventually, the stroke changed to yellow, then the whole balloons became yellow. A little treat for all the lettering geeks out there!

Q: Anything else I should know?
A: Just some legal notices, like:

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MARVEL

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SWIERCZYNSKI
LARRAZ
WOODARD

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

GETTYSBURG, PA. JULY 1863.
SO THERE I WAS, DEADPOOL, DOING A *LITTLE INNOCENT MERCENARY WORK* IN THE PAST, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...
"...THESE *JERKS IN SHOULDER PADS* SHOW UP!"
EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE JUST *BEFORE* DEADPOOL OFFICIALLY MEETS HIS PAL CABLE IN *NEW MUTANTS #98.* TIME TRAVEL: F-R-E-A-K-Y!
GOOD THING THIS HERE *CONFEDERATE BRIGADE* IS ABOUT TO BLAST THEM TO SMITHEREENS.
GENERAL WILSON...WERE YOU SPEAKING TO *US?*
OOOH, THAT'S RIGHT. THIS IS 1863. RECAP PAGES HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED YET. ANYHOO...
FIRE AT WILL, BOYS!

CHOOM CHOOM CHOOOM CHOOM
BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK BRAK
WE TIME-TRAVELED STRAIGHT INTO A *DEATH TRAP*...
QUICK-- TAKE COVER!
WHERE?!

THEY'RE DOWN, GENERAL.
WELL THAT WAS EASY.
TOO EASY.
FELLAS, GO DOWN TO THOSE ROCKS AND BRING ME BACK WHATEVER'S LEFT.
HEADS, POUCHES, *METAL ARMS*, WHATEVER.
TALBOT WARNED ME SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN.
WHO, GENERAL?
TALBOT. CAN'T YOU SEE HIS GHOSTED-IN FLASHBACK IMAGE?
BE CAREFUL. THE X-MEN MAY TRY TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR TASK!
"BUT NOT *REGULAR* X-MEN, HE TOLD ME. THEY'D BE SOME KIND OF...OH, I DON'T KNOW... *HEAVILY ARMED, MILITARISTIC...*
...GENERAL?

"...X-FORCE!
"YOU KNOW, THAT'S NOT BAD! GET ME SOMEBODY FROM MARVEL MARKETING ON THE LINE!"
BLAM BLAMBLAMBLAM BLAM
PANG PANG PANG
WHOOOOMPH
DON'T KILL ANYONE UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!
WE CAN'T RISK DISRUPTING THE TIMESTREAM ANY MORE THAN WE HAVE.

DEFINE *NECESSARY.*
"BECAUSE THESE BOYS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY QUALMS ABOUT KILLING *ME.*"
HUH?
THONK
CHOOOM
IF I GO DEAF I'M GOING TO COME BACK IN TIME TO KICK YOUR #%$#&$ *ALL OVER AGAIN.*

TIME TO CHECK OFF THE NEXT ITEM ON MY DO-LIST. THE BOYS CAN KEEP THOSE WEIRDOS BUSY.
WILSON SLIPPED AWAY. STOPPING HIM'S OUR FIRST PRIORITY.
CAN WE *KILL HIM*, AT LEAST, CABLE?
NO, DOMINO. WE NEED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF DAMAGE HE'S DONE IN THE...
RRRRUUUUMMMMMBLE
ARE MY EARDRUMS RUPTURED--OR AM I HEARING AN OMINOUS EARTH-SHAKING SOUND?
OH, HELL.

"WADE WILSON, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE:
TIME TO DIE #2

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HIS ACTIONS IN 1777 MUST HAVE SENT A RIPPLE EFFECT THROUGH HISTORY.
THE UNITED STATES HAS DEVELOPED WEAPONS *THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST* YET.
"THE ORIGINAL BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG WAS A *BLOODBATH* THAT COULD HAVE SWUNG EITHER WAY.
"THIS TIME, HOWEVER..."
...THE UNION ARMY HAS A *DEFINITE ADVANTAGE.*

"MEANWHILE," IN GERMANTOWN, 1777...
CONTAIN THE DAMAGE, HE SAYS.
WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
THAT MERCENARY WAS BACK HERE TRYING TO CHANGE THE PAST, CANNONBALL.
AND I THINK HE SUCCEEDED.
WELL, UNLESS YOU KNOW A WAY TO RESURRECT THE DEAD, BOOM-BOOM, I'M NOT SEEING HOW--
CABLE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE THE REBEL AMERICAN ARMY *LOSES THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.*
JUST LIKE IT DID IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.
KLIK-KLAK
WAIT...YOU WANT US TO FIGHT AMERICAN SOLDIERS?
AS IN, *OUR NATION'S FOUNDING FATHERS?*
THE REBELS NEED TO LOSE THIS BATTLE. OTHERWISE, THE RIPPLE EFFECTS THROUGH TIME WILL BE *CATASTROPHIC.*
THIS IS CRAZY. WE CAN'T--
YOU *MUST.*
EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THE TWO

1863.
I NEED THE TWO OF YOU TO STOP THOSE ARMIES FROM CLASHING.
IF THE UNION CRUSHES THE CONFEDERATES, THEN *THE RIPPLES THROUGH THE TIMESTREAM* WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC.
MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THIS *"DEADPOOL"* ONCE AND FOR ALL.
WAIT.
YOU WANT THE TWO OF US TO HOLD OFF *BOTH SIDES OF THE CIVIL WAR?*
FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN.
THINK OF IT AS *CLAMPING DOWN ON A SEVERED ARTERY* UNTIL WE CAN SAVE THE PATIENT.
NICE IMAGE.

OKAY, STEP TWO, SABOTAGE THE UNION ARMY SO *THE CONFEDERATES CAN WIN* THIS TIME AROUND...
...WHICH WILL MEAN NO MORE ANNOYING CIVIL WAR REENACTMENTS. LIKE, EVER.
REALLY WISH I HADN'T DROPPED MY COPYBOOK. SO HARD TO KEEP ALL OF THIS HISTORY JUNK STRAIGHT IN MY--
I'VE GOT YOUR BOOK RIGHT HERE, PAL.
KRNCH

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
KRAK
DUH. I'M A MERCENARY.
THE PAY'S GREAT, THOUGH I DO HAVE TO BUY MY OWN GROUP MEDICAL--
KRACK
GUH
WHICH MEANS I PAY MORE OUT OF POCKET.
SHUK
SURGERY'S NOT ALWAYS COVERED, DEPENDING ON THE TYPE...
...AND IF YOUR PRIMARY CARE PHYSICIAN AGREES THAT IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...
OW.
OF COURSE, I HAD A BETTER DEAL WITH THE CANADIAN SYSTEM. TOO BAD THERE WON'T BE A CANADA IN THE FUTURE, NOW...

1777.
ARE WE *REALLY GOING TO DO THIS?*
"FIGHT THE VERY PEOPLE WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR OUR FREEDOM?"
WE'RE SOLDIERS, UNDER CABLE'S COMMAND. AND BEING A SOLDIER MEANS *YOU FOLLOW ORDERS*, NO MATTER HOW INSANE THEY SOUND.
NO. I CAN'T...
LOOK, WE DON'T HAVE TO *KILL*. WE JUST HAVE TO TILT THE ODDS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.
I NEED TO KNOW-- ARE YOU WITH ME?
YEAH. I'M WITH YOU.

OKAY, SO YOU'LL TAKE THE BLUE, AND I'LL TAKE THE GRAY?
DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO FLIP FOR IT?
YEAH, ***RIGHT.***
WE ONLY JUST MET, BUT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU AND YOUR ***FREAKISH LUCK...***
*DOMINO HAS THE UNCANNY ABILITY TO **TILT THE ODDS IN HER FAVOR,** BE IT ON A GAMING TABLE OR THE BATTLEFIELD.*
*WARPATH, MEANWHILE, IS A **ONE-MAN BATTALION,** WITH SUPERIOR STRENGTH, REFLEXES AND STAMINA.*
BUT EVEN WITH THESE SKILLS...

...THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD OFF THE ARMIES FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES.
CABLE KNOWS HE HAS TO END THIS NOW.
PSST--I JUST STUCK A BOMB INSIDE ONE OF YOUR POUCHES, ACE.
GETTING WAR-MER...
OOOH, YOU'RE GETTING HOT NOW...
RED HOT!
THOOOOM
OKAY, I'M HISTORY.

YEAH. *YOU ARE.*
WAIT!
DON'T DO THA--
DAGNABIT!
DIDN'T ANYONE TELL YOU THAT YOU SHOULDN'T MESS AROUND WITH SOMEBODY WHILE THEY'RE *TRAVELING THROUGH TIME?*
OUR FATES COULD BE INTERTWINED FOREVER--OR AT LEAST UNTIL THEY CANCEL OUR ONGOING TEAM-UP TITLE.

NOT LIKELY.
YOU KNOW, MY EMPLOYER WARNED ME SOME GUY WITH A *METAL ARM* MIGHT SHOW UP.
KLIK
AND IF HE DOES, I SHOULD SLAP THIS *METAL COLLAR* ON HIM.
HEBEI PROVINCE, CHINA, 1900.
AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GUH!
THE COLLAR AROUND CABLE'S NECK HIJACKS HIS **BRAIN STEM** AND **NERVOUS SYSTEM.**
WHATEVER DEADPOOL **SAYS,** CABLE WILL BE COMPELLED TO DO...
EVER MAKE A CHIMICHANGA?
NO?
DON'T WORRY, BIG GUY, I'LL WALK YOU THROUGH IT STEP BY STEP.
TO BE CONTINUED...

PREVIOUSLY IN

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

The meddlesome mercenary Deadpool has been cut loose in the timestream, launching himself back into the annals of American History. Time-traveling mutant soldier Cable has put together a squad of mutants to stop Deadpool before he rewrites the past according to some secret plan. 'Pool's first stop was the American Revolution, where he made the Colonists' victories easier. He then leapt forward to the American Civil War. Leaving Cannonball and Boom-Boom in 1777 tasked with minimizing the damage, Cable took Warpath and Domino after the mad mercenary...only to discover his tampering had already begun to work—the Union Soldiers were using anachronistically advanced weaponry. With his squad battling the changes in the timestream in two centuries, Cable took Deadpool on directly, leaping with him through the timestream...only to find himself in early 20th century China, enslaved by a collar given to Deadpool by his "employer".

Q: So, that's the whole story of this issue?
A: And last issue, yeah. The whole story so far.

Q: But...why?
A: It's a recap page.

Q: But what's to stop people from just reading that and skipping the issue?
A: Ideally, a story is about more than plot spoilers. There's, you know, artistry in the telling of the tale.

Q: How does Deadpool know he is in a comic book?
A: He's very self-aware. In many ways that makes him MORE sane than most characters, right?

Q: If the timestream has already been changed in Civil War times, then nothing they do back in Revolutionary times is going to matter anymore, right?
A: You're neglecting the fact that Earth-616 is a universe where even though it FEELS consistent to those within it (except Deadpool) reality is actually subject to the whims of the minds of powerful entities living in Earth-1218. Those entities, those CREATORS, can imbue events in Earth-616 with a narrative force that can bend and break the laws of probability and physics. That capacity can and does create, in regard to time-travel, something I like to call "the objective now," a time that possesses a level of "now-ness" that can overrule all other nows...and can, in some instances, be spread over multiple nows, as herein. Thus, things can happen "meanwhile" a hundred years apart, through the thread of the narrative objective now created by the creator and observed by the reader.

Q: Is my head supposed to hurt this much?
A: Try reading this fine print to exercise your eyes:

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SWIERCZYNSKI
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DEADPOOL
VS.
X-FORCE
MOI

SO THERE I WAS, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, TRAVELING THROUGH TIME TO REWRITE KEY PORTIONS OF AMERICAN HISTORY...
...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS WHITE-HAIRED DUDE-- WHO I'VE *TOTALLY NEVER MET BEFORE*-- AND A BUNCH OF SURLY TEENAGERS SHOW UP TO GIVE ME GRIEF.
FIGHT, FIGHT, *FIGHT,* TIME JUMP, TIME JUMP, *TIME JUMP...* HEY LOOK, YOU WANT THE NITTY-GRITTY, GO PICK UP *DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #1* AND 2. I'M NOT GOING TO REVERSE-SPOILER IT FOR YOU.
ANYWAY, IT'S 1900, WE'RE IN CHINA AROUND THE TIME OF THE BOXER REBELLION, AND I'VE GOT A DOG COLLAR AROUND CABLE'S NECK THAT INHIBITS HIS EVERY MOVE.
WE COOL?
!

OKAY, LET'S SEE NOW, WHERE WAS I...
CLIC
YOU... SON...OF A...
ZZZZZZOK
OH, THIS IS TEH *AWESOME.*

SEE, YOU'VE GOT IT NOW!
LEFT! LEFT! LEFT RIGHT LEFT!
CLIC
CLIC
CLIC
CLIC
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD.
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'VE BEEN TOLD!
THAT GRAY HAIR MAKES YOU LOOK OLD.
CLIC
THAT GRAY HAIR MAKES YOU LOOK OLD!

I DON'T KNOW BUT IT'S BEEN SAID--
OOOH! *RESISTANCE!* TIME TO MAKE SOME PEOPLE DEAD!
BEEN WANTING TO TRY THIS ONE ALL MORNING!
DAMN YOU, WADE, DON'T MAKE ME *DO THIS*...THEY'RE INNOCENT SOLDIERS! THIS IS NOT OUR WAR!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE: TIME TO DIE #3

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI WRITER
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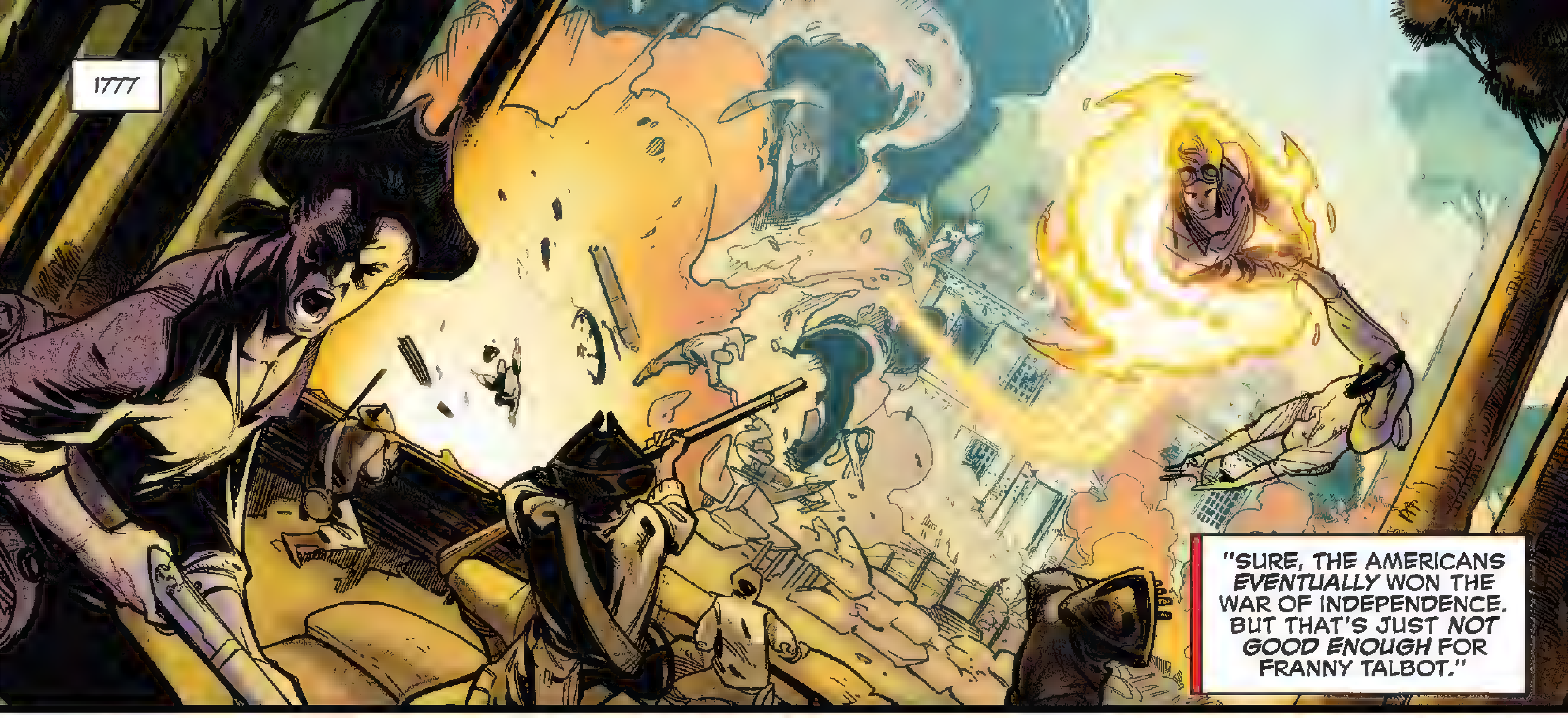
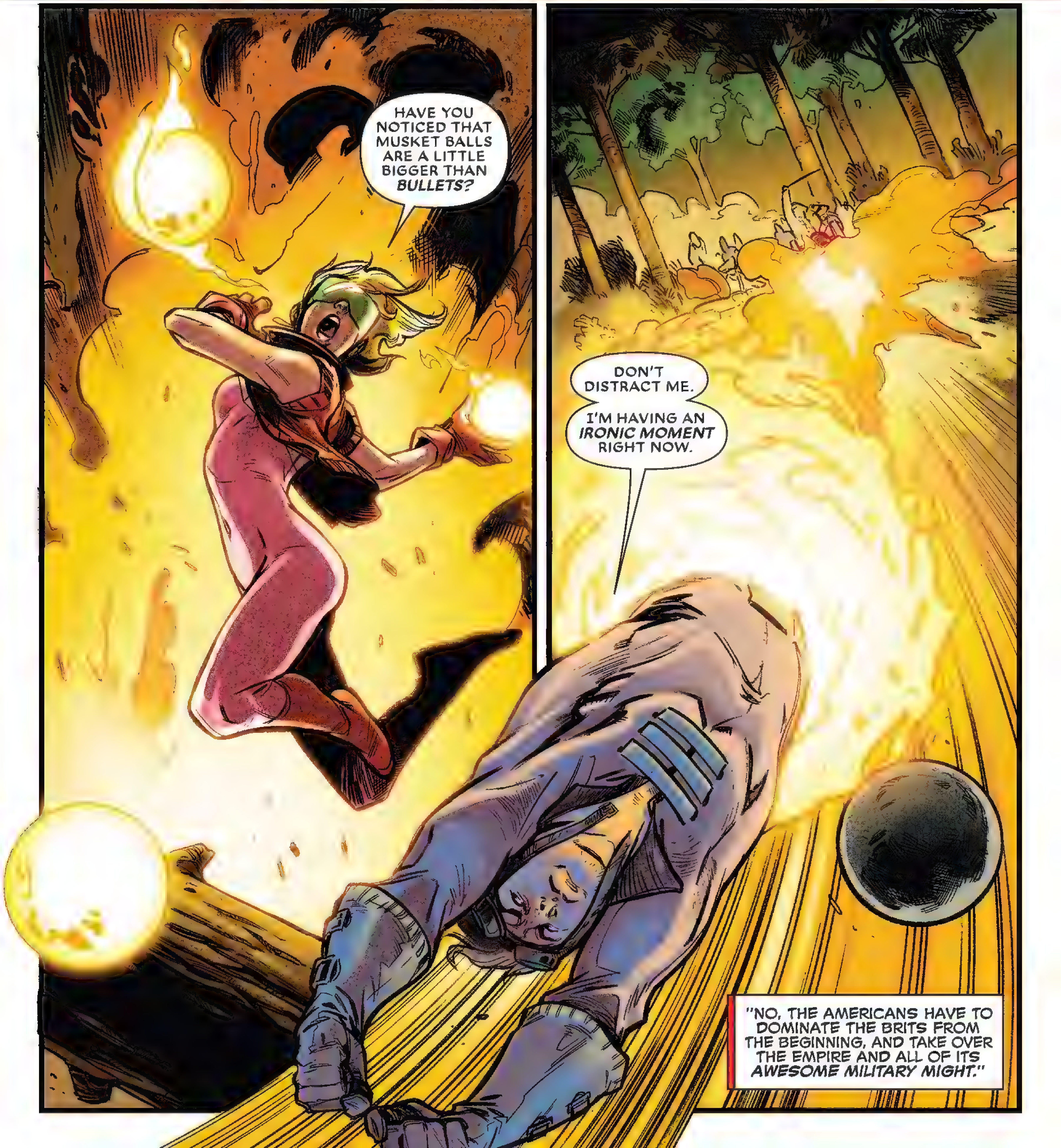
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

YOU MISSED *ALL OF THEM?* WHAT THE HECK IS WRONG WITH THIS THING?
CABLE WAS ABLE TO USE HIS TELEKINESIS TO **BEND THE BULLETS** UP AND OVER THE SOLDIERS' HEADS.
HE CAN'T RISK LETTING THIS MERCENARY KNOW THAT HE'S STILL IN CONTROL OF HIS MUTANT POWERS. NOT UNTIL HE LEARNS THE TRUTH ABOUT WILSON'S **TIME-HOPPING MISSION.**
TALBOT SENT YOU BACK...TO SAVE HIS GRANDSON...WHY ARE YOU...WRECKING HISTORY?
GRANDSON?
DUDE, I'M A *MERC*, NOT A *MANNY.*
THEN WHY DID TALBOT SEND YOU BACK?
SO AMERICA COULD KICK AYE-USS! *HOO HAH!*
OKAY, LEMME EXPLAIN IT TO YOU NICE N' SLOW, YA BIG LUMMOX...


1777
"SURE, THE AMERICANS *EVENTUALLY* WON THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. BUT THAT'S JUST *NOT GOOD ENOUGH* FOR FRANNY TALBOT."


HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT MUSKET BALLS ARE A LITTLE BIGGER THAN *BULLETS?*
DON'T DISTRACT ME.
I'M HAVING AN *IRONIC MOMENT* RIGHT NOW.
"NO, THE AMERICANS HAVE TO DOMINATE THE BRITS FROM THE BEGINNING, AND TAKE OVER THE EMPIRE AND ALL OF ITS *AWESOME MILITARY MIGHT.*"

1863
"FLASH-FORWARD TO THE CIVIL WAR, WHERE IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THE ULTRA-POWERFUL UNION LOSES...
"...AND THE CONFEDERATES TAKE CONTROL...
"...OF THE *ULTRA-ADVANCED WAR MACHINE* OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!"

1900
ANYHOO, NOW THE CONFEDERATE-RUN YOU-ESS-OF-A IS *GETTIN' THEIR GLOBAL EMPIRE ON,* AND PREPARING TO TACKLE THE NEXT BIG IMPEDIMENT...
...THE *EMPRESS OF PEKING* HERSELF, WHO RULES OVER THE MOST HEAVILY FORTIFIED CITY ON EARTH!
WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME FOR...
[redacted]*
CHUK CHUK
BAM BAM
* EDITOR'S NOTE: WHEN DEADPOOL LAUNCHED THIS MISSION, HE WAS LIVING IN TIMES THAT WERE ABOUT AS ETHNICALLY SENSITIVE AS A CHUCK NORRIS MOVIE. SO NO PEKING UNDER THE BLACK BARS, OKAY?**
** HAH! HAH! GET IT? NO PEKING? B.T. DUBS, THIS IS ACTUALLY DEADPOOL, NOT THAT JORDAN D. WHITE GUY. I'M TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SNEAK IN A CAPTION BOX OR TWO?

NOW IT MADE SENSE TO CABLE. FRANCIS TALBOT DOESN'T REGRET HIS WAR PROFITEERING, NOR THE DEATH OF HIS GRANDSON.
HE SENT CABLE BACK HERE SO HE'D BE KILLED--AND OUT OF THE WAY.
AND HE SENT WILSON BACK TO CHANGE HISTORY AND TRANSFORM AMERICA INTO A BLOODTHIRSTY, WAR-MONGERING SUPERPOWER...
...GIVING TALBOT VAST WEALTH AND UNCHECKED POWER.
HEY, WHY AM I DOING ALL THE KILLIN' BY MYSELF? HUP TO IT, SOLDIER!
I HAVE A FEELING WE'D MAKE A PRETTY KICK-ASS TEA--
--UM?
BOOM

BUT...BUT... YOU COULD DO THAT *THIS WHOLE TIME?*
YOU SEEM TO BE THE CHATTY TYPE.
I KNEW IF I PLAYED ALONG YOU'D TELL ME *EVERYTHING.*
SQURT SQURT SQURT
YOU'RE GOING TO HURT ME NOW, AREN'T YOU?
YES.
VERY MUCH SO.

WELL, IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY HARD TO *KICK ME ARSE*--
--WITHOUT A *HEAD!*
CLANK
OOOH, NICE WAY TO KEEP THE BODY METAPHORS FLOWING THERE.
CAN YOU JUST *SHUT* UP?
WHUD
N--

COME ON! WILL ONE OF YOU BULLETS JUST STICK A LANDING ALREADY?
PANG
PANG
PANG
PANG
CLEARLY I NEED BIGGER BULLETS...
CRIKEY, DOES THIS THING SHOOT BULLETS OR PERSONAL MASSAGE DEVICES?
WHOA... IT'S STARTING TO VIBRATE! I WAS RIGHT!
NATE, YOU'RE ONE KINKY MUT--

BAH!
I BINK YOU *BWOTE* MY *NOBEZ.*
GOOD NEWS.
YOUR NOSE IS THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES.
BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH BUDDAH
REST IN PIECES, *DEADPOOL.*
BY NOBEZ STILL HWURTS.

1863
MEANWHILE, AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, DOMINO IS DISCOVERING THAT EVEN THE BEST OF ODDS CAN BE OVERWHELMED BY *SHEER NUMBERS*.
GUH
THIS ISN'T WHAT I REMEMBER ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR...
I CAN FIX THE TIMESTREAM, BUT I JUST NEED YOU AND WARPATH TO HOLD OFF *BOTH SIDES* A LITTLE LONGER.
WAIT--WHY DOES IT MATTER, IF YOU CAN GO BACK AND FIX THE ORIGINAL MOMENT WHERE THE TIMELINE SKEWED?
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT. THAT NUTCASE MERCENARY HAS SCREWED UP TOO MANY THINGS.
THIS IS ALL JUST *TRIAGE* UNTIL I CAN--
CABLE, *MOVE!*

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID, DOM.
CHOOM

DOMINO, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WAS CABLE IN THE MIDDLE OF...*THAT?*
1777
AND BACK IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, BOOM-BOOM HAS TAKEN STRAY MUSKET FIRE.
SHE'S **BLEEDING TO DEATH,** AND WONDERS WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE TO DIE IN A CENTURY OTHER THAN HER OWN.
CANNONBALL KNOWS IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE **UTTER EXHAUSTION** TAKES HIM OUT OF THE SKY.
SOONER THAN LATER, HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO STOP...

1900
--AND YOU WERE THERE, TOO, NATHAN, AND THAT *ANNOYING LITTLE MUTANT BABY* YOU ALWAYS HAD STRAPPED TO YOUR CHEST--
WAIT A MINUTE. WRONG CONTINUITY.
"FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, TIME JUMP, TIME JUMP, TIME JUMP..." MAN, I WISH I GAVE A LITTLE MORE DETAIL ON THIS ONE.
BUT I PRETTY MUCH REMEMBER THE DEAL.
SO WHAT IF MY TIME MACHINE IS BUSTED?
I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT TO DO NEXT.
AND THIS TIME...
...*NOBODY'D* BETTER GET IN MY WAY!

‹MR. HOT PANTS IS BACK! DESTROY HIM!›*
*LOOSE TRANSLATION
...
MR. HOT PANTS?
YO. S'UP. SHE IN?
‹YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE SHOWING YOUR FACE AROUND HERE, BUDDY!›*
*LOOSE TRANSL...YEAH, OUR MANDARIN IS PRETTY BAD. SORRY.

<LIKE I SAID BEFORE, SWEETNESS. I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR YOU.>
<I CAME HERE FOR *YOUR* *THRONE.*>
<YOU SAID YOU JUST HAD TO USE *THE* *BATHROOM!*>
FWHAP
<I'M NOT HERE TO REHASH OLD TIMES.>
THOMP
I'M HERE TO REHASH OLD TIMES USING *MY* *BACKUP PORTABLE* *TIME MACHINE.*

Germany, November 1923
Bürger Bräu Keller
THE BÜRGERBRAUKELLER
HEY. ADOLF.
COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

PREVIOUSLY IN

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

The truth stands revealed! When the time-traveling soldier, Cable, sensed a problem in the time-stream and confronted Dr. Francis Talbot about it, the reclusive billionaire arms-seller claimed to have hired the mad mercenary Deadpool to go back in time and save his grandson. He claimed Deadpool then went rogue and began changing history of his own accord! The truth is, Deadpool's been following Talbot's plan every step of the way—ensuring the Americans dominated in the Revolutionary War, the South prevailed in the American Civil War, and the Confederates were able to dominate China in global conflict...all the better to enhance his sales of weaponry! Now, with Cable's allies Cannonball, Boom-Boom, Domino, and Warpath spread throughout time trying to minimize the damage, Deadpool has arrived in 1923 Germany, where he finds a drunken Adolf Hitler!

Q: You really don't mind spoiling the issue at the end of the issue?
A: Well, it's not a spoiler, it's a recap. Or a "reverse spoiler," like Deadpool says on page 1. But the reverse of a spoiler means it, like...doesn't spoil it. It's more like...an embellishment. A little added flair.

Q: Like a spoiler on a car?
A: ...Yeah, I guess. So, it's less like a spoiler, more like a spoiler.

Q: Is this Jordan D. White answering these questions, or Deadpool, like it said in that footnote?
A: I am going to leave that to you to answer. I mean, the logical answer is that Deadpool is a fictional character while Jordan D. White is real...But then again, in the quote-unquote fictional Marvel Multiverse there exists a world called Earth-1218, a.k.a. the real world where you are reading this. And on that world is a Jordan D. White who does not believe Deadpool is real. And yet, over on Earth-616, there Deadpool is, as real as anything. Both beliefs cannot be true. But who is to say which is right?

Q: Ok, that was weird and confusing. Got any "spoilers" for next issue?
A: Since this story is a flashback story, any comic published after New Mutants #98 is technically a spoiler for issue #4. For the most updated spoilers for issue #4, check out Deadpool #33 and X-Force #8, both on stands now!

Q: That was a pretty cheap plug.
A: And that was not a question! HEY! Check out this awesome indicia I found!

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MARVEL
4
SWIERCZYNSKI
LARRAZ
WOODARD
DEADPOOL
VS.
X-FORCE

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A RECAP? HEY, HERE'S A WILD SUGGESTION...
GO BACK AND REREAD THE FIRST THREE ISSUES!
OKAY, OKAY, *FINE...*
LONG STORY SHORT: I WAS HIRED TO WARP AMERICAN HISTORY. THIS GLOWY-EYED DUDE NAMED *"CABLE"* AND A BUNCH OF *MOODY TEENAGERS* ARE TRYING TO STOP ME.
AN IMPORTANT PART OF MY WARPING: KEEPING ADOLF HITLER ALIVE AND WELL INTO THE 1960S. (I'M NOT ACTUALLY NOT INTO ALL THIS NAZI CRAPPOLA...I'M JUST PLAYING ALONG FOR THE MONEY).
PROBLEM IS, TIME TRAVEL'S BEEN INVENTED. GO AHEAD. ASK SOMEBODY THE *ONE THING* THEY'D DO IF THEY HAD A TIME MACHINE, AND IT'S...
HANG ON A SEC.

SIGH
HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE, AIDEY.
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
SSSSHLNK
SSSSSHLNK
SSSSSHLNK
OH! EM! GEE!
IT WORKED! I'M TOTALLY HERE! IN THE SAME ROOM AS *ADOLF HITLER!*
PSSST.
YO.
DORKUS MALORKUS.

YOU'RE NOT ADOLF HITLER!
WHO ARE--
MALB
SPOFF
‹HOW MANY IS THAT? CAN I GO OUTSIDE NOW?›*
NEIN! NEIN!
‹SHUT YOUR PIE HOLE, BRISTLE-LIP.›
*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.**
** WE KEEP "THE GERMAN" AROUND FOR THESE KINDS OF THINGS.
Want one? CALL NOW!
TIME GUN MACHINE TM
It KILLS them forever!!
ANYHOO, AS I WAS SAYING...
DEATH IS NOT ENOUGH! TO KEEP OL' AIDEY HERE SAFE AND SOUND, I HAVE TO USE A SPECIAL GUN THAT NOT ONLY KILLS THE TIME-HOPPER...

"...BUT TRAVELS *BACK THROUGH HIS TIMELINE* UNTIL IT FINDS THE FIRST MOMENT OF HIS POTENTIAL EXISTENCE...
"...AND SNUFFS IT OUT!"
SPOFF
SPOFF
1955
AND NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF WAITING FOR THAT POUCH-OBSESSED TIME TRAVELER WHO LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAVING A PERPETUAL *SENIOR MOMENT.*
HUH. WONDER *WHEN* HE COULD BE?

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE:
TIME TO DIE #4

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI WRITER
PEPE LARRAZ ARTIST
NOLAN WOODARD COLORIST
VC'S JOE SABINO LETTERER
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1777
≠KOFF KOFF≠
BOOM-BOOM AND ≠KOFF KOFF≠ CANNONBALL, REPORT!
I LET YOU DOWN, CABLE... I'M SORRY...
I NEED YOU TO **HOLD ON**, TABITHA-- WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH THE WORST OF IT.
...
THIS IS GOING TO HURT.
CABLE PACKED EMERGENCY CAUTERIZING FOAM. HE DID NOT BRING ANESTHETIC.
POP POP POP POP
CABLE? DAMN GLAD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!
AH'M ABOUT TO **PASS OUT** FROM EXHAUSTION...
POP POP POP POP

SAM, I NEED YOU TO DRAW THEIR FIRE AS HIGH UP AS POSSIBLE.
THEY NEED TO FOCUS ON *YOU*, NOT ME.
YOU CAN'T *KILL THEM!* THEY'RE PATRIOTS!
I'M NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE.
I'M JUST GIVING HISTORY A LITTLE *NUDGE*.
READY, TABITHA? ON MY MARK.
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
"THREE..."
TWO...
ONE...

KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
GAH!
BOOM
"HOW ARE A BUNCH OF *JAMMED MUSKETS AND A BROKEN CANNON* GOING TO SET THINGS RIGHT?"
WE DIDN'T NEED TO DEFEAT THE COLONIAL TROOPS-- JUST GIVE THE BRITISH BACK *THE TACTICAL EDGE* WADE WILSON STOLE FROM THEM.
IN OTHER WORDS, HISTORY WILL SORT ITSELF OUT?
RIGHT. AND NOW WE NEED TO DO THE SAME THING AT *GETTYSBURG*...

1863
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
WHAT IS IT?
NO. LOOK.
HECK, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE BROUGHT US TO ANOTHER WAR ZONE.
JUST LIKE YOU SAID.
HISTORY SORTED ITSELF OUT.
YEAH, WE'VE HAD AN INTERESTING COUPLE OF HOURS. ONE MINUTE WE'RE FIGHTING MECHANIZED ROBOTS AND DUCKING LASER BLASTS--
AND THE NEXT, IT'S JUST BLUE VERSUS GRAY, AND BULLETS, AND SCREAMING, AND DYING--
WE TRIED TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP. I TAKE IT THIS MEANS WE WON?
IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT THAT.
LET'S GO HOME.
WAIT--THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WE WERE THERE IN 1777. WE CHANGED THE PAST.
DON'T WORRY. OUR APPEARANCE WILL BE CONSIDERED FOLKLORE. MERE GHOST STORIES.
"LOTS OF CRAZY THINGS HAPPEN IN THE FOG OF WAR..."

1991
ADDRESS IS MANDATORY
PRESIDENT LINDBERGH'S ADDRESS LIVE
OKAY, SO MAYBE WE DID SCREW UP THE TIMELINE A *LITTLE*...
WHAT KIND OF SENTINELS ARE THESE?!
WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE GO DOWN FIGHTING!
OR MAYBE, OH, I DON'T KNOW, WE *TIME-SLIDE RIGHT BACK* OUT OF THIS INSANITY?
NO.
WE STAND DOWN.
WHAT?!

CABLE UNDERSTANDS THAT THE TECHNOLOGY THEY ARE FACING IS **FAR MORE ADVANCED** THAN HIS TEAM REALIZES.
THEY WOULDN'T SURVIVE AN ENCOUNTER WITH THESE SENTINELS.
CABLE! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
OF COURSE, I HAD A FEELING YOU AND YOUR TEAM MIGHT ARRIVE AT THIS EXACT PLACE AND MOMENT.
I ENLISTED THESE *PANZER-SENTINELS* TO WELCOME YOU.
TALBOT!
SO THAT'S WHAT THIS *WILD SNIPE HUNT THROUGH TIME* IS ALL ABOUT, TALBOT? TO MAKE YOU THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD?
YOU WERE HIRED BY AN ALTERNATE VERSION OF ME. I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I WAS THINKING.
ANYWAY, MY HEAD OF MUTANT SERVICES WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT TO DISCUSS YOUR *SEVERANCE...*

1944
THEY'RE *WHERE?*
AND *WHEN?*
GREAT. AND I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME WITH *CHUCKLES* HERE.
‹SORRY, AIDEY. BE RIGHT BACK.›
‹WAIT! WHAT IF ANOTHER TIME-SCOUNDREL APPEARS TO SNUFF OUT MY LIFE'S ESSENCE?›*
HUH. GOOD POINT.
** ED.'S NOTE TO THE GERMAN: REALLY? THIS IS THE CLEANEST TRANSLATION?*
HERE.
JUST TALK ABOUT *BEA ARTHUR* AND *CHIMICHANGAS* A LOT.
BACK IN A FLASH.

HEY! CABLE! IT'S BEEN *FOREVER*, MAN...
WILSON! YOU SON OF A B--
WHOA WHOA WHOA, WATCH THE *RATING*, DUDE! THIS IS THE '90S!
CABLE, MEET MY HEAD OF MUTANT AFFAIRS.
BUT AFTER THESE GUYS, ALL THE MUTANTS WILL BE DEAD...?
OH. I MEANT *HEAD OF MERCENARY AFFAIRS.*
THE DENTAL PLAN STAYS THE SAME, RIGHT?
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, WILSON.
IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SET THINGS RIGHT!
SO TRUE! WHICH IS WHY I'M GOING TO KILL YOU *AND* YOUR PARENTS SO THAT YOU NEVER *EXISTED!*
BY THE WAY, GLOWY EYE--WHO ARE YOUR *MOM AND POP?*
BECAUSE THEY'RE IN FOR A RUDE SURPRISE...

CABLE SCANS HIS SURROUNDINGS FOR A CLEAN WAY OUT.
THERE ARE NONE.
HIS TEAM KNOWS WHAT'S EXPECTED OF THEM. CABLE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK.
NOT LIKING THESE ODDS, NATHAN.
THEN CHANGE THEM.

VRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
BOOM
BOOM
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
WILSON!!!

YOU'RE GOING *DOWN!*
NOT ON A FIRST DATE I'M NOT!
ERASE HIM!
SAY HI TO YO MOMMA FOR ME!
WAAB
SPOUF
CHOOM

1967
‹WE SHOULD RUN OFF TO HAIGHT-ASHBURY! JOIN THE HIPPIES!›
‹MAN, I DON'T THINK OUR TRANSLATOR IS EVEN *TRYING* AT THIS P--›
SPOFF
SPOFF
1991
ZZZZZZOK
I'LL TEAR YOU APART BOLT BY B--
THNOOM

STAND STILL WHILE I ERASE YOUR EXISTENCE!
TALBOT, CAN YOU MAKE HIM STAND STILL WHILE I ERASE HIS EXISTENCE, PLEASE?
PANZER-SENTINEL SIX! STUN THE TARGET!
HNUH!
ZZZZZZZZZOK
LOOK, I'M NOT ONE FOR LONG GOODBYE SPEECHES...
WELL, OKAY, I AM.
BUT IN THIS CASE--
JUST ERASE HIM ALREADY!
NICE UN-KNOWING YOU, CABLE.

THE MERCENARY WADE WILSON DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HIS ADVERSARY IS GIFTED WITH **TELEKINESIS**...
...WHICH ENABLES CABLE TO EASILY DEFLECT THE SHOT TO **TALBOT!**
OH, NO! MY LEGA--
THE ESTATE OF FRANCIS TALBOT--FAMILY HISTORY WING.
CRAP, SO IF ***HE'S*** ERASED, THEN *I* WAS NEVER HIRED, AND THEN ***THIS*** NEVER--
...
MAN, I'M GLAD I WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS. HOW ***EMBARRASSING.***

DON'T FORGET MEEEEE NAAAAAAAATHAAA
HOLD STEADY, EVERYONE. TIME IS BEING *REWRITTEN* AROUND US. NONE OF US WILL REMEMBER ANY OF--
GERMANY, NOVEMBER 1923.
THE BURGERBRAUKELLER.
‹HUH?›
‹JUST HAD THE *STRANGEST* OF DREAMS...›
‹WELL, I'D BETTER PAY FOR THIS BEER.›
‹WHAT THE...?›

THE LIBRARY, 2:51 P.M.
HAVING THE STRANGEST FEELING OF DÉJÀ VU...
BWOMAROOM
YOU'RE NATHAN, RIGHT?
I'M DEADPOOL. HERE'S THE WEIRD THING: WE ALREADY MET.
I KNOW THIS BECAUSE I JUST READ THE FIRST 20 PAGES OF THIS COMIC!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
RUN, NATHAN, RUN! WE'RE TRAPPED IN NEW MUTANTS #98! JEEZE! WHERE ARE MY FEET?!
THE END... FOR NOW.

PREVIOUSLY IN

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE

Sensing a disturbance in the fabric of time itself, time-traveling mutant soldier Cable followed it to its source—billionaire Francis Talbot. Talbot admitted to having hired madman mercenary Deadpool to go back in time and save his grandson, killed in a recent war. Instead, Deadpool was jumping through the great wars of US history and upsetting their outcomes, altering history. Cable put together a team and went after the fast-talking soldier-for-hire. Spread across the timeline, Cable's crew learned that Talbot had lied—Deadpool was acting under his direct orders, making a world of everlasting war, making Talbot even richer and more powerful. Returning to the war-torn and Nazi-overrun present for a final Battle Royale, Deadpool's Time Machine gun, designed to wipe its target from history, was fired on Talbot. With the person who set the entire incident in motion wiped out, time was rewritten so none of the events ever occurred.

Q: Wait. So...the whole story was wiped out? It never happened?
A: Complicated question. It DID happen, but as a result, it didn't. But it had to happen in order to not happen, otherwise it would have happened.

Q: So what is the point of reading the story if it never happened?
A: Again—it DID happen. And then UNhappened. So, now you know the secret truth about the reason there is NOT a Francis Talbot in any other Marvel comics. All the comic readers who DIDN'T read this series will forever be wondering..."Why have I not read about a character named Francis Talbot? Where's Francis Talbot in all this?"

Q: Hang on...didn't Cable say that Talbot's inventions were responsible for the time travel device HE uses? How come he's still here?
A: Uh...because if Talbot doesn't invent time travel, someone else does. It's out there, ripe for the inventing. The new guy was cool, though.

Q: Why does the last page of the comic look all different from the other ones?
A: Because it was drawn by a different artist. That's a page we made from two pages of New Mutants #98, the first appearance of Deadpool. The art is by Rob Liefeld and S. Buccellato. That issue was written by Rob Liefeld & Fabian Nicieza... but we changed the dialogue a little there. Get it? Because, like, Deadpool now knows that was not the first time they met, and he is, like, self-aware? Get it?

Q: Ok, Ok, I get it.
A: Great! This has been your recap of the entire series. We know you have your choice of comic book recap pages to enjoy, so thank you for reading us today. Please enjoy these complimentary legal notices as you depart.

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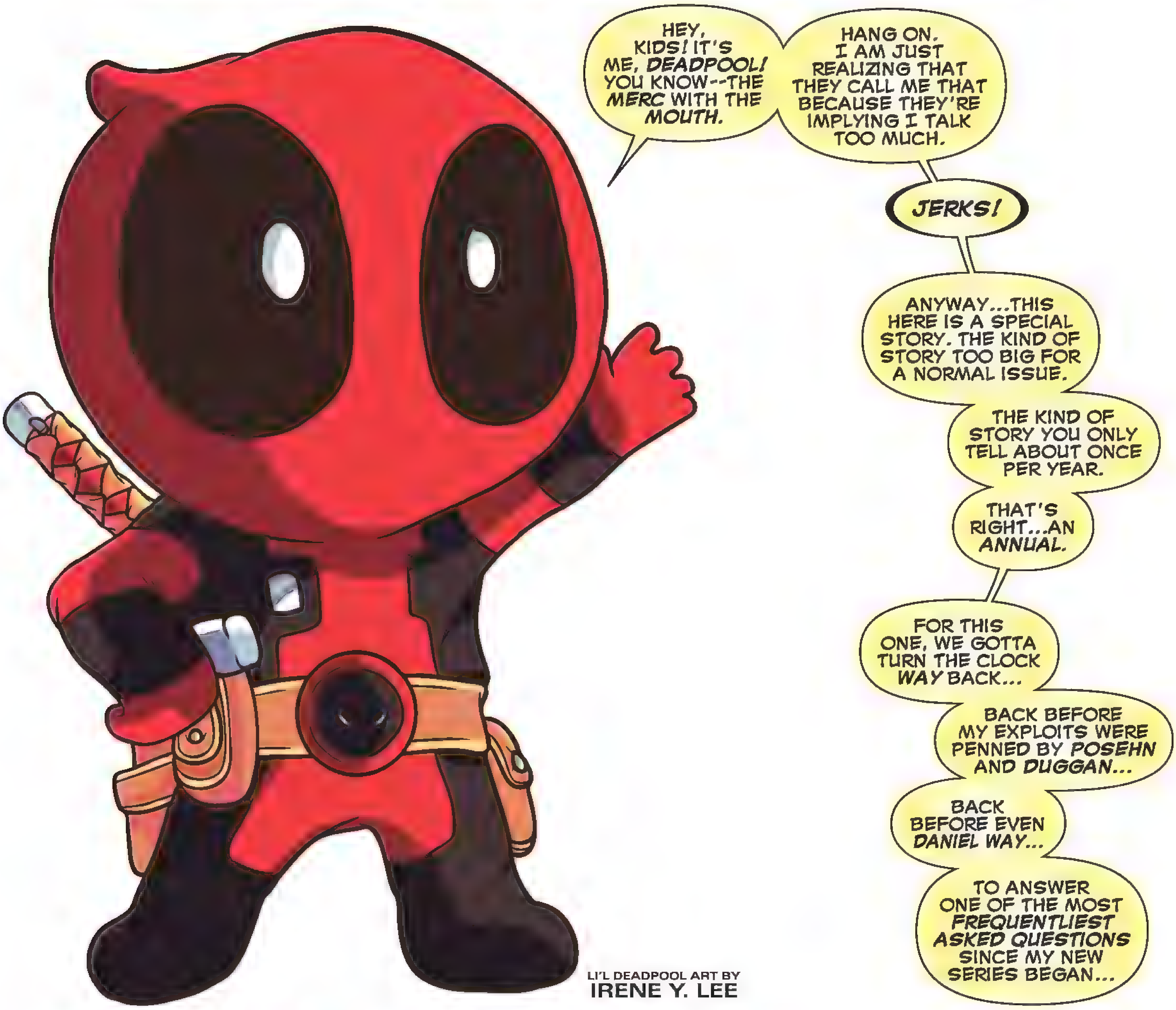
ACKER • BLACKER
MARVEL
SHANER • GANDINI
DEADPOOL
ANNUAL
MADCAP SEASON
DEADPOOL SEASON
AR
001

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL


HEY, KIDS! IT'S ME, *DEADPOOL!* YOU KNOW--THE *MERC* WITH THE *MOUTH.*
HANG ON. I AM JUST REALIZING THAT THEY CALL ME THAT BECAUSE THEY'RE IMPLYING I TALK TOO MUCH.
JERKS!
ANYWAY...THIS HERE IS A SPECIAL STORY. THE KIND OF STORY TOO BIG FOR A NORMAL ISSUE.
THE KIND OF STORY YOU ONLY TELL ABOUT ONCE PER YEAR.
THAT'S RIGHT...AN *ANNUAL.*
FOR THIS ONE, WE GOTTA TURN THE CLOCK *WAY* BACK...
BACK BEFORE MY EXPLOITS WERE PENNED BY *POSEHN* AND *DUGGAN...*
BACK BEFORE EVEN *DANIEL WAY...*
TO ANSWER ONE OF THE MOST *FREQUENTLIEST ASKED QUESTIONS* SINCE MY NEW SERIES BEGAN...

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

MADCAPPED!

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SOME 5 OR 6 ISSUES BEFORE SECRET INVASION...
HELL'S KITCHEN.
JUICE
WORK JUICE
COFFEE
NOT THE HELL IT ONCE WAS.
NOT QUITE MTV'S PEANUT M&M-ASS TIMES SQUARE. YET.
POPPING A HOLE IN THIS GUY WILL MAKE IT HELLIER.
ON SECOND THOUGHT, HE'S A LAWYER. SO MAYBE NOT.
THE PROBLEM WITH WORKING IN HELL'S KITCHEN IS IT'S IN NEW YORK CITY...

...AND THE CITY'S FULL OF *THESE* DUMMIES.
ALSO THESE ONES.
ONLY IN NEW YORK DO YOU HAVE TO KILL A MILLIONTY-SEVEN NINJAS JUST TO STAND ON A ROOFTOP AND SHOOT A BLIND MAN IN PEACE.
URRH

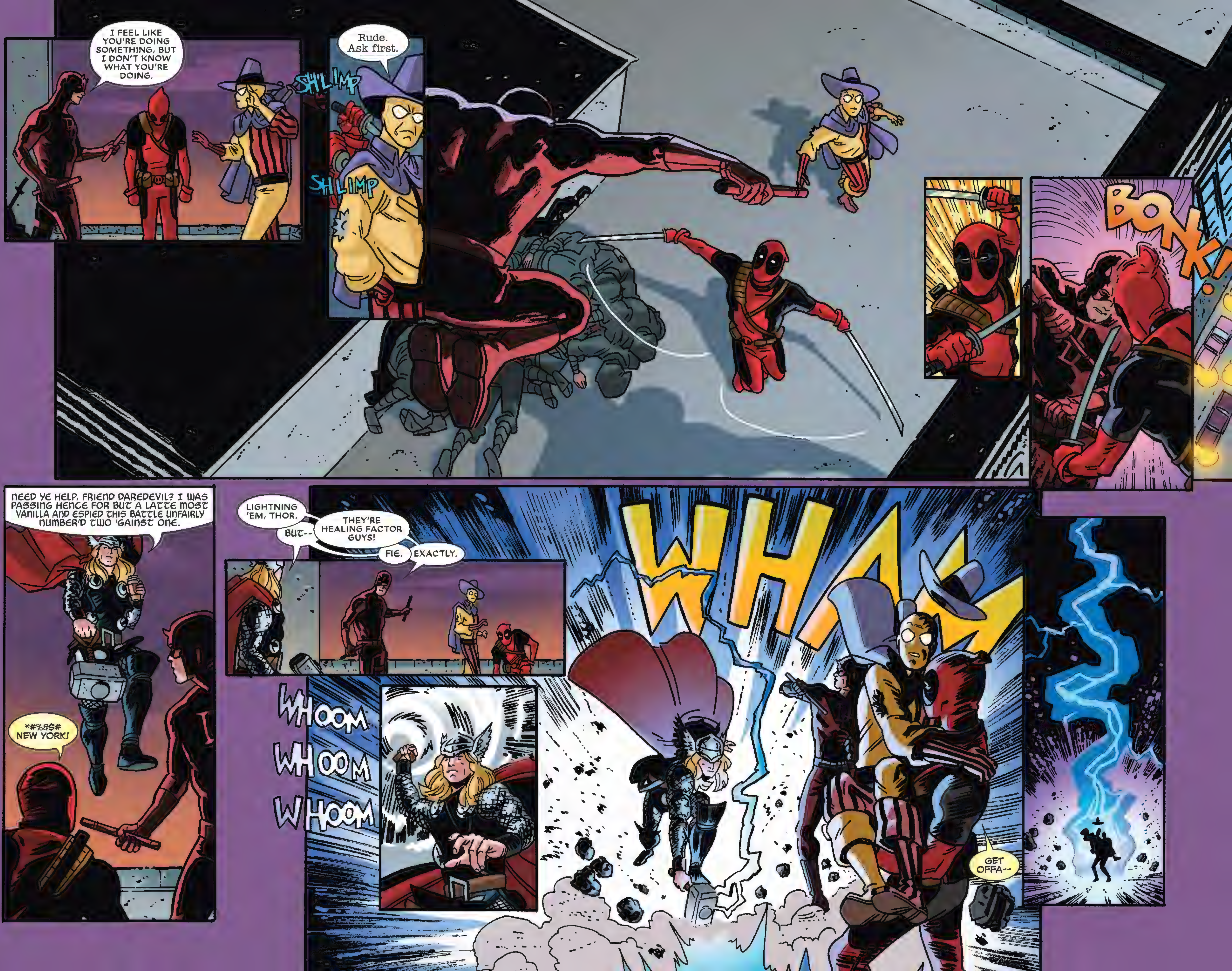
EVERY TIME YOU TURN AROUND, IT'S SOMETHING IN THIS CITY.
GREAT. NOW MY TURN-AROUND SENSE IS TINGLING.
TURNAROUND!
Hi. Are you selling dead ninjas? Do you have any in a medium? Who am I kidding--I need a large.
Boop!
SSP!
FFT!
BOOP ME? BOOP YOU!
CATCH!
Nice try, but you can't kill me. I'm indestructable. No, that's not right... you can destruct me.
What's the word for when, no matter how bad you dumpty my humpty, I Wolverine myself back together again?
"DEADPOOL."

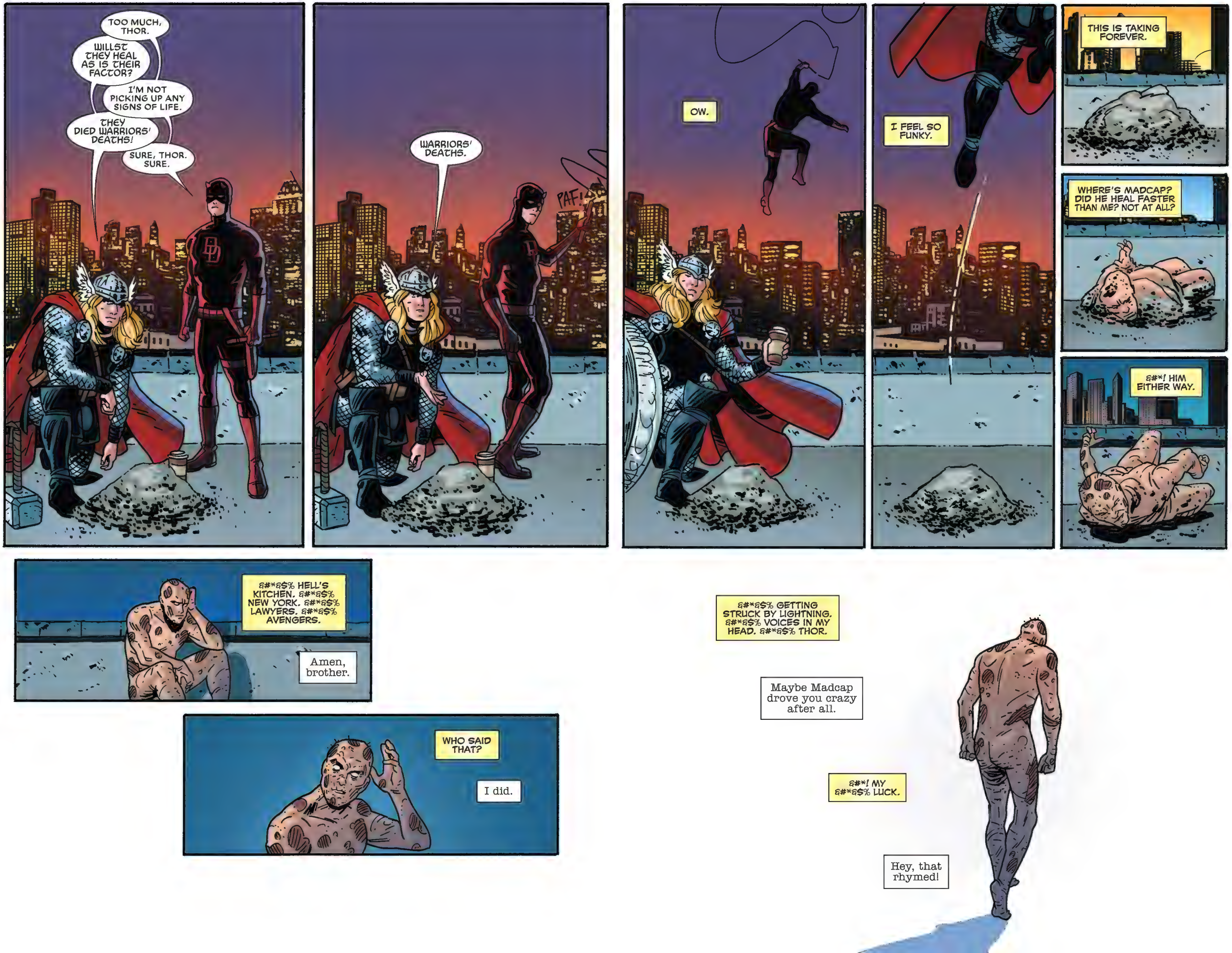
ATTACH!
And that's your name? "Deadpool"? #contextclues. I'm Madcap.
SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT
SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT SHLIKT
Of course you know, this means war.
Pew pew!
POP!
YOU...
GOT ME?

I got you.
WHERE AM I? WHERE ARE ALL MY GUNS? I FEEL GOOD.
THE SKY SMELLS LIKE BUBBLE BATH.
"Dude. Red guy. What's going on in there?"
THE BEES THAT BUZZ IN MY BRAIN HAVE GONE QUIET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE.
I'M THIRSTY, MR. DEER. I THINK I'LL DRINK THAT RAINBOW.
SOUNDS GOOD, PAL. REGULAR AND NOT AT ALL STRANGE, YOU KNOW?
SLLLLLURRRP!
UNF! HERE'S YOUR GUN, MR. POOL.
TAKEIT TAKEIT TAKEIT!
When I bubblegun you, you're supposed to go bananas Foster Wallace, not to your happy place!
Stop! Going! Sane!
FWAT FWAT FWAT

WHO YA GONNA GREASE, MR. POOL?
SOME BLIND SKUNK LAWYER.
'CAUSE HE'S A LAWYER OR 'CAUSE HE'S A SKUNK?
FOR THE ONLY REASON TO DO ANYTHING: LOTS OF MONEY.
UH-OH--
--WHERE'D HE GO?
UH-OH.
Uh-oh.

THUMP
WHRMP
THAT ONE'S FREE. NEXT ONE'LL COST YA.
Stuck! A little help?
HEALING FACTOR GUYS? I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR HEALING FACTOR GUYS.
Don't we just--
Drive--
You--
Nuts?


I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
SH'LIMP
Rude. Ask first.
SHLIMP
BONK!
NEED YE HELP, FRIEND DAREDEVIL? I WAS PASSING HENCE FOR BUT A LATTE MOST VANILLA AND ESPIED THIS BATTLE UNFAIRLY NUMBER'D TWO 'GAINST ONE.
*#%&$# NEW YORK!
LIGHTNING 'EM, THOR.
BUT--
THEY'RE HEALING FACTOR GUYS!
FIE.
EXACTLY.
WHOOM
WHOOM
WHOOM
WHAM
GET OFFA--


TOO MUCH, THOR.
WILLST THEY HEAL AS IS THEIR FACTOR?
I'M NOT PICKING UP ANY SIGNS OF LIFE.
THEY DIED WARRIORS' DEATHS!
SURE, THOR. SURE.
WARRIORS' DEATHS.
PAF!
OW.
I FEEL SO FUNKY.
THIS IS TAKING FOREVER.
WHERE'S MADCAP? DID HE HEAL FASTER THAN ME? NOT AT ALL?
&#*! HIM EITHER WAY.
&#*&$% HELL'S KITCHEN. &#*&$% NEW YORK. &#*&$% LAWYERS. &#*&$% AVENGERS.
Amen, brother.
WHO SAID THAT?
I did.
&#*&$% GETTING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. &#*&$% VOICES IN MY HEAD. &#*&$% THOR.
Maybe Madcap drove you crazy after all.
&#*! MY &#*&$% LUCK.
Hey, that rhymed!

AT FIRST, I WANTED TO CHOKE MADCAP WITH A RIDING LAWNMOWER FOR PUTTING THIS STUPID VOICE IN MY HEAD...
But then we fell in love.
DO NOT PUT WORDS IN MY HEAD.
Sorry. You were saying?
...THEN WE FELL IN LOVE.
I *knew* it!
NO WAIT. THAT'S *NOT* WHAT HAPPENED.
I GOT USED TO IT. IT WAS NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE NEW TO TALK TO. TO BOUNCE THINGS OFF OF.
Someone that was still you.
EXACTLY!
AND SURE, WE ARGUED ALL THE TIME...
Not *all* the time.
MOST OF THE TIME.
Barely ever.
NEARLY ALWAYS.
That's not how I remember it.
YES IT IS.
WE HAVE THE SAME MEMORY.
Do we?
YES.
ANYWAY, WE ARGUED ALL THE TIME, BUT WE WERE A FAMILY.
The voices-in-your-head family?
YES.
I get to be weird uncle!
X-MEN
TOP SECRET CLOSET
YOU'RE NOT WEIRD UNCLE. WE'RE ALL ME, DEADPOOL.
Or so we thought, until the one day we found ourselves back where we first met...
WAIT, WHAT? DID YOU JUST GET AHEAD OF THE STORY?
TOP SECRET CLOSET

JUST BEFORE MARVEL NOW!
Yeah. Hell's Kitchen, etc., etc.
JUICE
WORK JUICE
COFFEE
DON'T GET AHEAD OF THE STORY.
Same rooftop. Same job. Killing that lawyer we now know is Daredevil.
WE DO?
You didn't?
OF COURSE I DID.
That's why we're jamming his Daredevil senses.
YEAH. OBVS.
AND WHY THESE DUMMIES HANG AROUND ALL THE TIME. DAREDEVIL IS NINJA CATNIP.
I can't believe you didn't know.
SHUT UP!
Look at him. Standing there. Clueless.
Just like you.
STOP NOT SHUTTING UP.
THIS TIME, I GOT A PLAN TO DISTRACT THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SUPER HEROES.
BY "PLAN" I MEAN "BOMB." IT'S IN THAT BUILDING AND IT GOES OFF RIGHT...
...ABOUT...
...NOW.
NOW.
NOW?
How's that plan goin', slugger?
UM.

HEY, LUKE CAGE! THE "POWER MAN," HIMSELF!
THIS YOUR BOMB? I'M HERE TO RETURN IT TO YOU.
UP YOUR ASS.
HEY, SPEAKING OF WHICH, YOU USED TO HANG OUT WITH IRON FIST A LOT, RIGHT?
HOW THE HELL'S THAT "SPEAKING OF WHICH"?
YOU KNOW HALF THE SUPER-DUMMIES SOUND LIKE DIRTY BUSINESS. I'VE PERSONALLY DONE OR HAD DONE TO ME THE HOBGOBLIN, THE GREY GARGOYLE, THE MAN-THING, THE DEVIL DINOSAUR AND MOON-BOY (YOU NEED A FRIEND FOR THAT)...
THE MOON KNIGHT, THE SCARLET WITCH, THE PASTE POT PETE, THE BARON ZEMO...
THK
KRSH!
THE KANG THE CONQUEROR, THE PUNISHER, THE BLACK BOLT...

WHIF
PTANG
FLAM
KRUMP
KRSH
FUMP
CHOMP
PCHOW
KRACK!
GUH--!
SKLORTCH

GROSS.
SPLB
MAN, DON'T--
Really? Throwing dead ninjas at him?
ONE OF THESE DUMMIES HAS TO HAVE A SMOKE BOMB ON HIM SO I CAN ESCAPE.
AND THE PLURAL OF NINJA IS NINJA.
STOP THROWING NINJA AT ME.
SEE?
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
You weren't supposed to see that.
SEE WHAT? ARE YOU KEEPING THINGS FROM ME?
DON'T BLAME ME! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.
Don't yell at me. Or else.
OR ELSE WHAT?
Or else
You'll
Piss
Me
OFF.
You wouldn't like me when I'm pissed off.
Not that anyone likes anyone when they're pissed off.
WHAT? THIS IS *NOT* HAPPENING!
This is absolutely happening, True Believer!

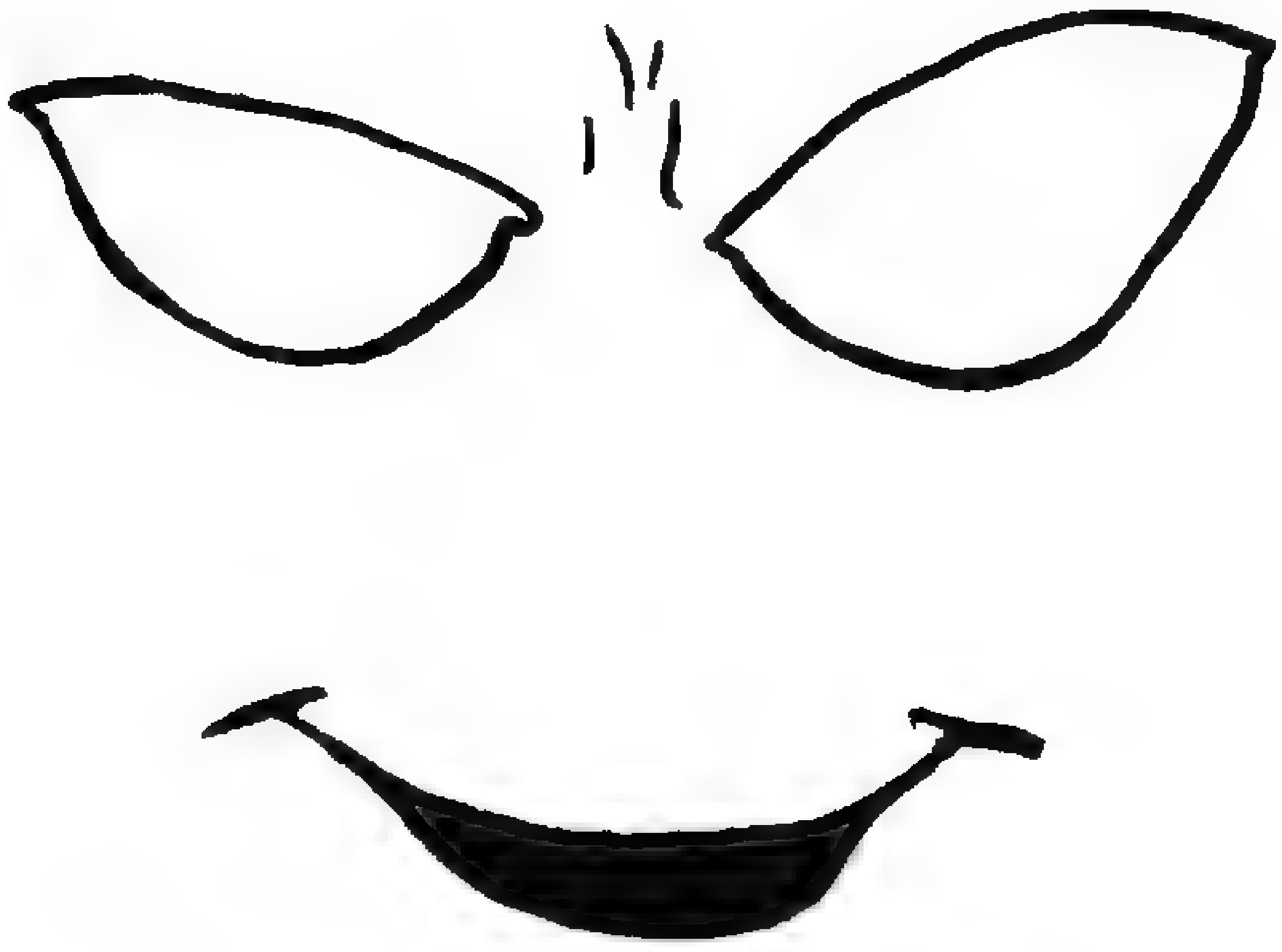
WHAT THE HELL?
When Thor zapped us in a pile together... we healed all mixed up.
Two in one body.
You've been steering.
But he's been there the whole time, whispering in your ear like a tumor.
But now...
It's my turn...

WHY NOW?
Because Luke Cage punched you in your brains, giving mine the chance to take over!
DUDE? WHAT THE HELL?
This the hell.
WHA--?
OH MAN, IT'S AN HONOR TO BE HERE. NIGEL--YOU'RE *THE MAN!* CAT? LOVE YOU. MARY--BETTER MAKE ROOM ON THE HOT TAMALE TRAIN FOR *LUKE CAGE!*
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?!
I SAY IT NAY!

Oh, Thor. I'm tho thorry. Heaventh to betthy ecthuse me all to piethes.
I am making fun of your name.
YOU ATTEMPT TO ENFOG THE MIND OF A GOD? THINE ATTEMPTS ARE **LAUGHABLE**.
ALSO, THINE ATTEMPTS **SUCCEED**.
TONIGHT I AND MY PARTNER SHALL UNDERTAKE THE DREADED QUICKSTEP IN A ROUTINE CHOREOGRAPHED BY SONYA TAYEH.
CAN I TALK TO YOU IN HERE FOR A SECOND?
Sure, but you're missing a great show. What's on our mind?
I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS ARRANGEMENT. I'M NOT OKAY WITH YOU IN CHARGE. I'M NOT OKAY WITH ALL THE SILLY $#!*. IN HERE. OR OUT THERE. I HATE SILLY $#!*.
I see. Well thanks for speaking up. And now--an anvil.
THUNCH
OKAY, SEE? THIS IS WHAT I MEAN.
AND YES. I GET IT'S A DREAM IN HERE. WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT TO EACH OTHER, BUT I CAN'T HURT YOU AND YOU CAN'T HURT ME, NOT REALLY.
Fun to try though, right?

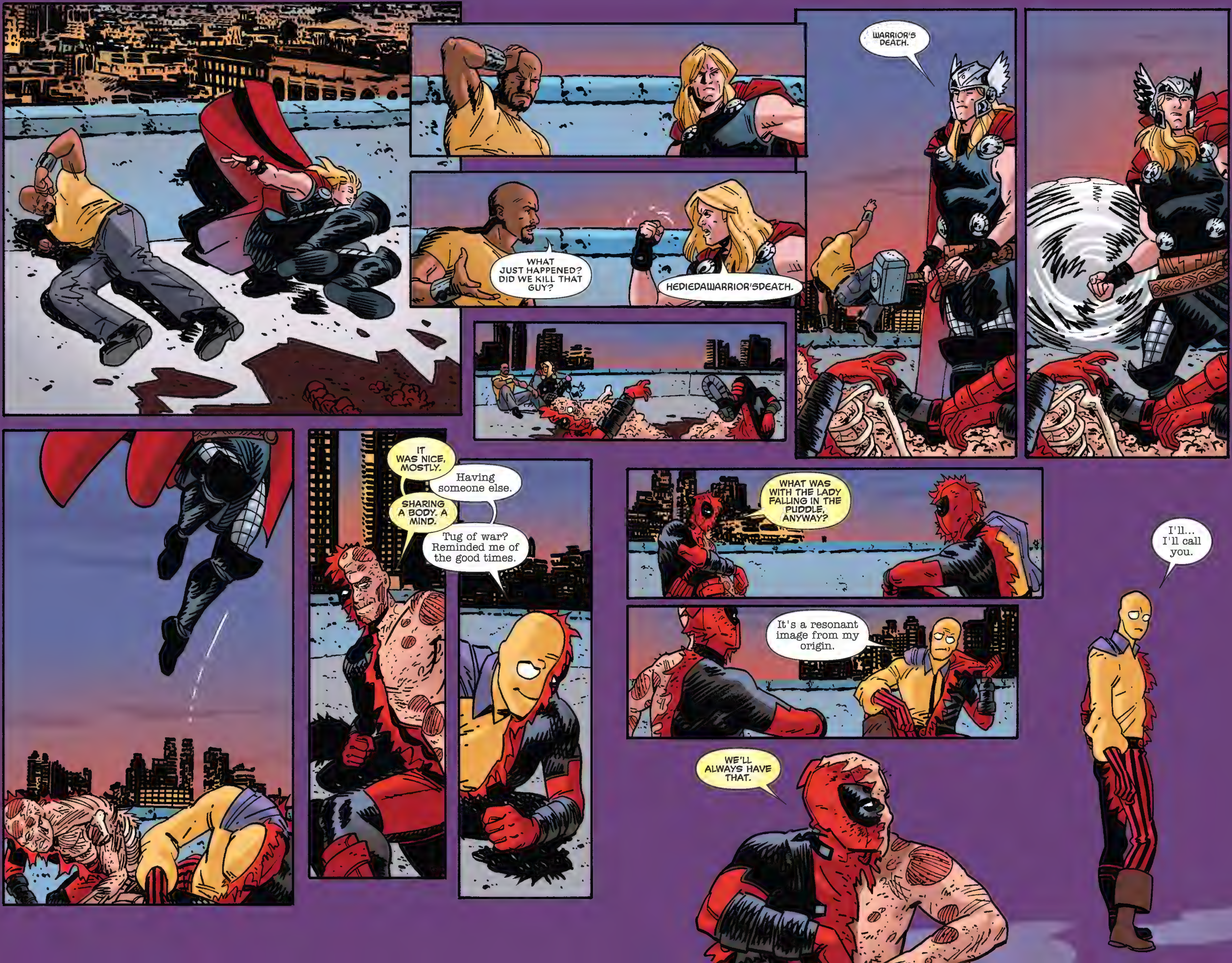
Great job. To vote, text "Thor" or "Luke" to the number on your screen. Now put your hands together for Thor and Luke!
YOU REALLY HAVE 'EM. YOU'RE INCHES FROM TWO GUYS WHO COULD RIP YOU APART AND THEY'RE JUST WORRIED ABOUT HOW THEY DANCED.
Quickstep is hard.
I HAVE AN IDEA.
I can see that.
I THINK I CAN SOLVE THIS. BUT WE'LL NEED TO WORK TOGETHER. I STEER, YOU USE YOUR POWERS.
Okay.
I'm in.

I think I'm thinking what
you're thinking. And it's
crazy enough to work.



Or else, maybe
just crazy. Which
is fine by me.

HEY GUYS. DO YOU LIKE TUG OF WAR?
WHEN I SAY *"NOW,"* YOU THINK LEFT AND I'LL THINK RIGHT.
Your right or my right?
THEY'RE THE SAME RIGHT? WHAT ARE YOU, NUTS?
Yes!
NOW!
TUGGAWAR

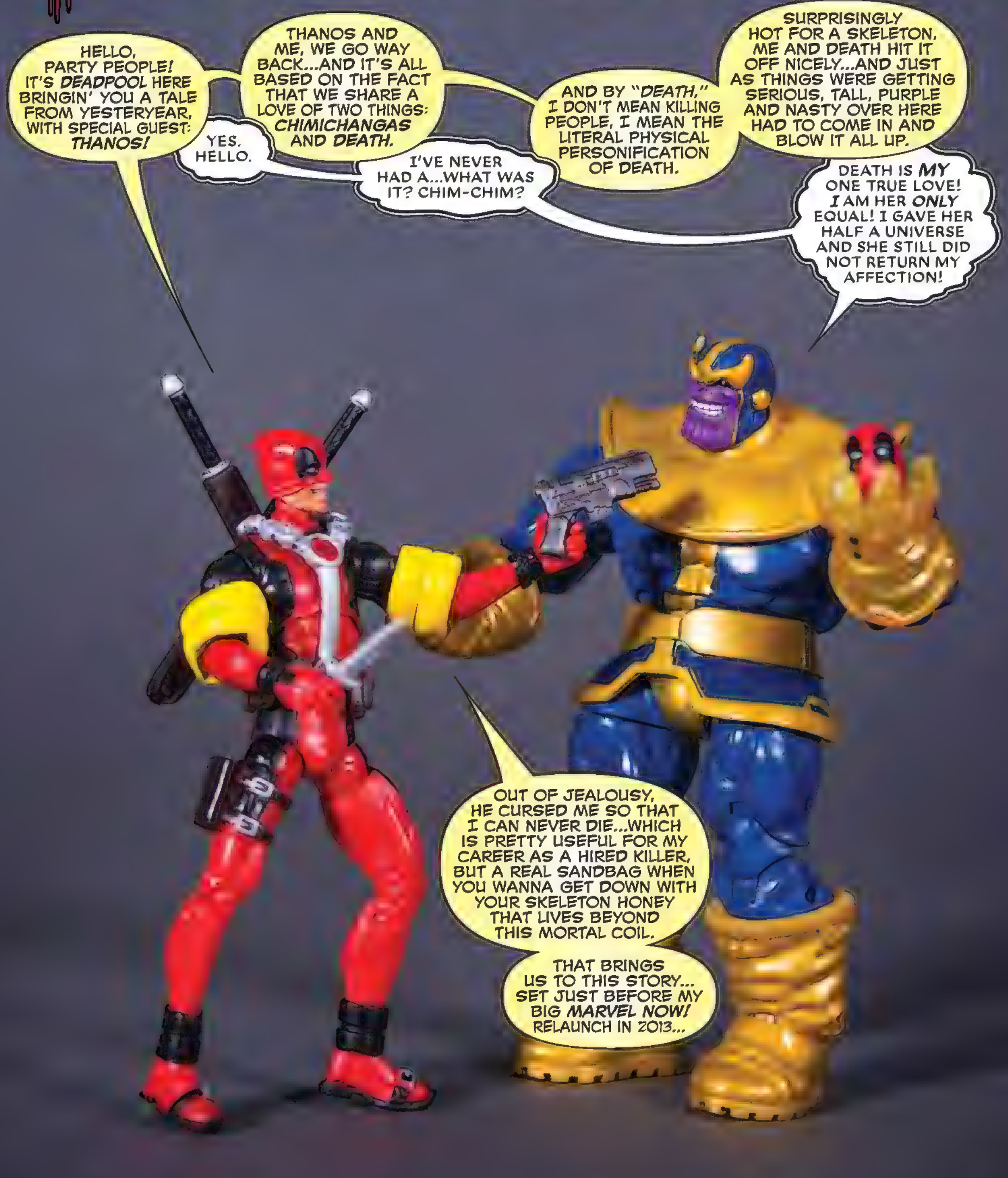

WHAT JUST HAPPENED? DID WE KILL THAT GUY?
HEDIEDAWARRIOR'SDEATH.
WARRIOR'S DEATH.
IT WAS NICE, MOSTLY.
Having someone else.
SHARING A BODY. A MIND.
Tug of war? Reminded me of the good times.
WHAT WAS WITH THE LADY FALLING IN THE PUDDLE, ANYWAY?
It's a resonant image from my origin.
WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE THAT.
I'll... I'll call you.

IT'S QUIETER NOW.
LONELIER. HAVE I CHANGED? HAVE I GROWN?
CRAP IN A HAMMOCK!

IS THIS YOUR BOMB?
GO AWAY. I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT RIGHT NOW.
GO AWAY I SAID!
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
BUT I AM. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU JAM MY SENSES.
HE THREW ONE OF HIS STICKS THROUGH MY RADAR-JAMMER (WHICH IS FAIR).
BAM
THWAK
ETC
AND THEN USED THE OTHER ON ME, LIKE I WAS A PINATA.
AND I COULDN'T COME UP WITH ONE BIT OF SASS.
NOT
ONE
WISECRACK.
ONE THING WENT THROUGH MY MIND AT THAT MOMENT, BESIDES HIS DAREDEVIL STICK...
I MISS THAT OTHER GUY. HE'D HAVE KNOWN JUST WHAT TO SAY.
THIS MIGHT BE THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.
END.

DEADPOOL®
VS THANOS®
IT WAS A JOKE, MARVEL!
I WAS JOKING WHEN I SAID I WANTED TO FIGHT THANOS!
SEELEY
BONDOC
REDMOND
001
MARVEL

DEADPOOL VS THANOS


HELLO, PARTY PEOPLE! IT'S *DEADPOOL* HERE BRINGIN' YOU A TALE FROM YESTERYEAR, WITH SPECIAL GUEST: ***THANOS!***
THANOS AND ME, WE GO WAY BACK...AND IT'S ALL BASED ON THE FACT THAT WE SHARE A LOVE OF TWO THINGS: ***CHIMICHANGAS*** AND ***DEATH.***
AND BY "*DEATH,*" I DON'T MEAN KILLING PEOPLE, I MEAN THE LITERAL PHYSICAL PERSONIFICATION OF DEATH.
SURPRISINGLY HOT FOR A SKELETON, ME AND DEATH HIT IT OFF NICELY...AND JUST AS THINGS WERE GETTING SERIOUS, TALL, PURPLE AND NASTY OVER HERE HAD TO COME IN AND BLOW IT ALL UP.
YES. HELLO.
I'VE NEVER HAD A...WHAT WAS IT? CHIM-CHIM?
DEATH IS ***MY*** ONE TRUE LOVE! *I* AM HER ***ONLY*** EQUAL! I GAVE HER HALF A UNIVERSE AND SHE STILL DID NOT RETURN MY AFFECTION!
OUT OF JEALOUSY, HE CURSED ME SO THAT I CAN NEVER DIE...WHICH IS PRETTY USEFUL FOR MY CAREER AS A HIRED KILLER, BUT A REAL SANDBAG WHEN YOU WANNA GET DOWN WITH YOUR SKELETON HONEY THAT LIVES BEYOND THIS MORTAL COIL.
THAT BRINGS US TO THIS STORY... SET JUST BEFORE MY BIG ***MARVEL NOW!*** RELAUNCH IN 2013...

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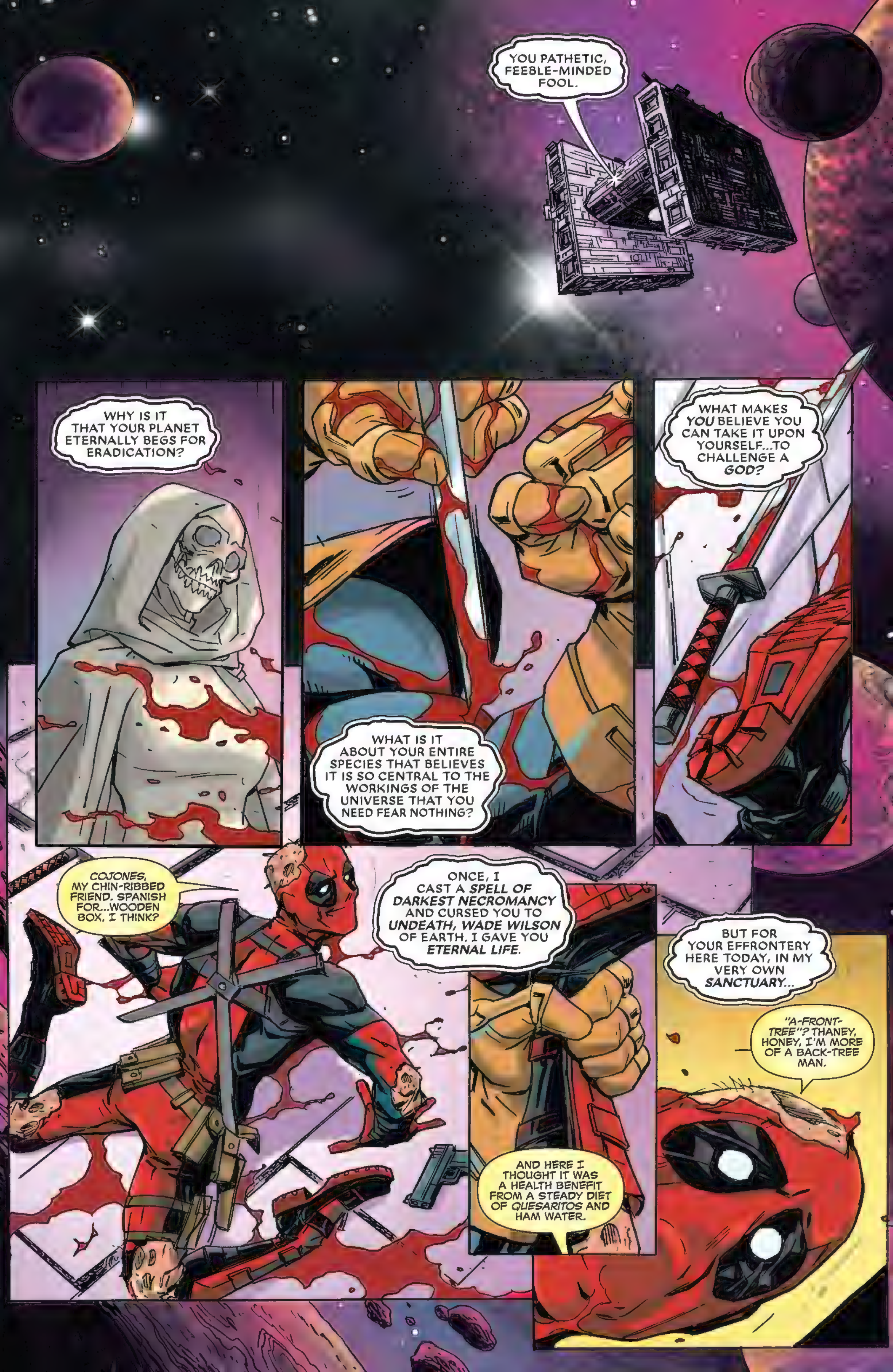
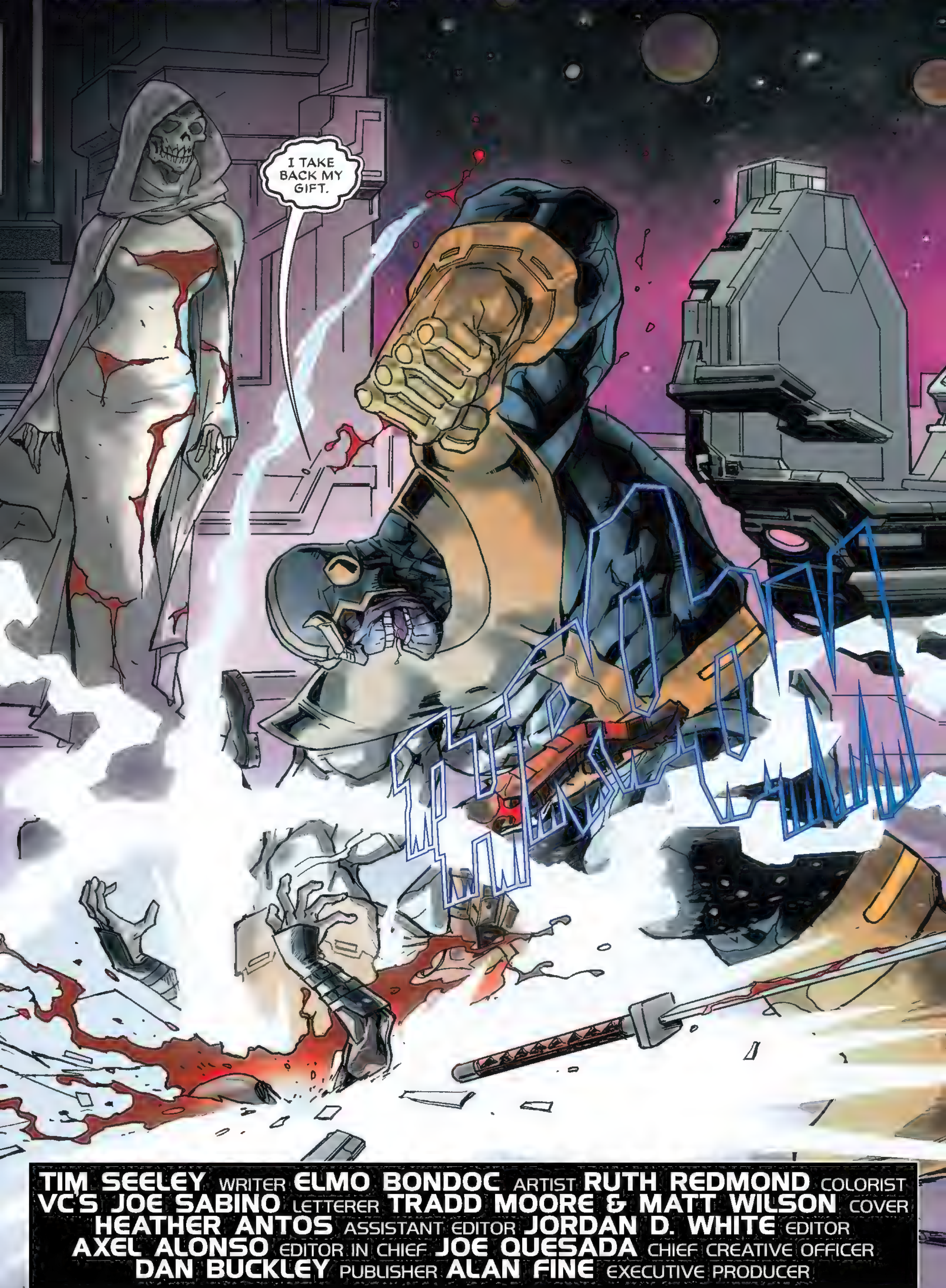

YOU PATHETIC, FEEBLE-MINDED FOOL.
WHY IS IT THAT YOUR PLANET ETERNALLY BEGS FOR ERADICATION?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOUR ENTIRE SPECIES THAT BELIEVES IT IS SO CENTRAL TO THE WORKINGS OF THE UNIVERSE THAT YOU NEED FEAR NOTHING?
WHAT MAKES *YOU* BELIEVE YOU CAN TAKE IT UPON YOURSELF...TO CHALLENGE A *GOD?*
COJONES, MY CHIN-RIBBED FRIEND. SPANISH FOR...WOODEN BOX, I THINK?
ONCE, I CAST A *SPELL OF DARKEST NECROMANCY* AND CURSED YOU TO *UNDEATH, WADE WILSON* OF EARTH. I GAVE YOU *ETERNAL LIFE.*
AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS A HEALTH BENEFIT FROM A STEADY DIET OF *QUESARITOS* AND HAM WATER.
BUT FOR YOUR EFFRONTERY HERE TODAY, IN MY VERY OWN *SANCTUARY...*
"A-FRONT-TREE"? THANEY, HONEY, I'M MORE OF A BACK-TREE MAN.

PART ONE:
FROM HER TO ETERNITY


I TAKE BACK MY GIFT.
THROOM

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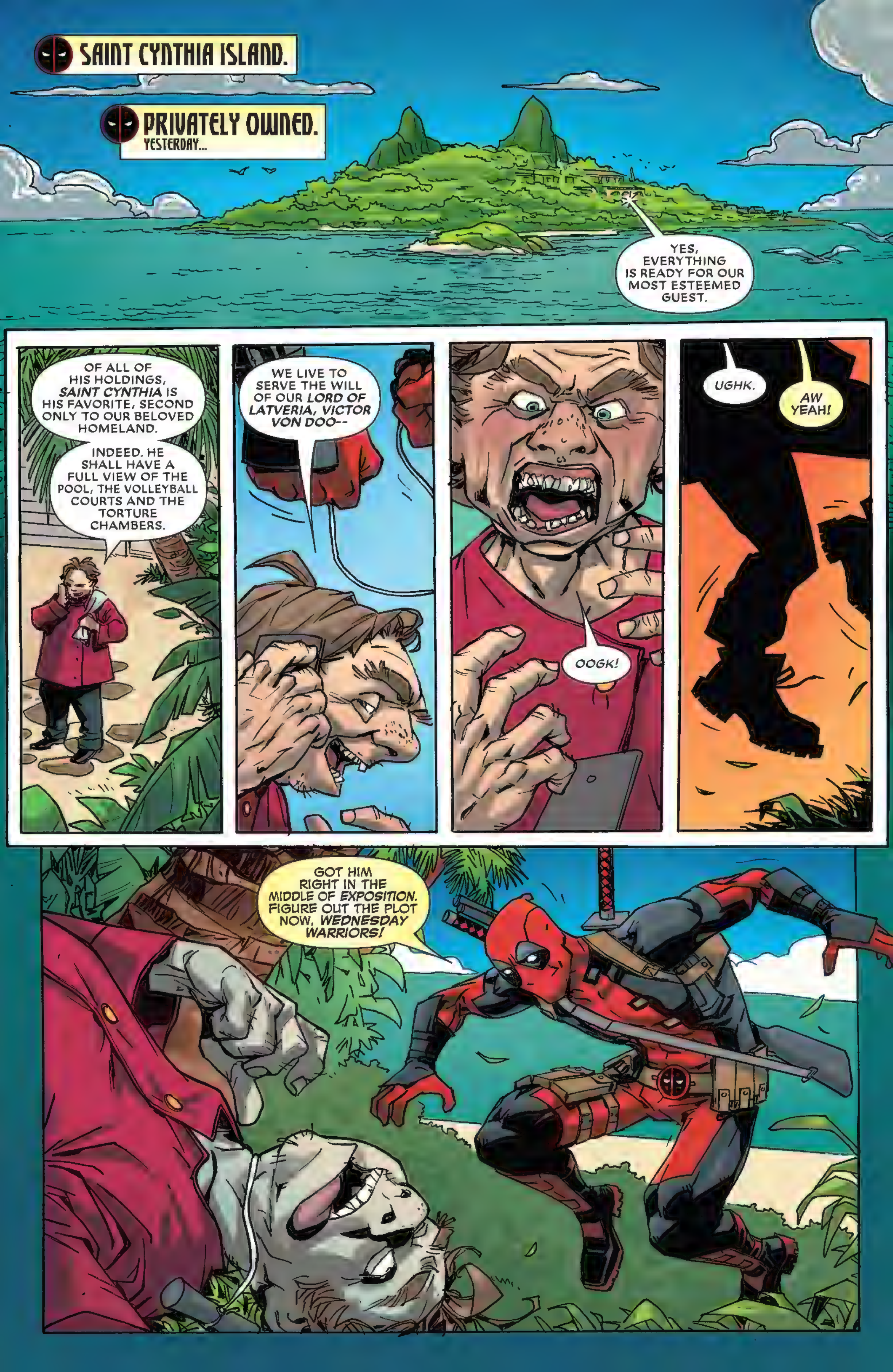
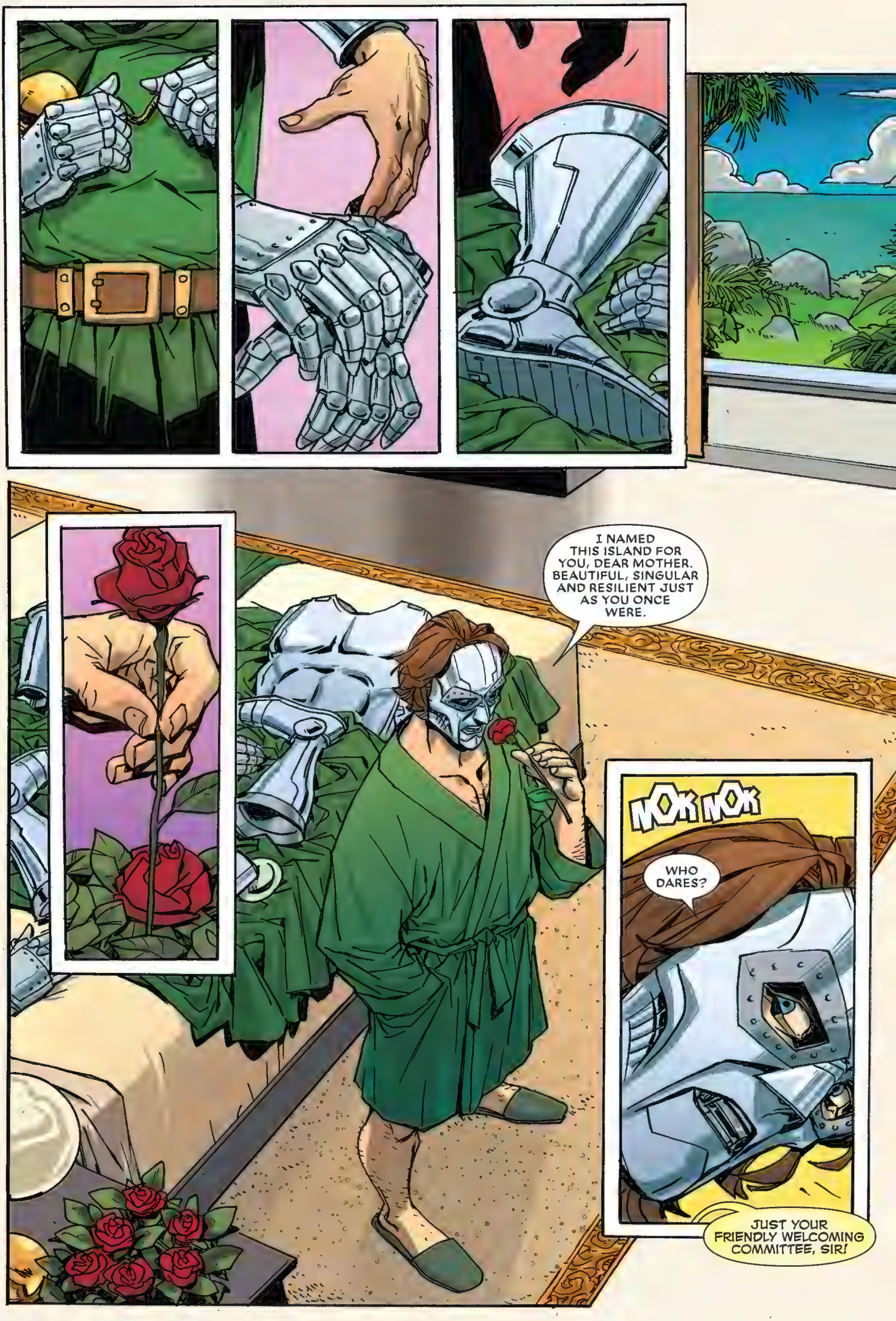
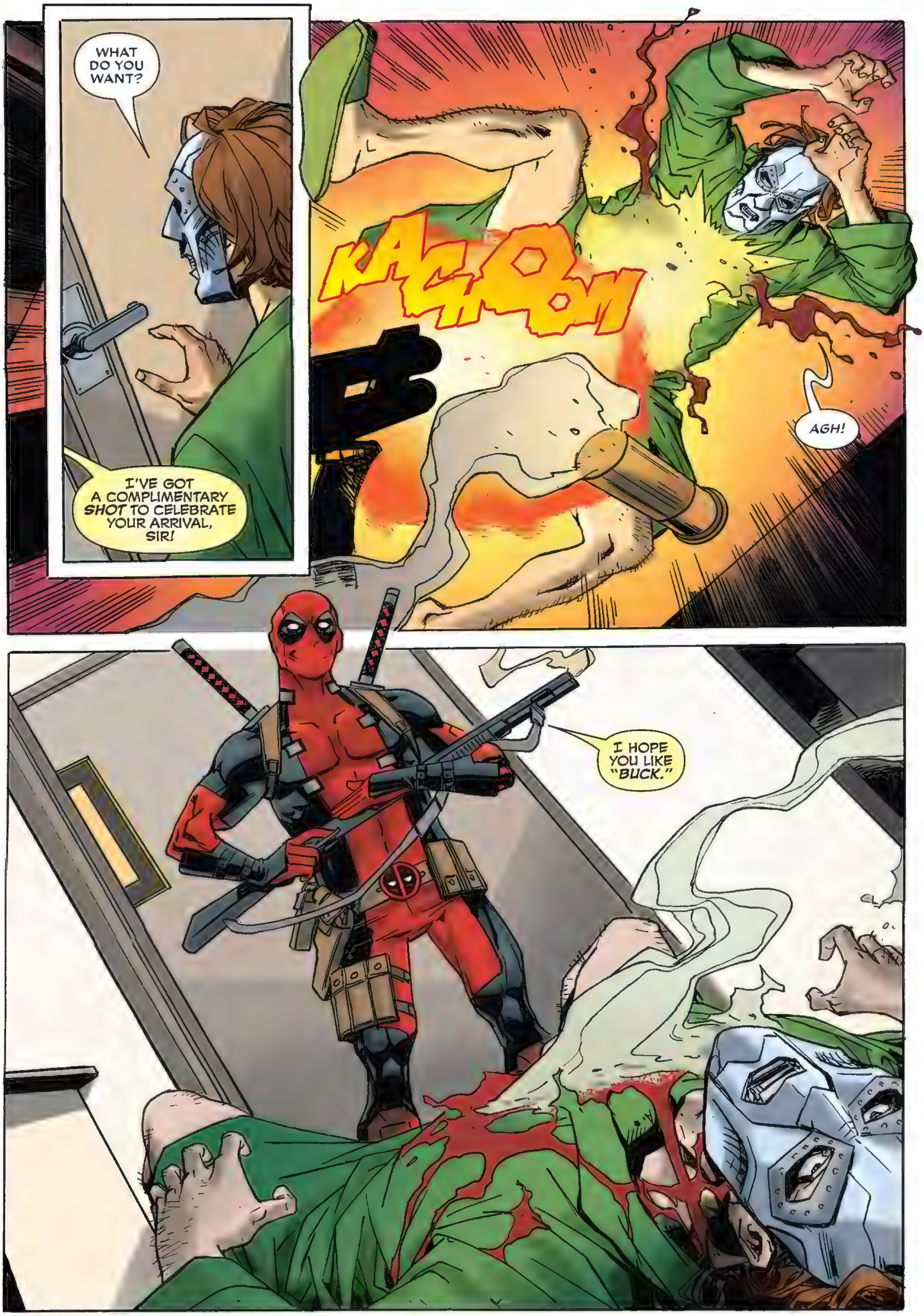
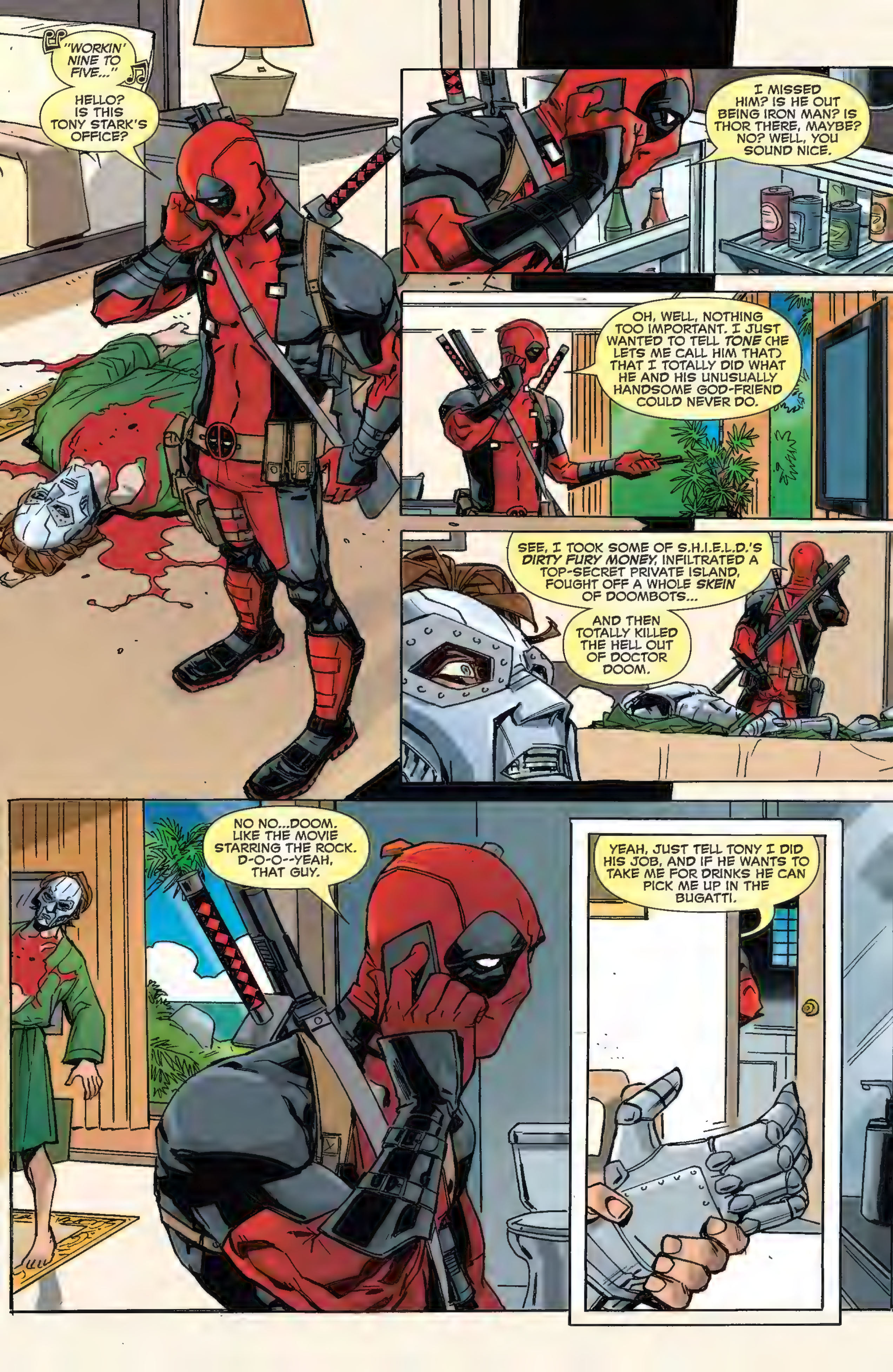
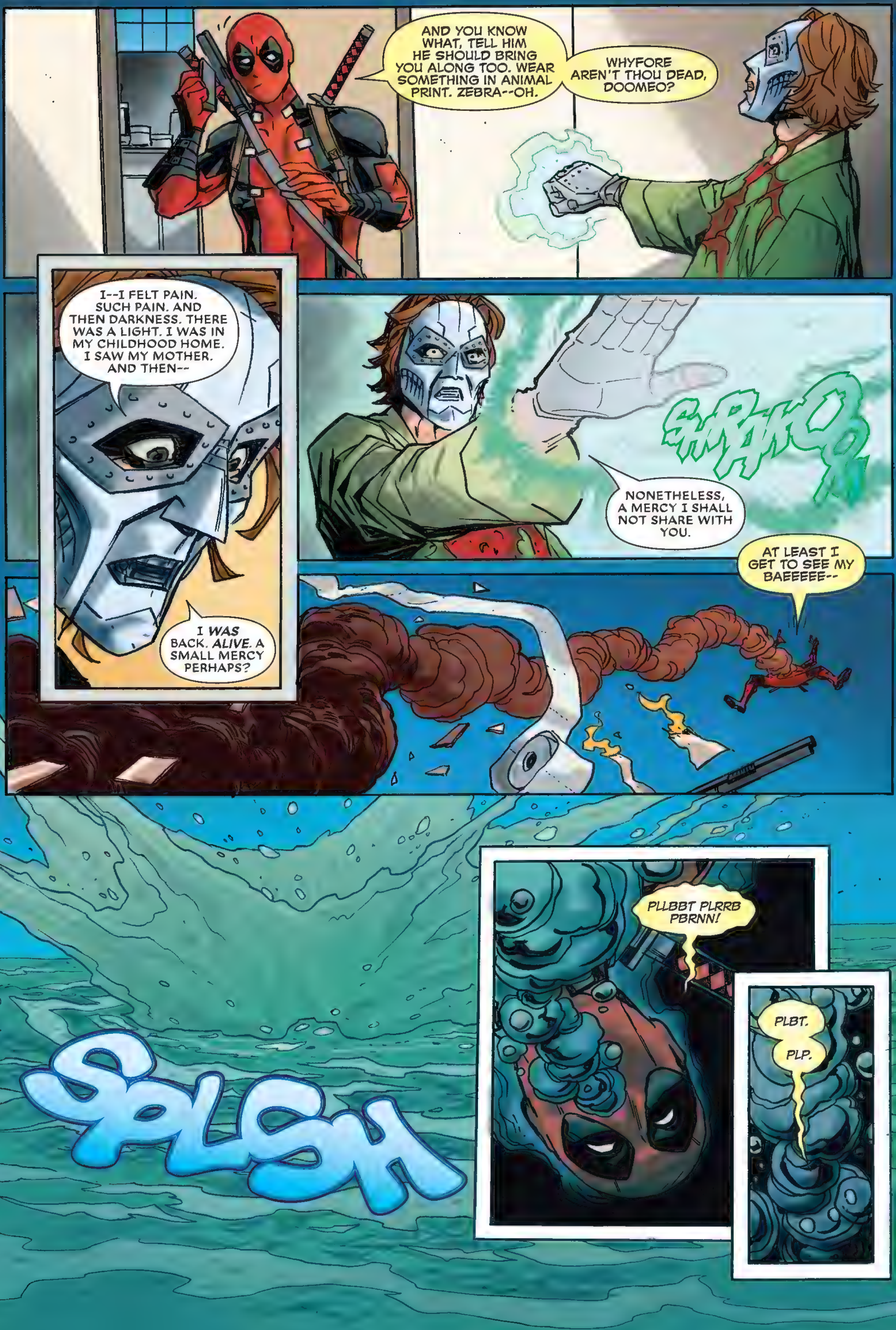
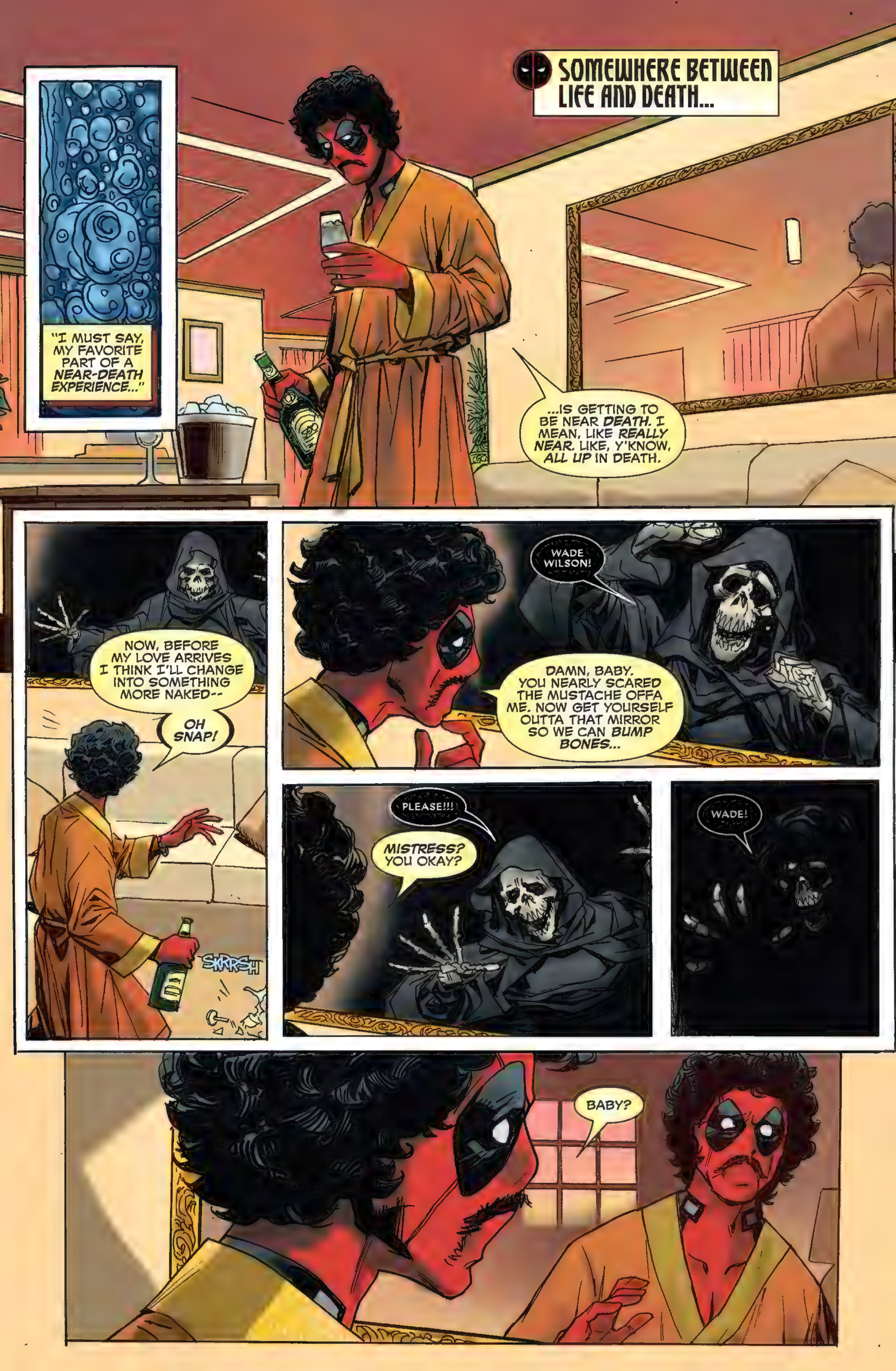

SAINT CYNTHIA ISLAND.
PRIVATELY OWNED.
YESTERDAY...
YES, EVERYTHING IS READY FOR OUR MOST ESTEEMED GUEST.
OF ALL OF HIS HOLDINGS, SAINT CYNTHIA IS HIS FAVORITE, SECOND ONLY TO OUR BELOVED HOMELAND.
INDEED. HE SHALL HAVE A FULL VIEW OF THE POOL, THE VOLLEYBALL COURTS AND THE TORTURE CHAMBERS.
WE LIVE TO SERVE THE WILL OF OUR LORD OF LATVERIA, VICTOR VON DOO--
OOGK!
UGHK.
AW YEAH!
GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF EXPOSITION. FIGURE OUT THE PLOT NOW, WEDNESDAY WARRIORS!

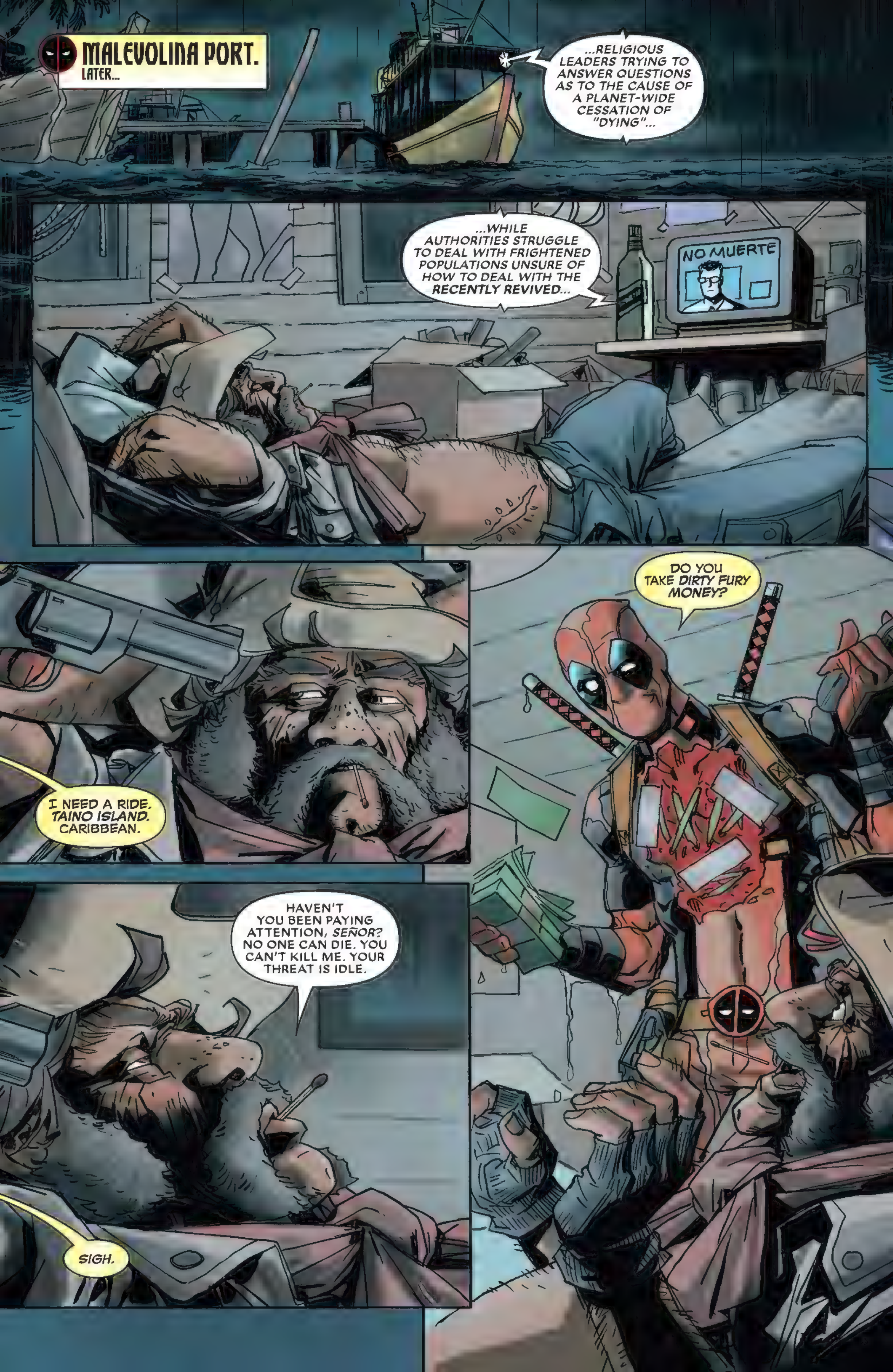

I NAMED THIS ISLAND FOR YOU, DEAR MOTHER. BEAUTIFUL, SINGULAR AND RESILIENT JUST AS YOU ONCE WERE.
MOK MOK
WHO DARES?
JUST YOUR FRIENDLY WELCOMING COMMITTEE, SIR!

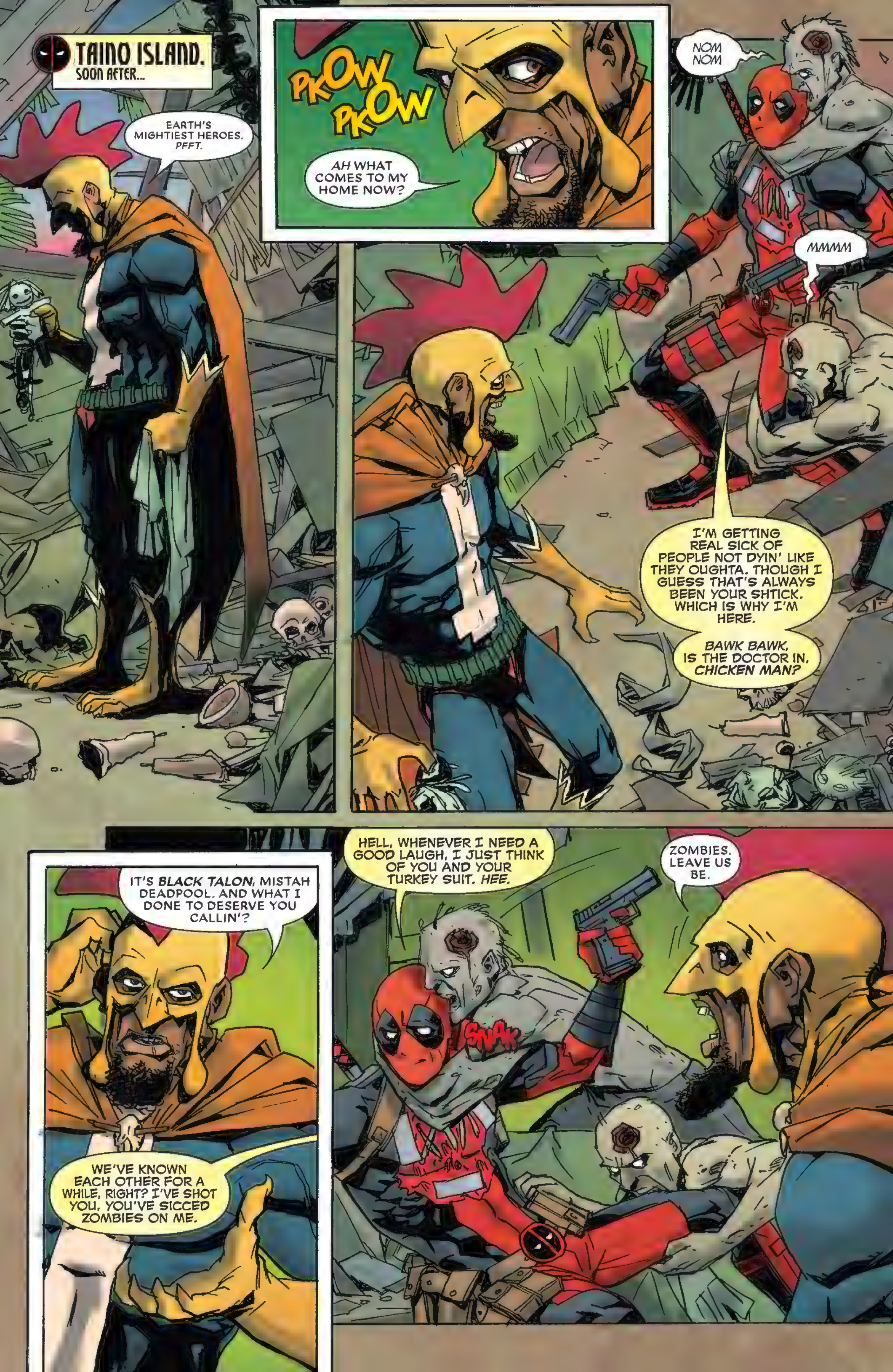

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'VE GOT A COMPLIMENTARY *SHOT* TO CELEBRATE YOUR ARRIVAL, SIR!
KACHOOM
AGH!
I HOPE YOU LIKE "*BUCK.*"

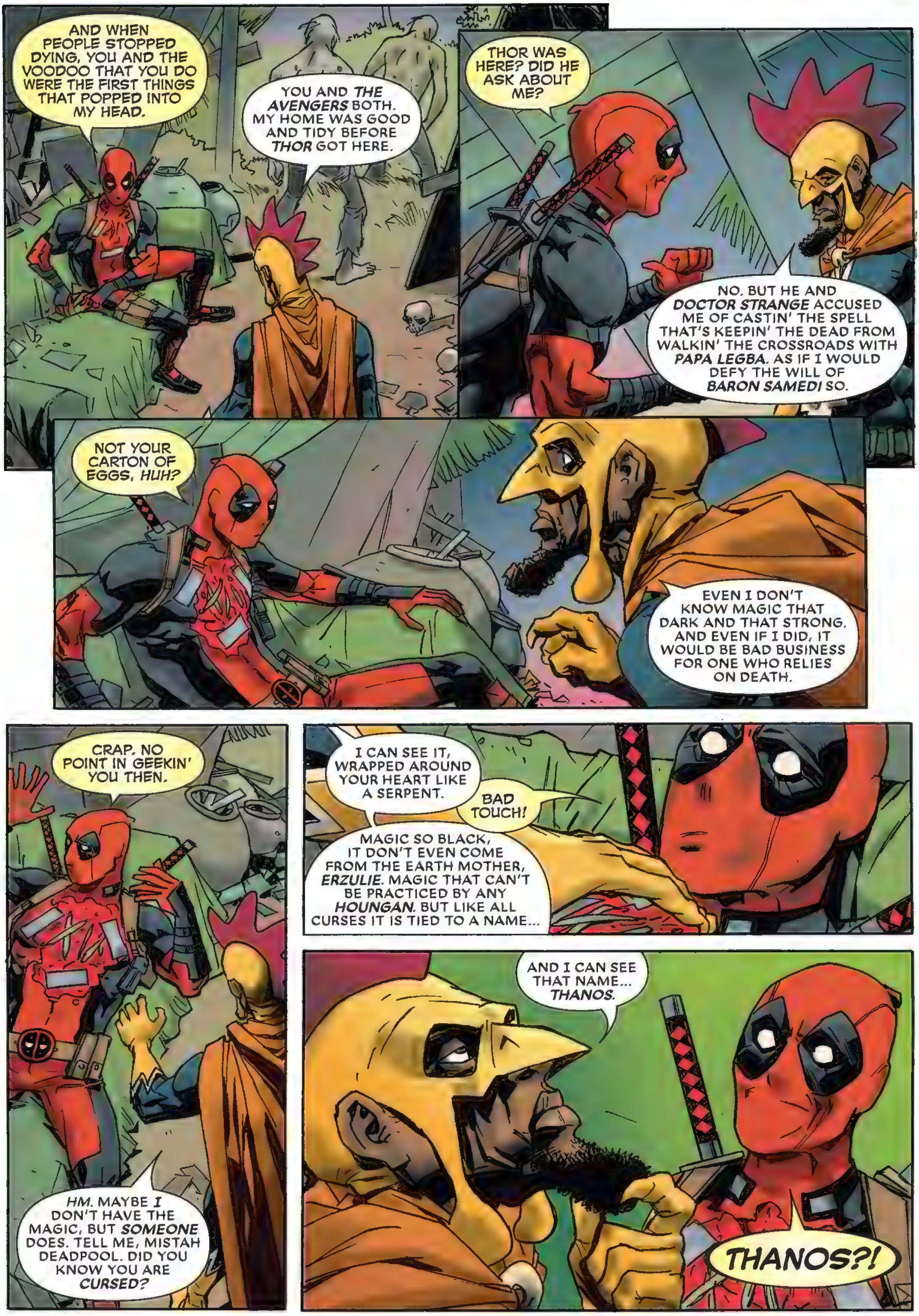

"WORKIN' NINE TO FIVE..."
HELLO? IS THIS TONY STARK'S OFFICE?
I MISSED HIM? IS HE OUT BEING IRON MAN? IS THOR THERE, MAYBE? NO? WELL, YOU SOUND NICE.
OH, WELL, NOTHING TOO IMPORTANT. I JUST WANTED TO TELL *TONE* (HE LETS ME CALL HIM THAT) THAT I TOTALLY DID WHAT HE AND HIS UNUSUALLY HANDSOME GOD-FRIEND COULD NEVER DO.
SEE, I TOOK SOME OF S.H.I.E.L.D.'S *DIRTY FURY MONEY*, INFILTRATED A TOP-SECRET PRIVATE ISLAND, FOUGHT OFF A WHOLE *SKEIN* OF DOOMBOTS...
AND THEN TOTALLY KILLED THE HELL OUT OF DOCTOR DOOM.
NO NO...DOOM. LIKE THE MOVIE STARRING THE ROCK. D-O-O--YEAH, THAT GUY.
YEAH, JUST TELL TONY I DID HIS JOB, AND IF HE WANTS TO TAKE ME FOR DRINKS HE CAN PICK ME UP IN THE BUGATTI.

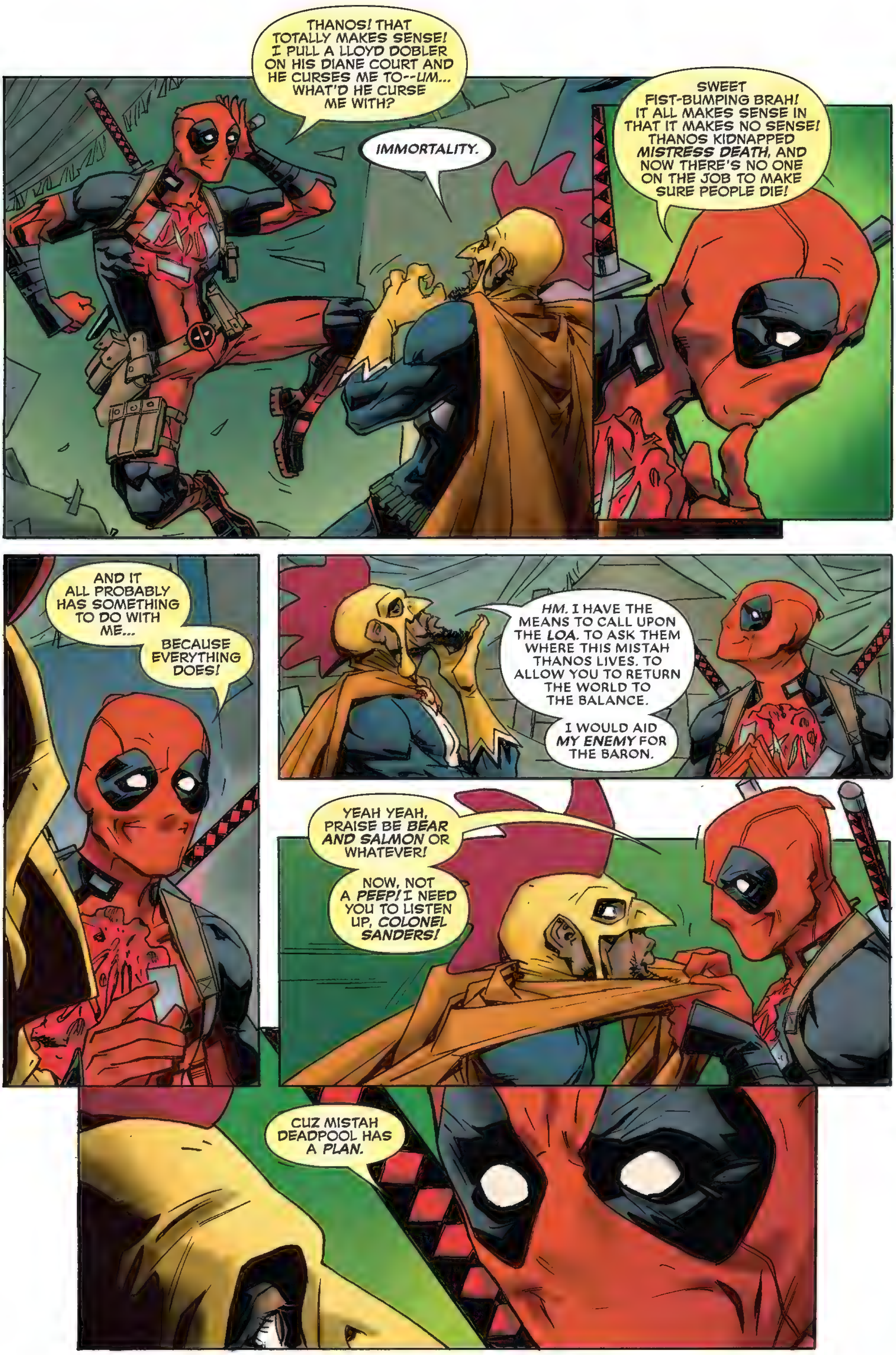

AND YOU KNOW WHAT, TELL HIM HE SHOULD BRING YOU ALONG TOO. WEAR SOMETHING IN ANIMAL PRINT. ZEBRA--OH.
WHYFORE AREN'T THOU DEAD, DOOMEO?
I--I FELT PAIN. SUCH PAIN. AND THEN DARKNESS. THERE WAS A LIGHT. I WAS IN MY CHILDHOOD HOME. I SAW MY MOTHER. AND THEN--
I *WAS* BACK. *ALIVE.* A SMALL MERCY PERHAPS?
SHRAKOO
NONETHELESS, A MERCY I SHALL NOT SHARE WITH YOU.
AT LEAST I GET TO SEE MY BAEEEEE--
SPLOSH
PLLBBT PLRRB PBRNN!
PLBT.
PLP.

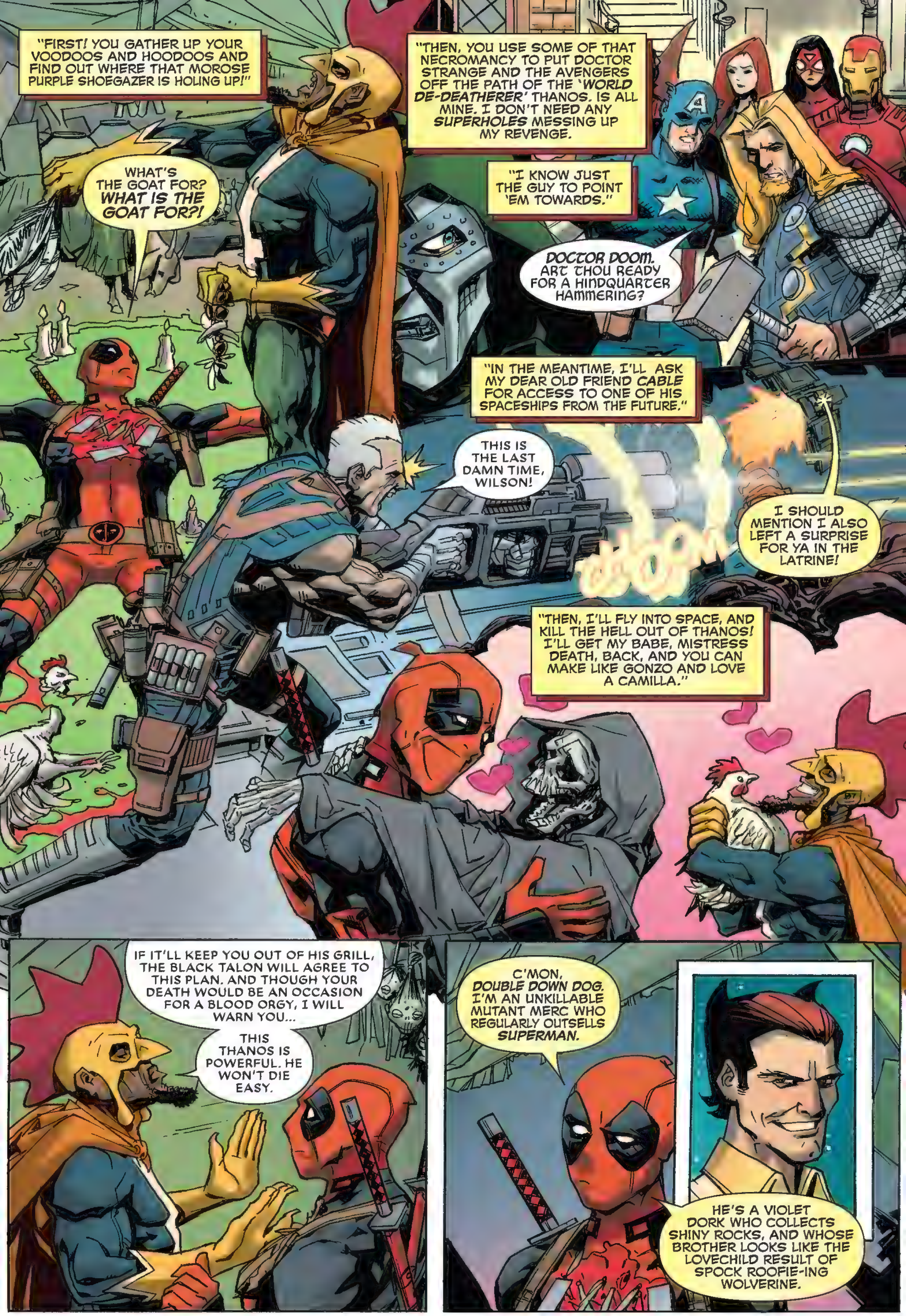

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...
"I MUST SAY, MY FAVORITE PART OF A *NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE*..."
...IS GETTING TO BE NEAR *DEATH*. I MEAN, LIKE *REALLY NEAR*. LIKE, Y'KNOW, *ALL UP* IN DEATH.
NOW, BEFORE MY LOVE ARRIVES I THINK I'LL CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE NAKED--
OH SNAP!
SKRRSH
WADE WILSON!
DAMN, BABY. YOU NEARLY SCARED THE MUSTACHE OFFA ME. NOW GET YOURSELF OUTTA THAT MIRROR SO WE CAN *BUMP BONES*...
PLEASE!!!
MISTRESS? YOU OKAY?
WADE!
BABY?

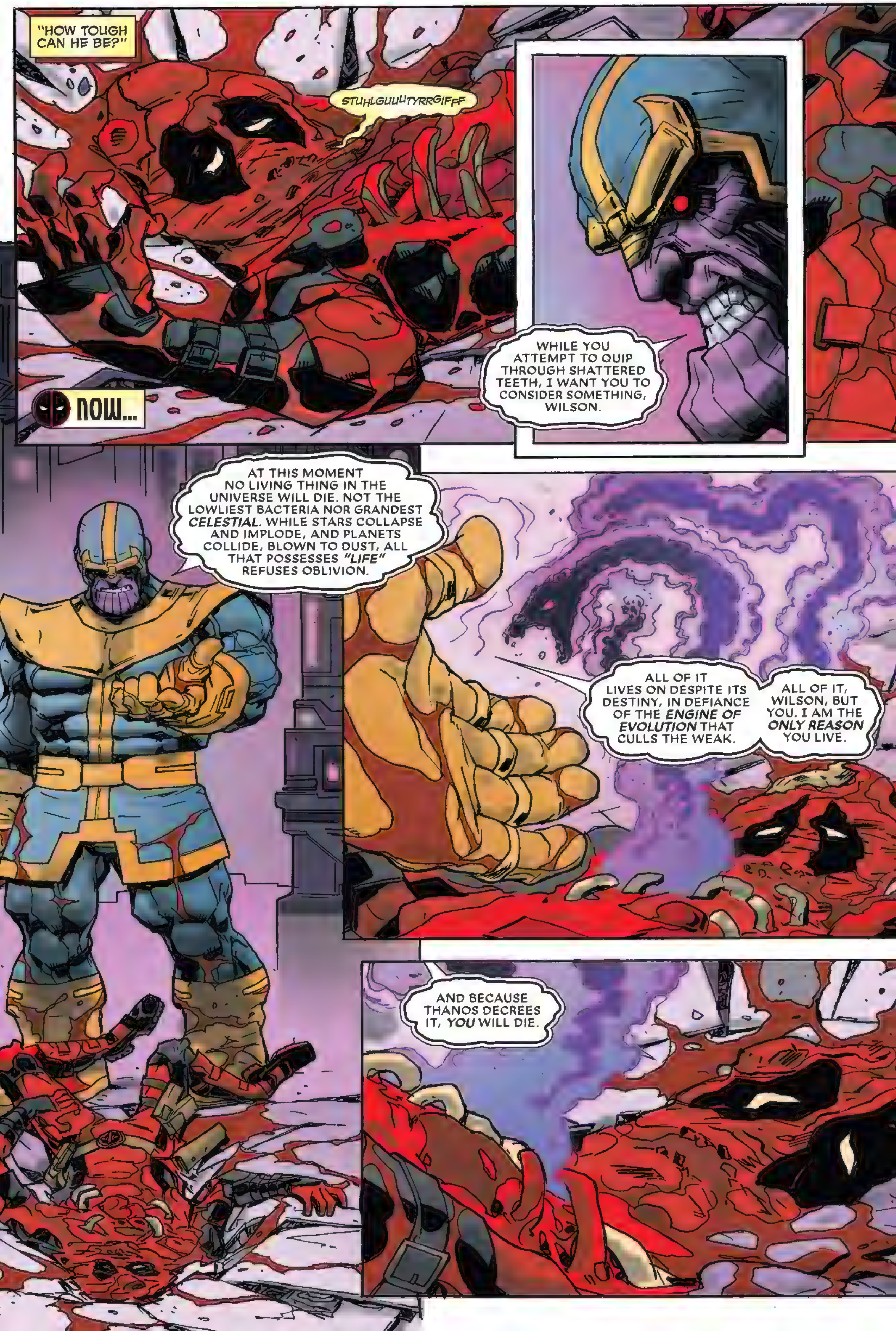

MALEVOLINA PORT.
LATER...
...RELIGIOUS LEADERS TRYING TO ANSWER QUESTIONS AS TO THE CAUSE OF A PLANET-WIDE CESSATION OF "DYING"...
...WHILE AUTHORITIES STRUGGLE TO DEAL WITH FRIGHTENED POPULATIONS UNSURE OF HOW TO DEAL WITH THE *RECENTLY REVIVED*...
NO MUERTE
I NEED A RIDE. *TAINO ISLAND.* CARIBBEAN.
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, *SEÑOR?* NO ONE CAN DIE. YOU CAN'T KILL ME. YOUR THREAT IS IDLE.
SIGH.
DO YOU TAKE *DIRTY FURY MONEY?*

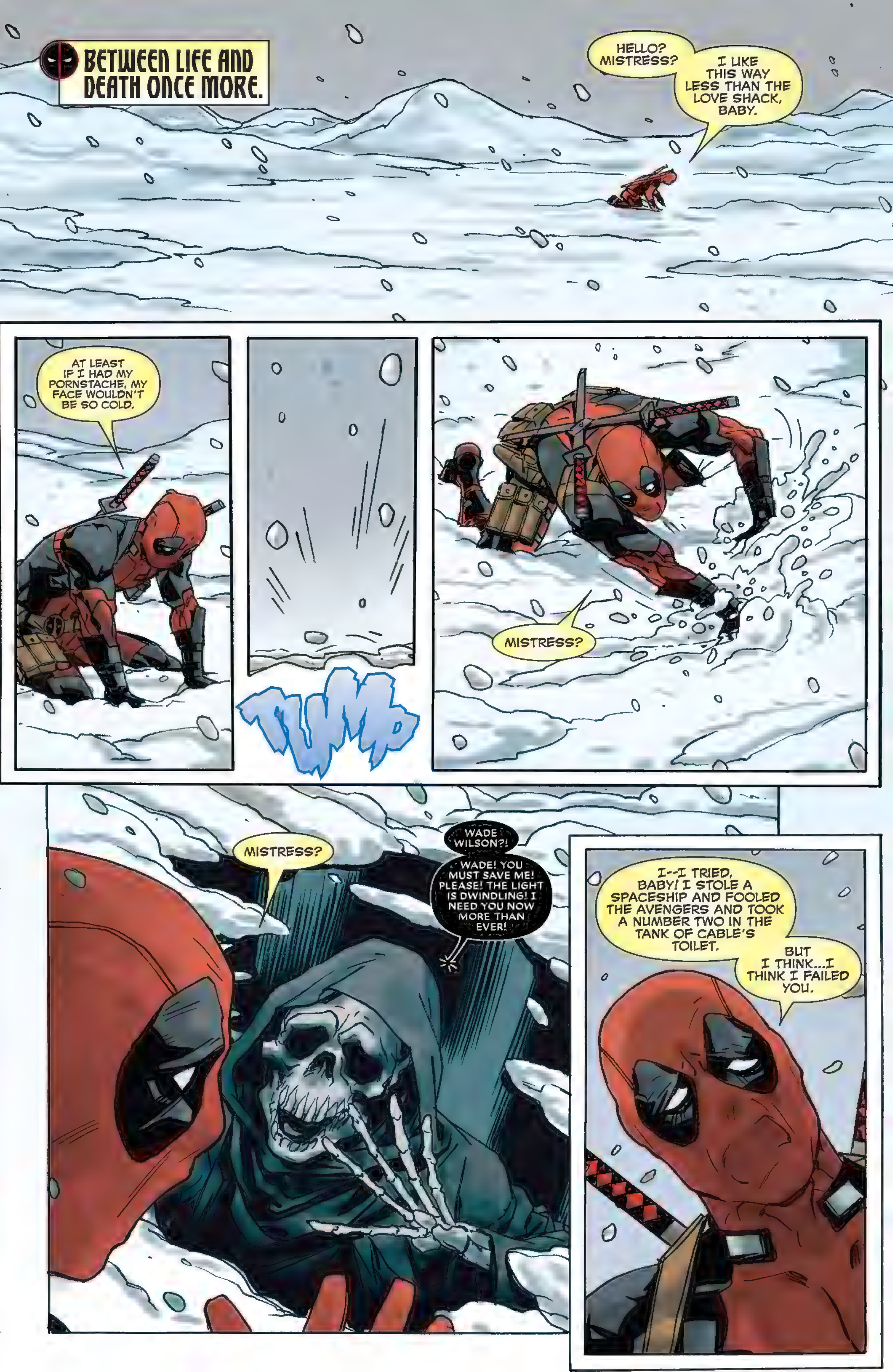

TAINO ISLAND.
SOON AFTER...
EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES. *PFFT.*
PKOW PKOW
AH WHAT COMES TO MY HOME NOW?
NOM NOM
MMMM
I'M GETTING REAL SICK OF PEOPLE NOT DYIN' LIKE THEY OUGHTA. THOUGH I GUESS THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN YOUR SHTICK. WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE.
BAWK BAWK, IS THE DOCTOR IN, *CHICKEN MAN?*
IT'S *BLACK TALON,* MISTAH DEADPOOL. AND WHAT I DONE TO DESERVE YOU CALLIN'?
WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE, RIGHT? I'VE SHOT YOU, YOU'VE SICCED ZOMBIES ON ME.
HELL, WHENEVER I NEED A GOOD LAUGH, I JUST THINK OF YOU AND YOUR TURKEY SUIT. *HEE.*
SNAK
ZOMBIES. LEAVE US BE.

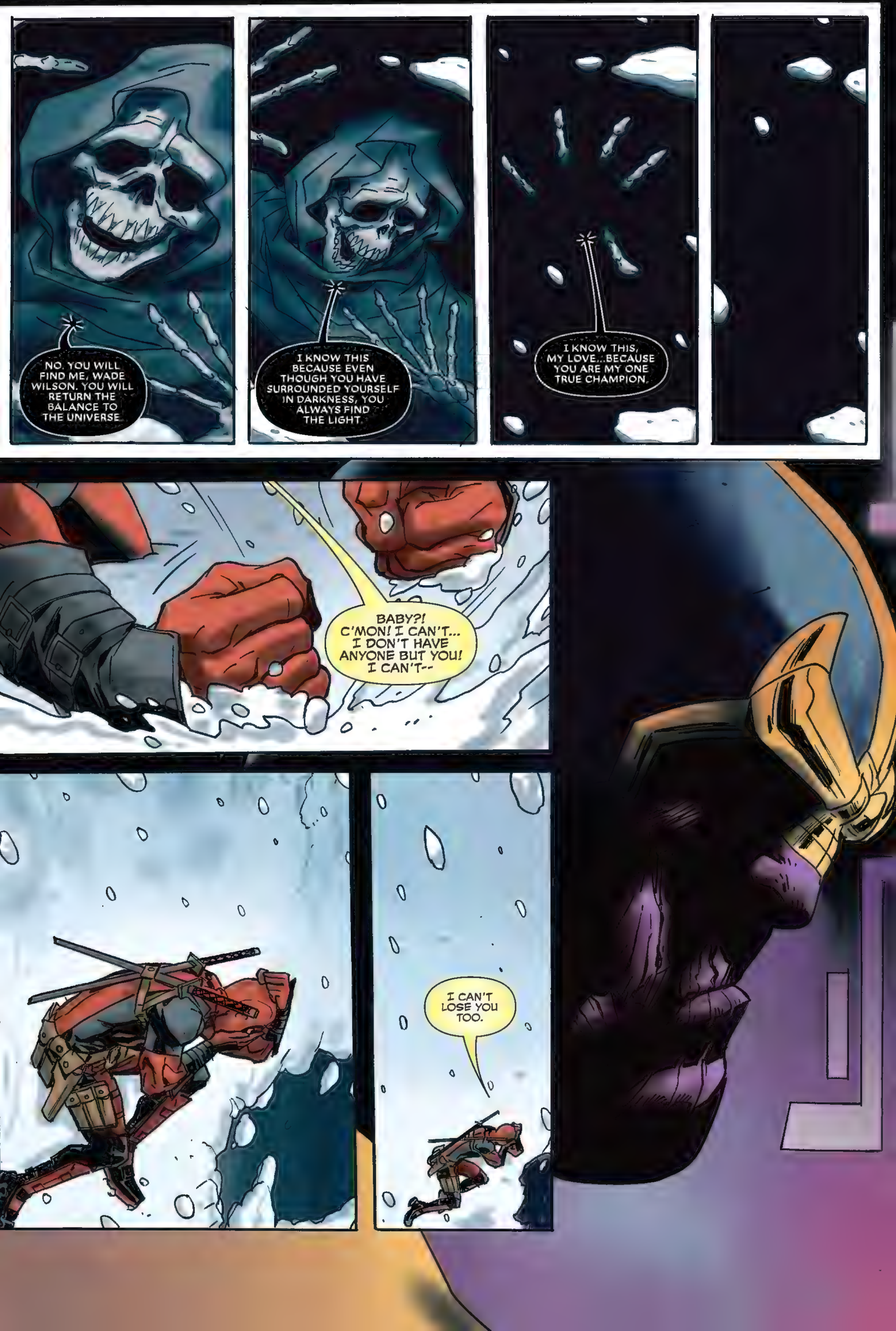

AND WHEN PEOPLE STOPPED DYING, YOU AND THE VOODOO THAT YOU DO WERE THE FIRST THINGS THAT POPPED INTO MY HEAD.
YOU AND *THE AVENGERS* BOTH. MY HOME WAS GOOD AND TIDY BEFORE *THOR* GOT HERE.
THOR WAS HERE? DID HE ASK ABOUT ME?
NO. BUT HE AND *DOCTOR STRANGE* ACCUSED ME OF CASTIN' THE SPELL THAT'S KEEPIN' THE DEAD FROM WALKIN' THE CROSSROADS WITH *PAPA LEGBA.* AS IF I WOULD DEFY THE WILL OF *BARON SAMEDI* SO.
NOT YOUR CARTON OF EGGS, *HUH?*
EVEN I DON'T KNOW MAGIC THAT DARK AND THAT STRONG. AND EVEN IF I DID, IT WOULD BE BAD BUSINESS FOR ONE WHO RELIES ON DEATH.
CRAP. NO POINT IN GEEKIN' YOU THEN.
HM. MAYBE *I* DON'T HAVE THE MAGIC, BUT *SOMEONE* DOES. TELL ME, MISTAH DEADPOOL. DID YOU KNOW YOU ARE *CURSED?*
I CAN SEE IT, WRAPPED AROUND YOUR HEART LIKE A SERPENT.
BAD TOUCH!
MAGIC SO BLACK, IT DON'T EVEN COME FROM THE EARTH MOTHER, *ERZULIE.* MAGIC THAT CAN'T BE PRACTICED BY ANY *HOUNGAN.* BUT LIKE ALL CURSES IT IS TIED TO A NAME...
AND I CAN SEE THAT NAME... *THANOS.*
THANOS?!

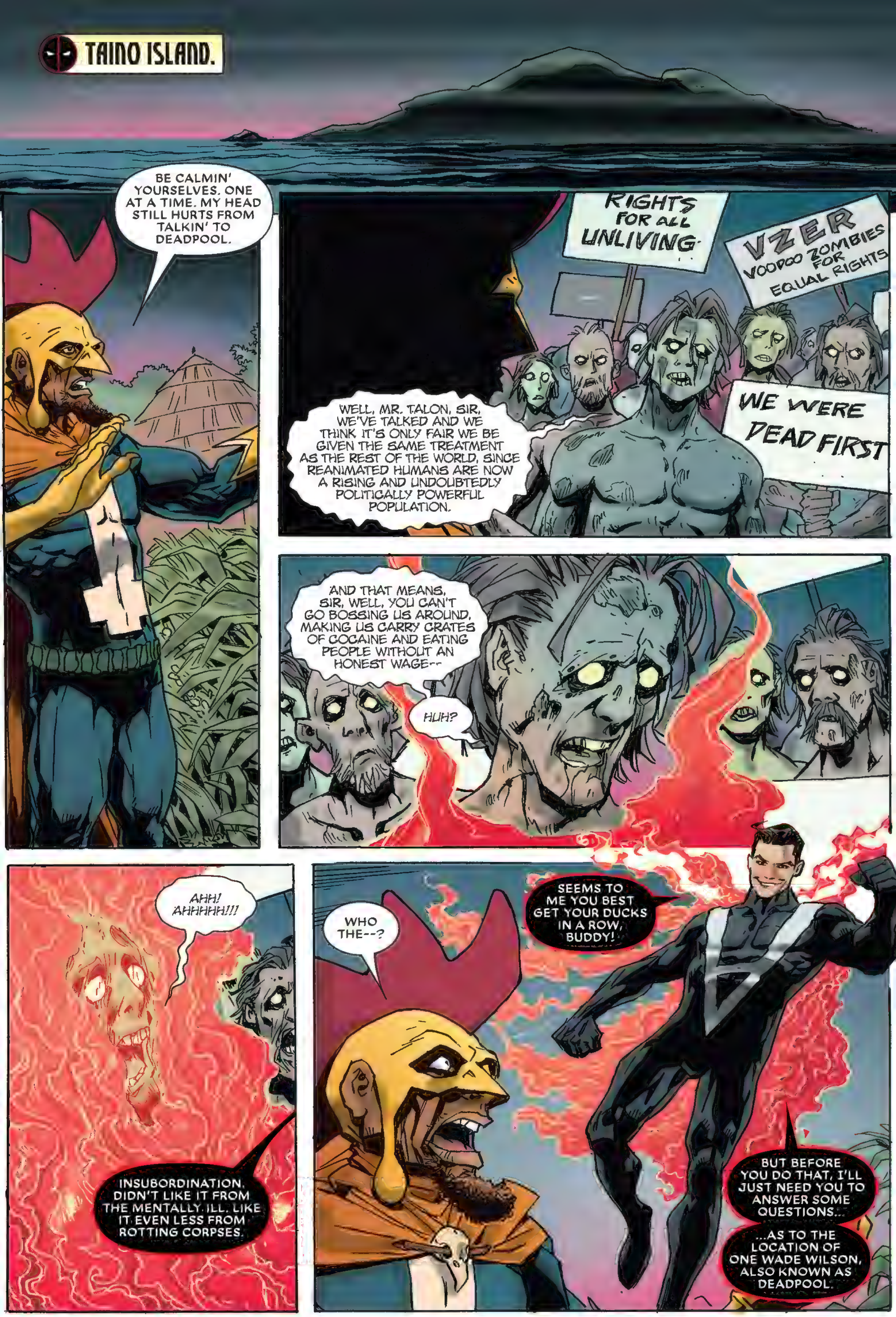

THANOS! THAT TOTALLY MAKES SENSE! I PULL A LLOYD DOBLER ON HIS DIANE COURT AND HE CURSES ME TO--*UM...* WHAT'D HE CURSE ME WITH?
IMMORTALITY.
SWEET FIST-BUMPING BRAH! IT ALL MAKES SENSE IN THAT IT MAKES NO SENSE! THANOS KIDNAPPED ***MISTRESS DEATH,*** AND NOW THERE'S NO ONE ON THE JOB TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE DIE!
AND IT ALL PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ME...
BECAUSE EVERYTHING DOES!
HM. I HAVE THE MEANS TO CALL UPON THE *LOA.* TO ASK THEM WHERE THIS MISTAH THANOS LIVES. TO ALLOW YOU TO RETURN THE WORLD TO THE BALANCE.
I WOULD AID *MY ENEMY* FOR THE BARON.
YEAH YEAH, PRAISE BE ***BEAR AND SALMON*** OR WHATEVER!
NOW, NOT A ***PEEP!*** I NEED YOU TO LISTEN UP, ***COLONEL SANDERS!***
CUZ MISTAH DEADPOOL HAS A *PLAN.*

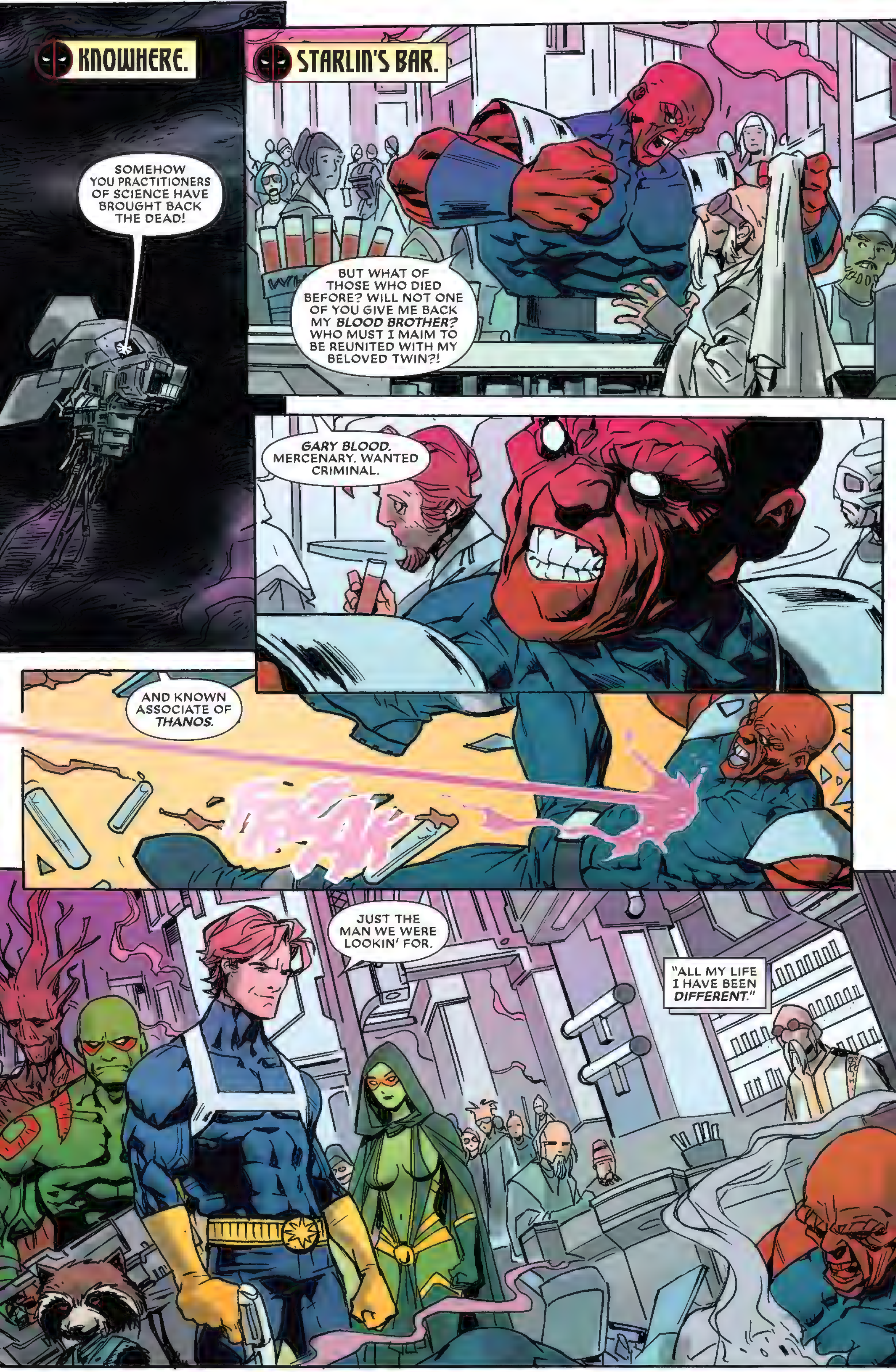

"FIRST! YOU GATHER UP YOUR VOODOOS AND HOODOOS AND FIND OUT WHERE THAT MOROSE PURPLE SHOEGAZER IS HOLING UP!"
WHAT'S THE GOAT FOR? *WHAT IS THE GOAT FOR?!*
"THEN, YOU USE SOME OF THAT NECROMANCY TO PUT DOCTOR STRANGE AND THE AVENGERS OFF THE PATH OF THE '*WORLD DE-DEATHERER*' THANOS. IS ALL MINE. I DON'T NEED ANY *SUPERHOLES* MESSING UP MY REVENGE.
"I KNOW JUST THE GUY TO POINT 'EM TOWARDS."
DOCTOR DOOM. ART THOU READY FOR A HINDQUARTER HAMMERING?
"IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL ASK MY DEAR OLD FRIEND *CABLE* FOR ACCESS TO ONE OF HIS SPACESHIPS FROM THE FUTURE."
THIS IS THE LAST DAMN TIME, WILSON!
I SHOULD MENTION I ALSO LEFT A SURPRISE FOR YA IN THE LATRINE!
"THEN, I'LL FLY INTO SPACE, AND KILL THE HELL OUT OF THANOS! I'LL GET MY BABE, MISTRESS DEATH, BACK, AND YOU CAN MAKE LIKE GONZO AND LOVE A CAMILLA."
IF IT'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF HIS GRILL, THE BLACK TALON WILL AGREE TO THIS PLAN. AND THOUGH YOUR DEATH WOULD BE AN OCCASION FOR A BLOOD ORGY, I WILL WARN YOU...
THIS THANOS IS POWERFUL. HE WON'T DIE EASY.
C'MON, *DOUBLE DOWN DOG.* I'M AN UNKILLABLE MUTANT MERC WHO REGULARLY OUTSELLS *SUPERMAN.*
HE'S A VIOLET DORK WHO COLLECTS SHINY ROCKS, AND WHOSE BROTHER LOOKS LIKE THE LOVECHILD RESULT OF SPOCK ROOFIE-ING WOLVERINE.

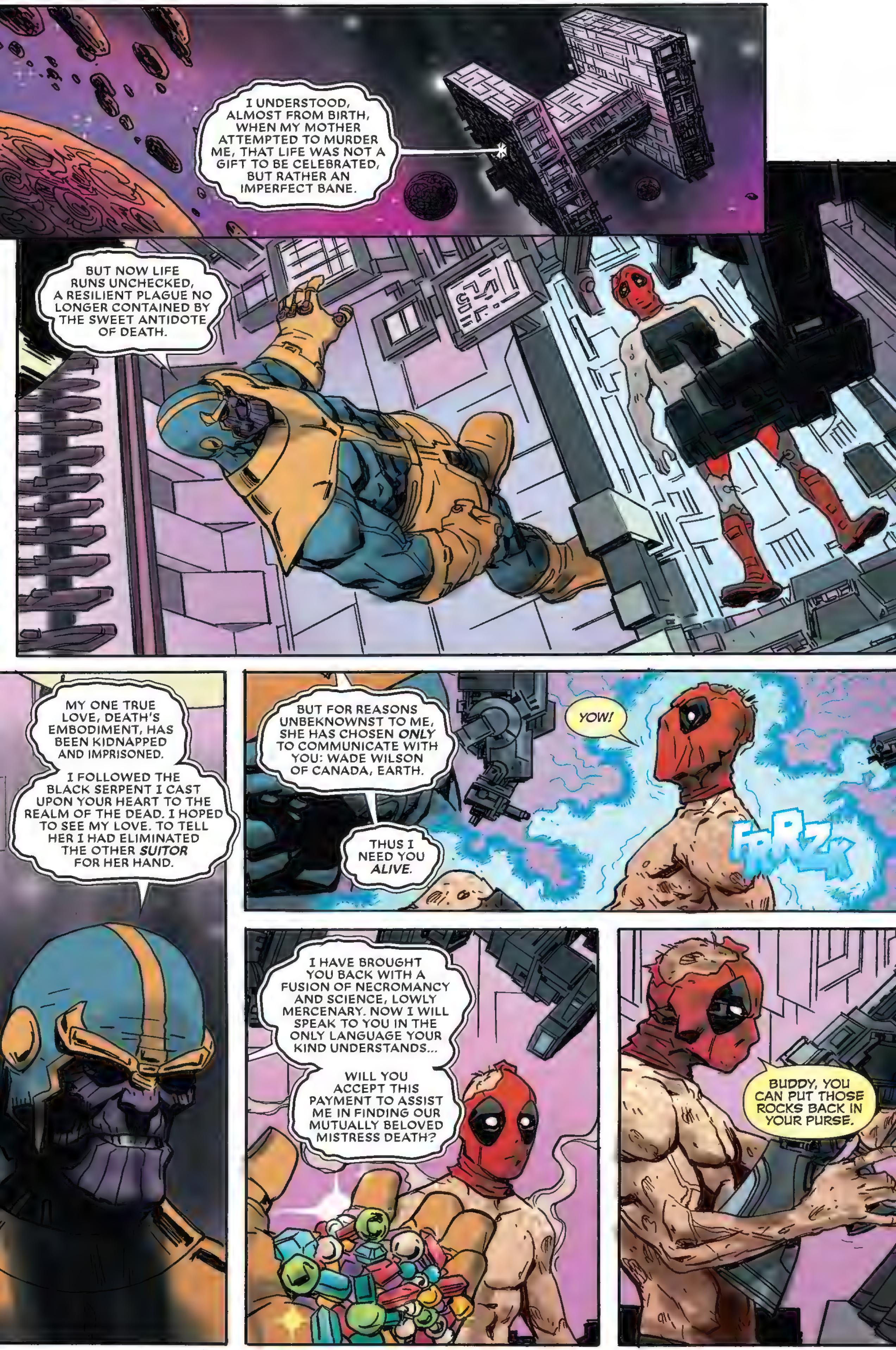

"HOW TOUGH CAN HE BE?"
STUHLGUUUUTYRRGIFFF
NOW...
WHILE YOU ATTEMPT TO QUIP THROUGH SHATTERED TEETH, I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER SOMETHING, WILSON.
AT THIS MOMENT NO LIVING THING IN THE UNIVERSE WILL DIE. NOT THE LOWLIEST BACTERIA NOR GRANDEST *CELESTIAL*. WHILE STARS COLLAPSE AND IMPLODE, AND PLANETS COLLIDE, BLOWN TO DUST, ALL THAT POSSESSES *"LIFE"* REFUSES OBLIVION.
ALL OF IT LIVES ON DESPITE ITS DESTINY, IN DEFIANCE OF THE *ENGINE OF EVOLUTION* THAT CULLS THE WEAK.
ALL OF IT, WILSON, BUT YOU. I AM THE *ONLY REASON* YOU LIVE.
AND BECAUSE THANOS DECREES IT, *YOU* WILL DIE.

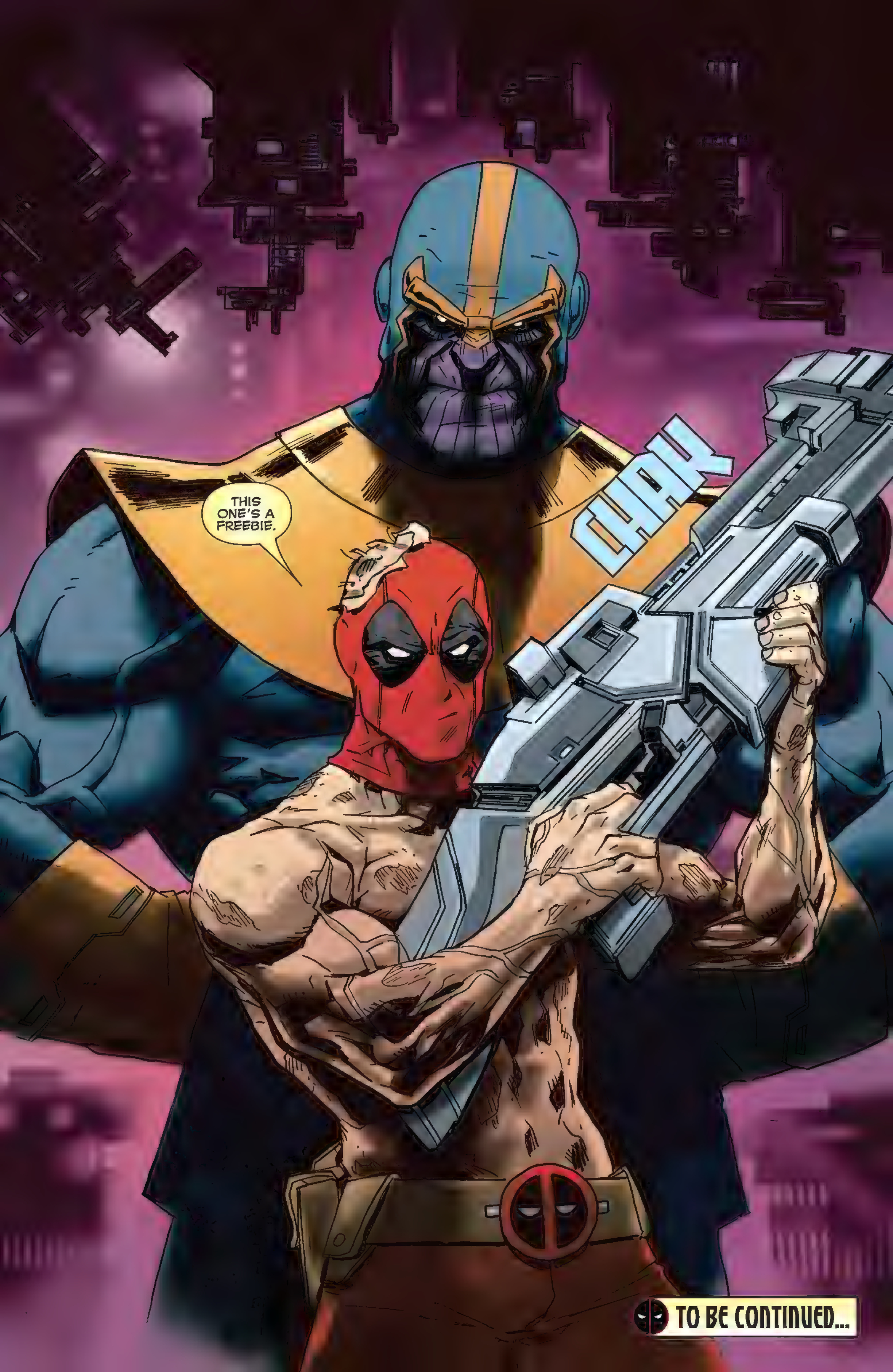

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH ONCE MORE.
HELLO? MISTRESS?
I LIKE THIS WAY LESS THAN THE LOVE SHACK, BABY.
AT LEAST IF I HAD MY PORNSTACHE, MY FACE WOULDN'T BE SO COLD.
TUMP
MISTRESS?
MISTRESS?
WADE WILSON?!
WADE! YOU MUST SAVE ME! PLEASE! THE LIGHT IS DWINDLING! I NEED YOU NOW MORE THAN EVER!
I--I TRIED, BABY! I STOLE A SPACESHIP AND FOOLED THE AVENGERS AND TOOK A NUMBER TWO IN THE TANK OF CABLE'S TOILET.
BUT I THINK...I THINK I FAILED YOU.


NO. YOU WILL FIND ME, WADE WILSON. YOU WILL RETURN THE BALANCE TO THE UNIVERSE.
I KNOW THIS BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE SURROUNDED YOURSELF IN DARKNESS, YOU ALWAYS FIND THE LIGHT.
I KNOW THIS, MY LOVE...BECAUSE YOU ARE MY ONE TRUE CHAMPION.
BABY?! C'MON! I CAN'T... I DON'T HAVE ANYONE BUT YOU! I CAN'T--
I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO.


TAINO ISLAND.
BE CALMIN' YOURSELVES. ONE AT A TIME. MY HEAD STILL HURTS FROM TALKIN' TO DEADPOOL.
RIGHTS FOR ALL UNLIVING
VZER VOODOO ZOMBIES FOR EQUAL RIGHTS
WE WERE DEAD FIRST
WELL, MR. TALON, SIR, WE'VE TALKED AND WE THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR WE BE GIVEN THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE REST OF THE WORLD, SINCE REANIMATED HUMANS ARE NOW A RISING AND UNDOUBTEDLY POLITICALLY POWERFUL POPULATION.
AND THAT MEANS, SIR, WELL, YOU CAN'T GO BOSSING US AROUND, MAKING US CARRY CRATES OF COCAINE AND EATING PEOPLE WITHOUT AN HONEST WAGE--
HUH?
AHH! AHHHHH!!!
INSUBORDINATION. DIDN'T LIKE IT FROM THE MENTALLY ILL. LIKE IT EVEN LESS FROM ROTTING CORPSES.
WHO THE--?
SEEMS TO ME YOU BEST GET YOUR DUCKS IN A ROW, BUDDY!
BUT BEFORE YOU DO THAT, I'LL JUST NEED YOU TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS...
...AS TO THE LOCATION OF ONE WADE WILSON, ALSO KNOWN AS DEADPOOL.


KNOWHERE.
STARLIN'S BAR.
SOMEHOW YOU PRACTITIONERS OF SCIENCE HAVE BROUGHT BACK THE DEAD!
BUT WHAT OF THOSE WHO DIED BEFORE? WILL NOT ONE OF YOU GIVE ME BACK MY *BLOOD BROTHER?* WHO MUST I MAIM TO BE REUNITED WITH MY BELOVED TWIN?!
GARY BLOOD. MERCENARY. WANTED CRIMINAL.
AND KNOWN ASSOCIATE OF *THANOS.*
JUST THE MAN WE WERE LOOKIN' FOR.
"ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN *DIFFERENT.*"


I UNDERSTOOD, ALMOST FROM BIRTH, WHEN MY MOTHER ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME, THAT LIFE WAS NOT A GIFT TO BE CELEBRATED, BUT RATHER AN IMPERFECT BANE.
BUT NOW LIFE RUNS UNCHECKED, A RESILIENT PLAGUE NO LONGER CONTAINED BY THE SWEET ANTIDOTE OF DEATH.
MY ONE TRUE LOVE, DEATH'S EMBODIMENT, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND IMPRISONED.
I FOLLOWED THE BLACK SERPENT I CAST UPON YOUR HEART TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD. I HOPED TO SEE MY LOVE. TO TELL HER I HAD ELIMINATED THE OTHER *SUITOR* FOR HER HAND.
BUT FOR REASONS UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, SHE HAS CHOSEN *ONLY* TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU: WADE WILSON OF CANADA, EARTH.
THUS I NEED YOU *ALIVE*.
YOW!
FRRZK
I HAVE BROUGHT YOU BACK WITH A FUSION OF NECROMANCY AND SCIENCE, LOWLY MERCENARY. NOW I WILL SPEAK TO YOU IN THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOUR KIND UNDERSTANDS...
WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS PAYMENT TO ASSIST ME IN FINDING OUR MUTUALLY BELOVED MISTRESS DEATH?
BUDDY, YOU CAN PUT THOSE ROCKS BACK IN YOUR PURSE.


THIS ONE'S A FREEBIE.
CHAK
TO BE CONTINUED...

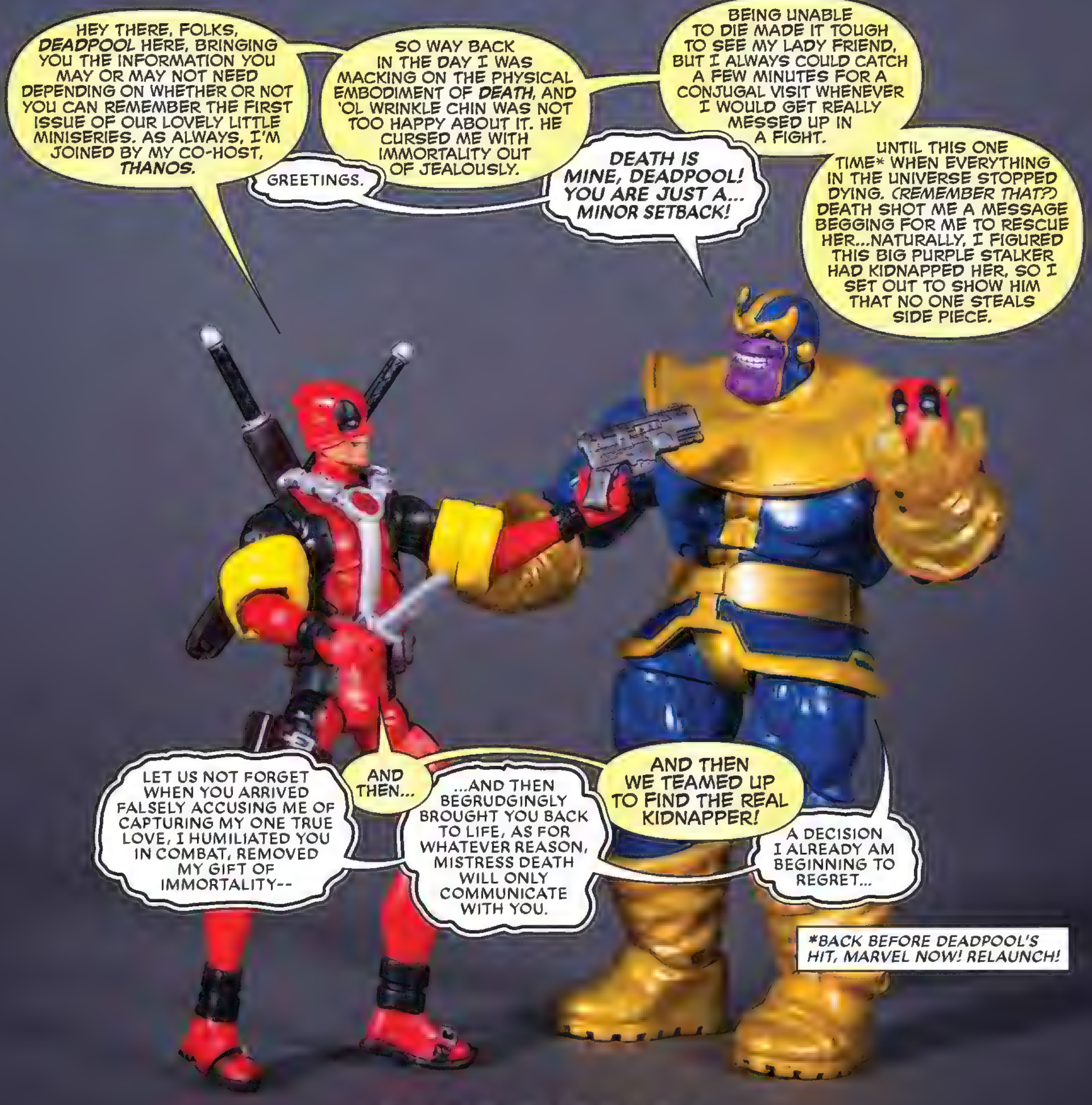
DEADPOOL VS THANOS

WHY DO I NEED A SPACESUIT? -THANOS
THERE ARE FISH IN MY HELMET. ♡
ESCAPE HATCH

SEELEY
BONDOC
REDMOND

MARVEL 002

DEADPOOL VS THANOS


HEY THERE, FOLKS, DEADPOOL HERE, BRINGING YOU THE INFORMATION YOU MAY OR MAY NOT NEED DEPENDING ON WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN REMEMBER THE FIRST ISSUE OF OUR LOVELY LITTLE MINISERIES. AS ALWAYS, I'M JOINED BY MY CO-HOST, THANOS.
GREETINGS.
SO WAY BACK IN THE DAY I WAS MACKING ON THE PHYSICAL EMBODIMENT OF DEATH, AND 'OL WRINKLE CHIN WAS NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT. HE CURSED ME WITH IMMORTALITY OUT OF JEALOUSLY.
DEATH IS MINE, DEADPOOL! YOU ARE JUST A... MINOR SETBACK!
BEING UNABLE TO DIE MADE IT TOUGH TO SEE MY LADY FRIEND, BUT I ALWAYS COULD CATCH A FEW MINUTES FOR A CONJUGAL VISIT WHENEVER I WOULD GET REALLY MESSED UP IN A FIGHT.
UNTIL THIS ONE TIME* WHEN EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE STOPPED DYING. (REMEMBER THAT?) DEATH SHOT ME A MESSAGE BEGGING FOR ME TO RESCUE HER...NATURALLY, I FIGURED THIS BIG PURPLE STALKER HAD KIDNAPPED HER, SO I SET OUT TO SHOW HIM THAT NO ONE STEALS SIDE PIECE.
LET US NOT FORGET WHEN YOU ARRIVED FALSELY ACCUSING ME OF CAPTURING MY ONE TRUE LOVE, I HUMILIATED YOU IN COMBAT, REMOVED MY GIFT OF IMMORTALITY--
AND THEN...
...AND THEN BEGRUDGINGLY BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE, AS FOR WHATEVER REASON, MISTRESS DEATH WILL ONLY COMMUNICATE WITH YOU.
AND THEN WE TEAMED UP TO FIND THE REAL KIDNAPPER!
A DECISION I ALREADY AM BEGINNING TO REGRET...
*BACK BEFORE DEADPOOL'S HIT, MARVEL NOW! RELAUNCH!

PART TWO

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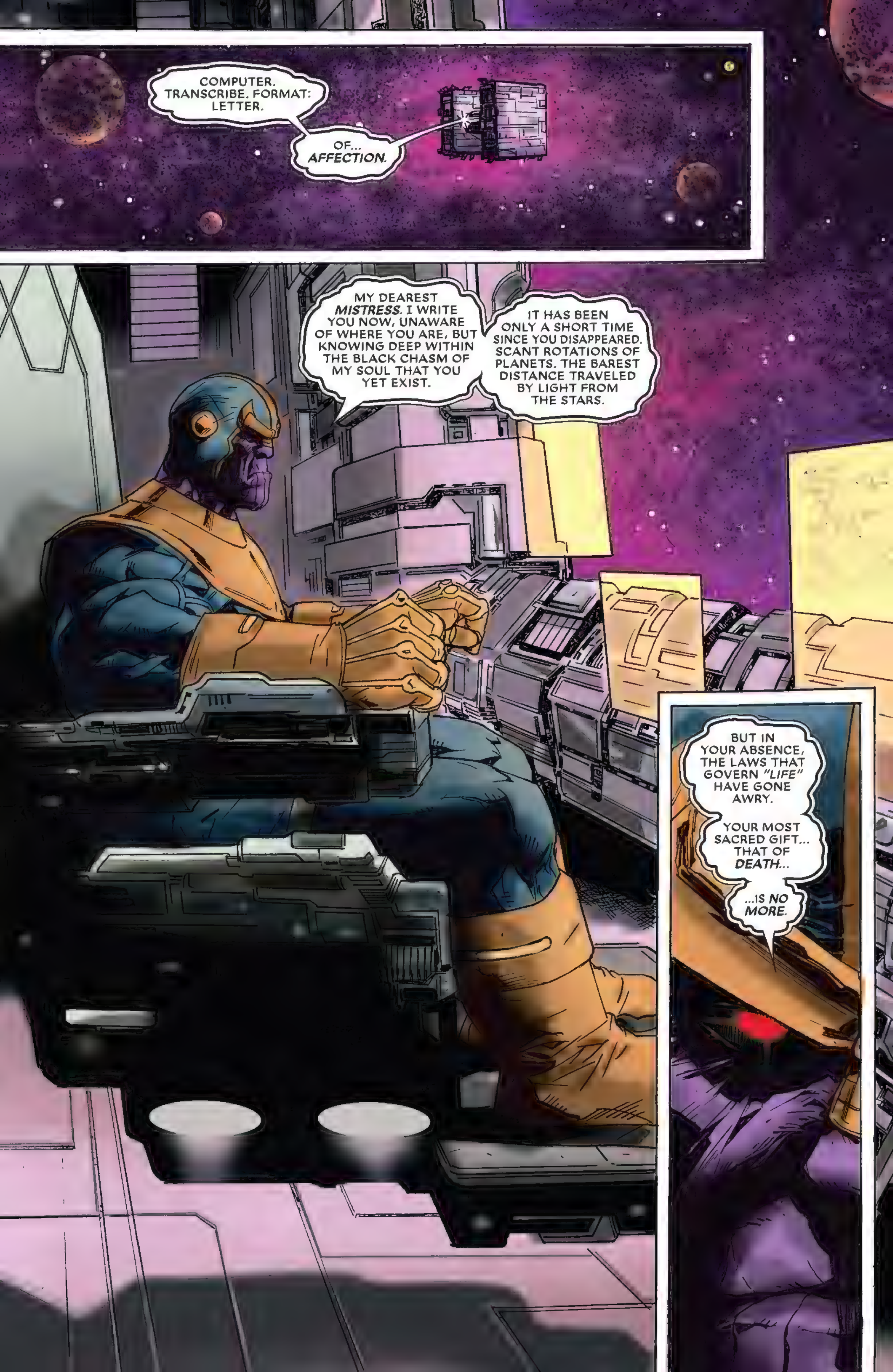
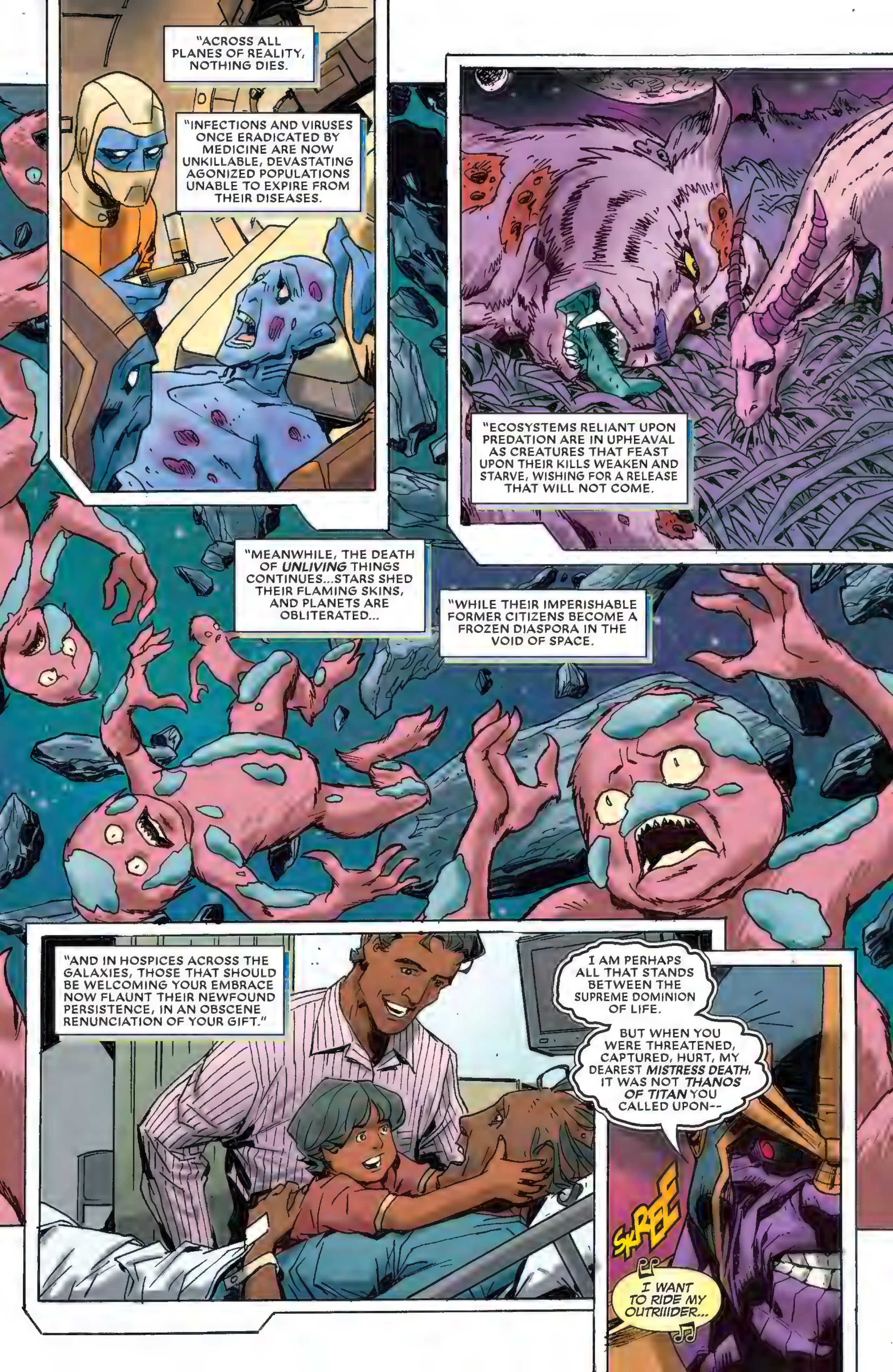
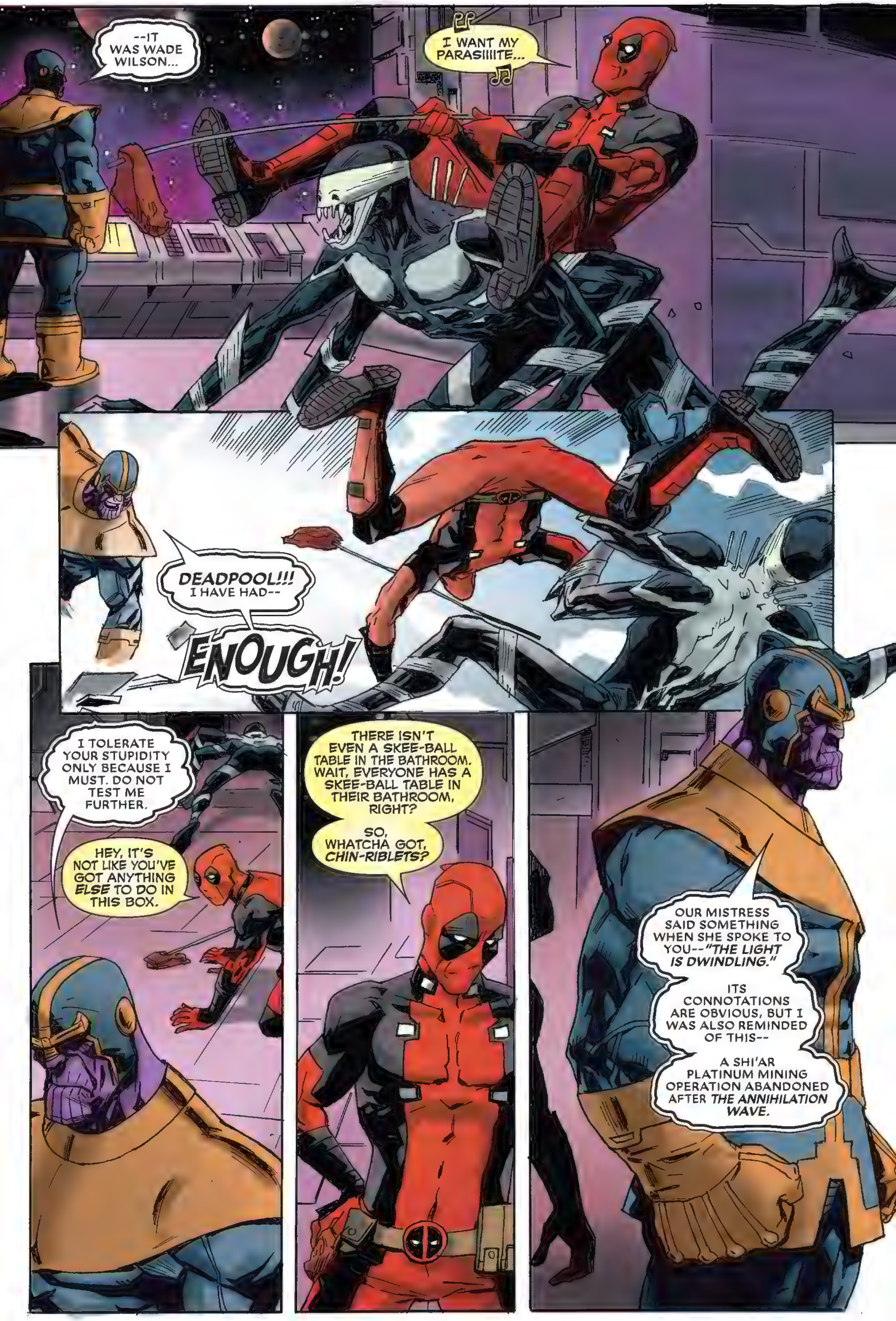
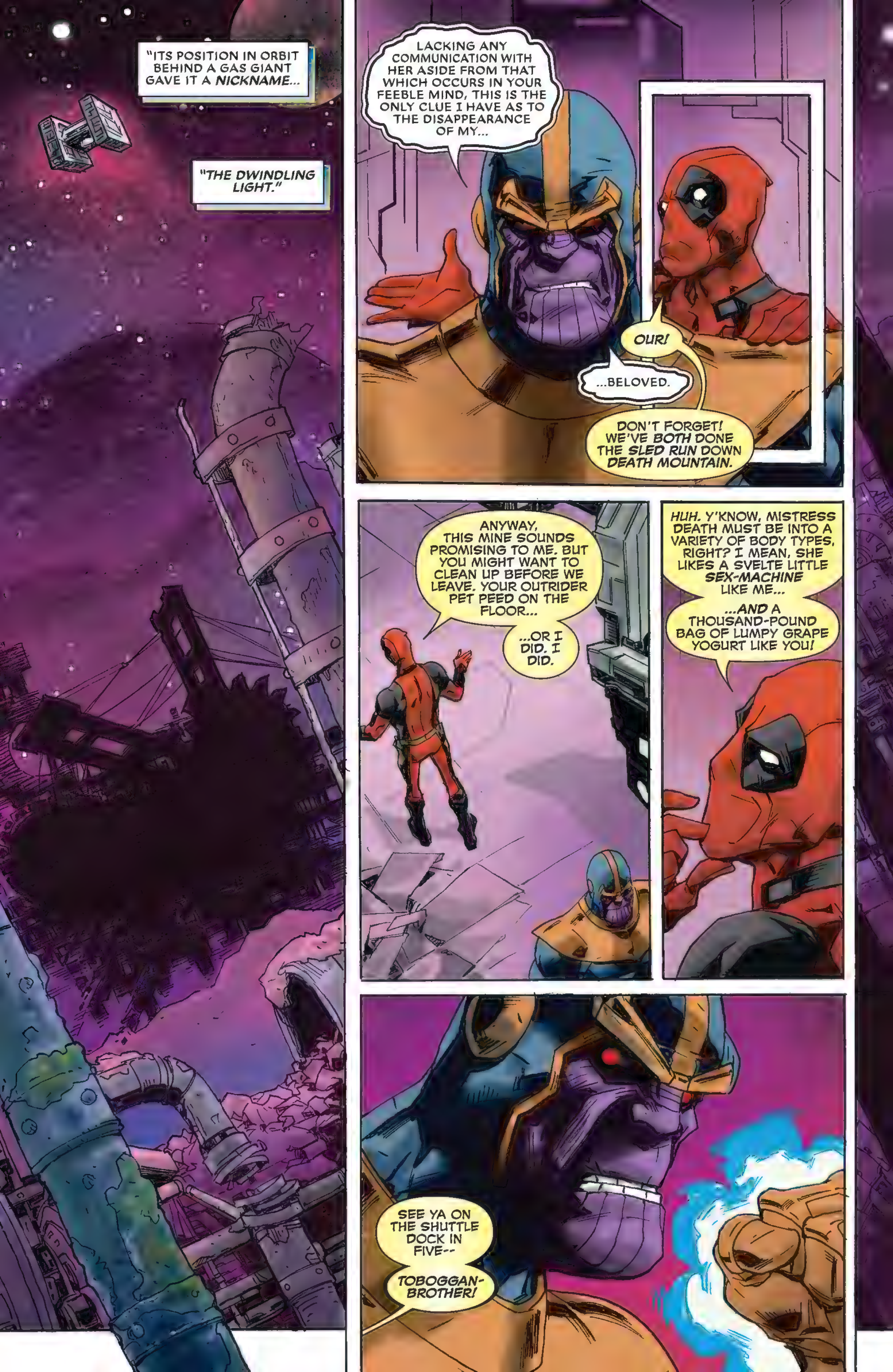
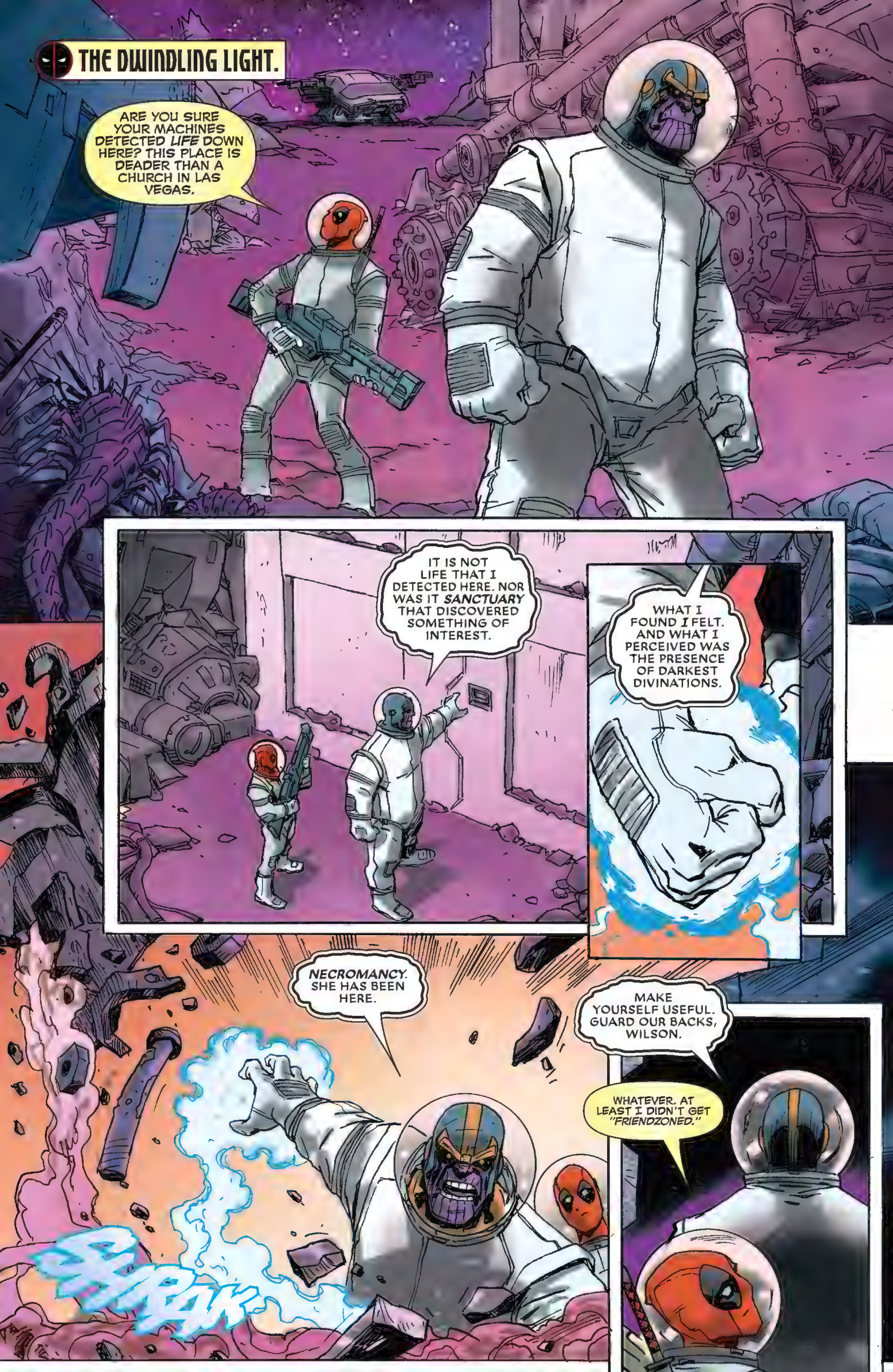
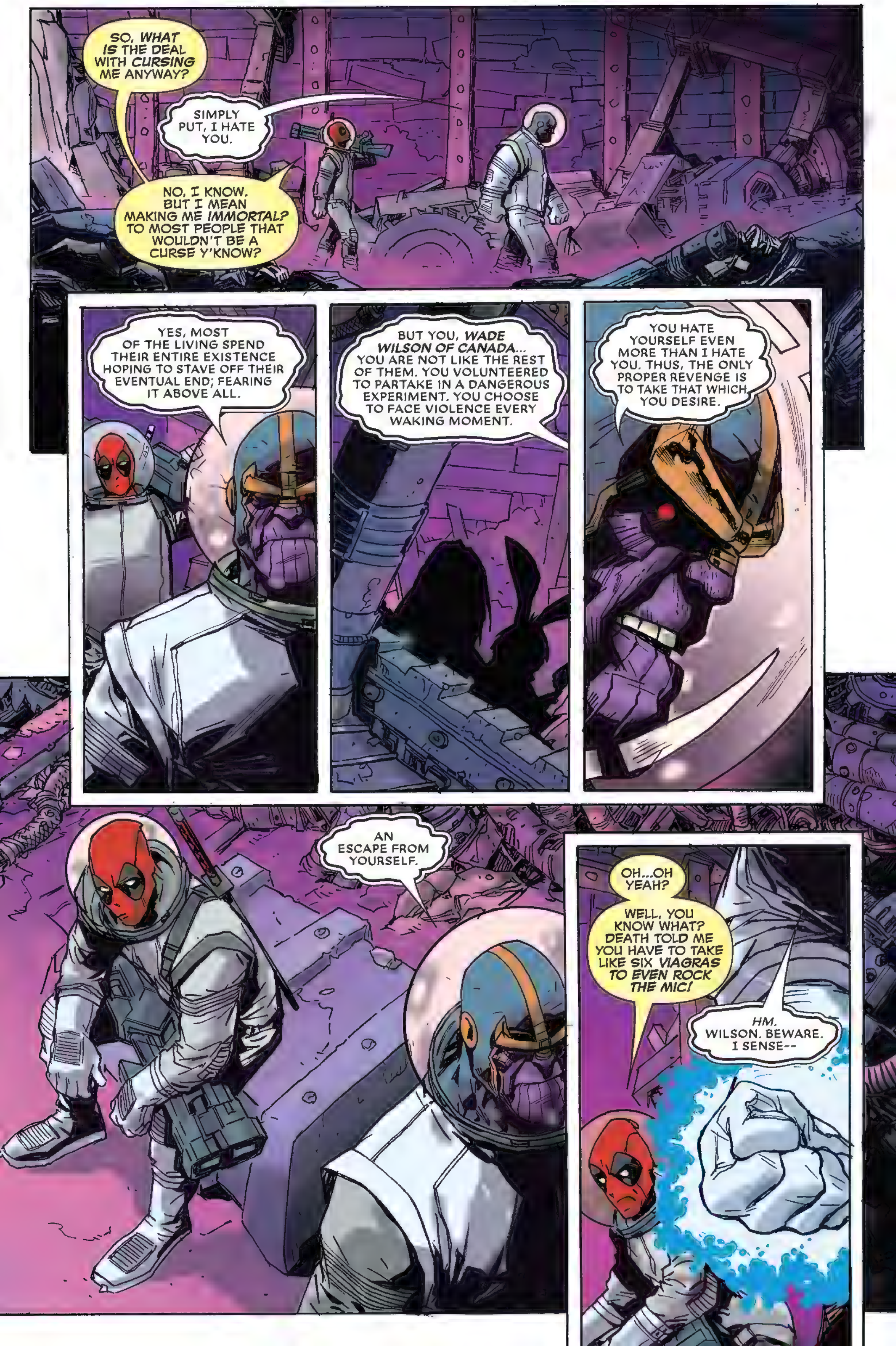

COMPUTER. TRANSCRIBE. FORMAT: LETTER.
OF... *AFFECTION.*
MY DEAREST *MISTRESS.* I WRITE YOU NOW, UNAWARE OF WHERE YOU ARE, BUT KNOWING DEEP WITHIN THE BLACK CHASM OF MY SOUL THAT YOU YET EXIST.
IT HAS BEEN ONLY A SHORT TIME SINCE YOU DISAPPEARED. SCANT ROTATIONS OF PLANETS. THE BAREST DISTANCE TRAVELED BY LIGHT FROM THE STARS.
BUT IN YOUR ABSENCE, THE LAWS THAT GOVERN *"LIFE"* HAVE GONE AWRY.
YOUR MOST SACRED GIFT... THAT OF *DEATH...*
...IS *NO MORE.*

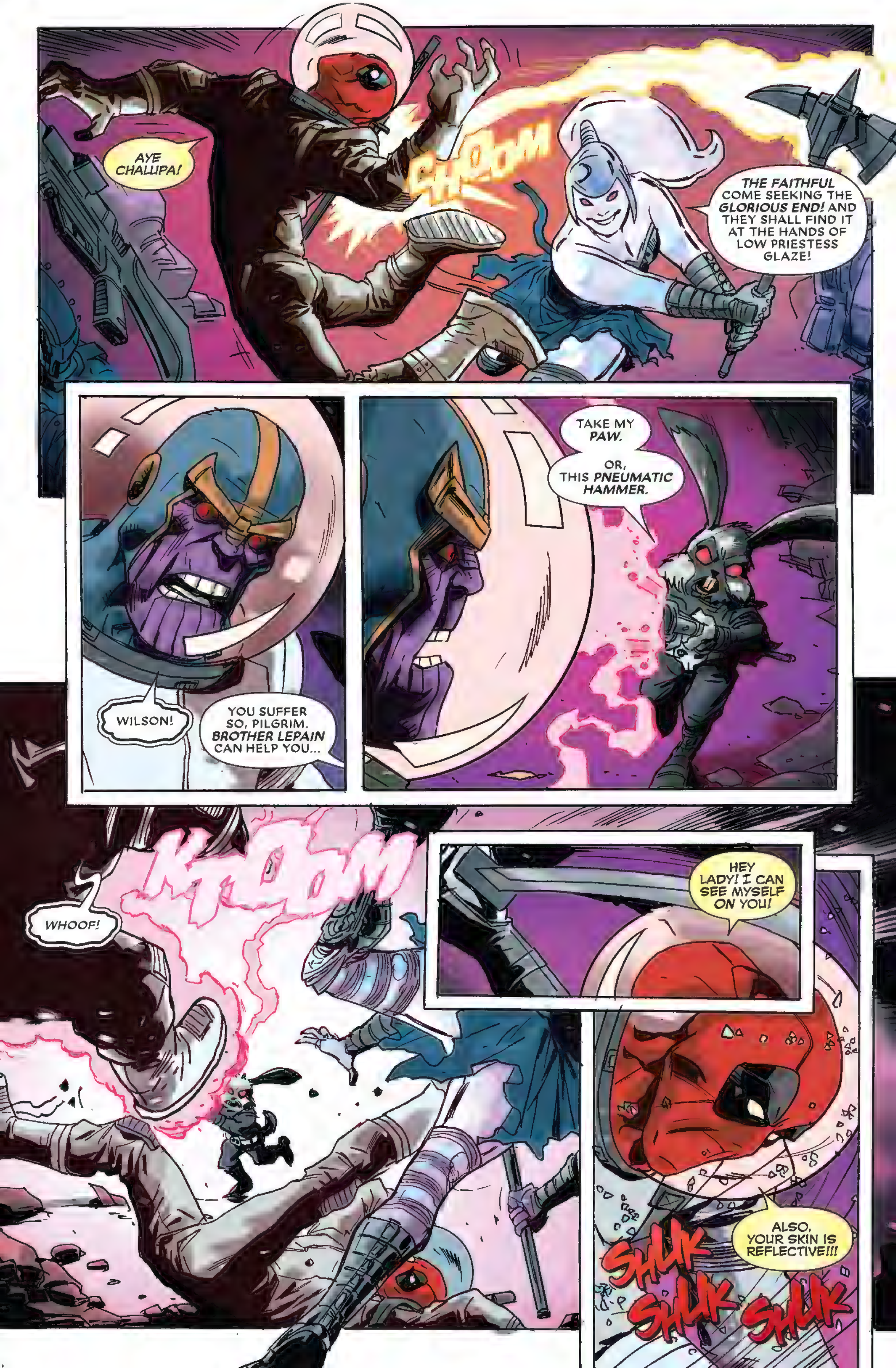

"ACROSS ALL PLANES OF REALITY, NOTHING DIES.
"INFECTIONS AND VIRUSES ONCE ERADICATED BY MEDICINE ARE NOW UNKILLABLE, DEVASTATING AGONIZED POPULATIONS UNABLE TO EXPIRE FROM THEIR DISEASES.
"ECOSYSTEMS RELIANT UPON PREDATION ARE IN UPHEAVAL AS CREATURES THAT FEAST UPON THEIR KILLS WEAKEN AND STARVE, WISHING FOR A RELEASE THAT WILL NOT COME.
"MEANWHILE, THE DEATH OF *UNLIVING* THINGS CONTINUES...STARS SHED THEIR FLAMING SKINS, AND PLANETS ARE OBLITERATED...
"WHILE THEIR IMPERISHABLE FORMER CITIZENS BECOME A FROZEN DIASPORA IN THE VOID OF SPACE.
"AND IN HOSPICES ACROSS THE GALAXIES, THOSE THAT SHOULD BE WELCOMING YOUR EMBRACE NOW FLAUNT THEIR NEWFOUND PERSISTENCE, IN AN OBSCENE RENUNCIATION OF YOUR GIFT."
I AM PERHAPS ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THE SUPREME DOMINION OF LIFE.
BUT WHEN YOU WERE THREATENED, CAPTURED, HURT, MY DEAREST *MISTRESS DEATH*, IT WAS NOT *THANOS OF TITAN* YOU CALLED UPON--
SKREEE
♫ I WANT TO RIDE MY OUTRIIIDER... ♫

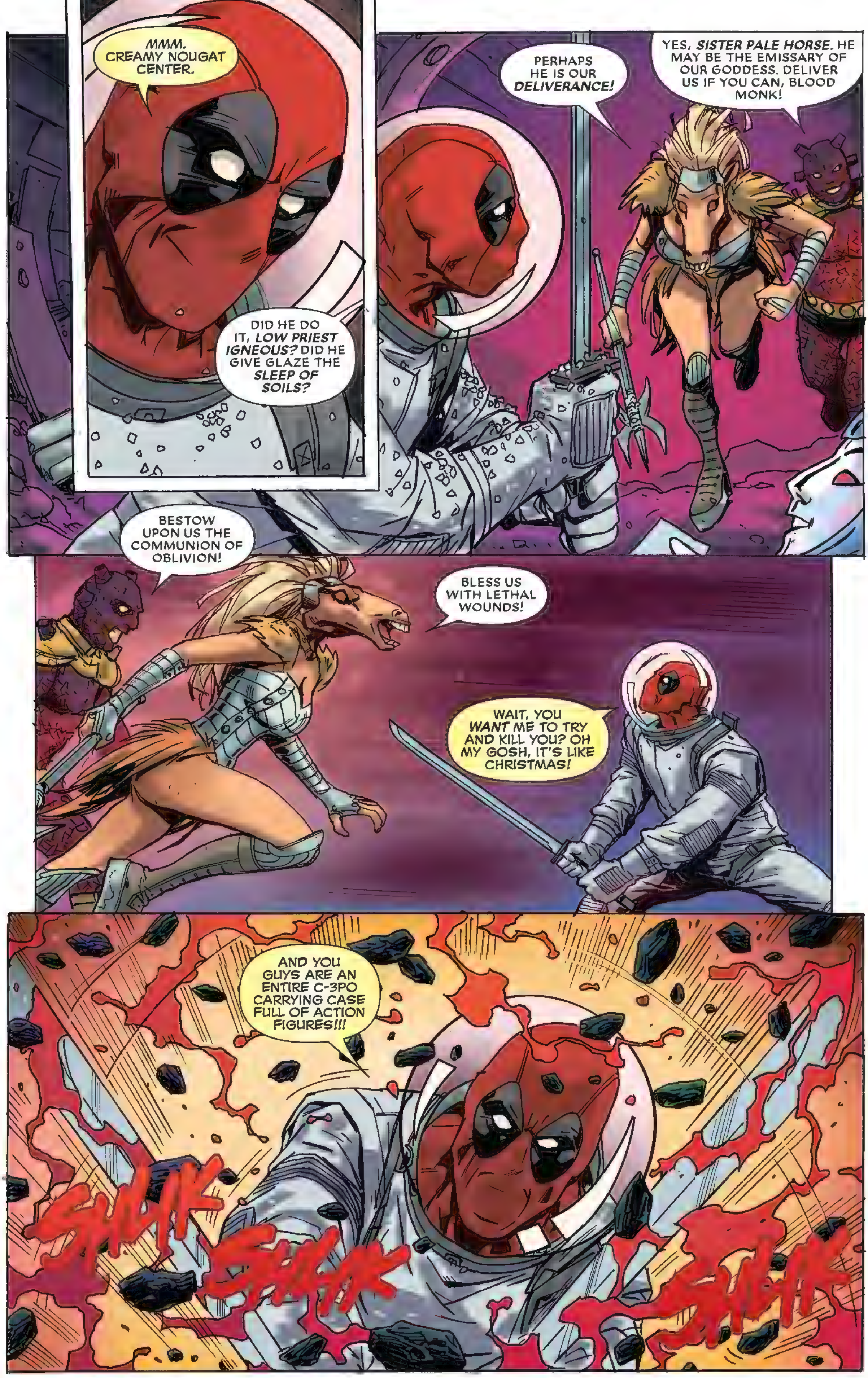

--IT WAS WADE WILSON...
I WANT MY PARASIIIIITE...
DEADPOOL!!! I HAVE HAD--
ENOUGH!
I TOLERATE YOUR STUPIDITY ONLY BECAUSE I MUST. DO NOT TEST ME FURTHER.
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'VE GOT ANYTHING *ELSE* TO DO IN THIS BOX.
THERE ISN'T EVEN A SKEE-BALL TABLE IN THE BATHROOM. WAIT, EVERYONE HAS A SKEE-BALL TABLE IN THEIR BATHROOM, RIGHT?
SO, WHATCHA GOT, *CHIN-RIBLETS?*
OUR MISTRESS SAID SOMETHING WHEN SHE SPOKE TO YOU--*"THE LIGHT IS DWINDLING."*
ITS CONNOTATIONS ARE OBVIOUS, BUT I WAS ALSO REMINDED OF THIS--
A SHI'AR PLATINUM MINING OPERATION ABANDONED AFTER *THE ANNIHILATION WAVE.*

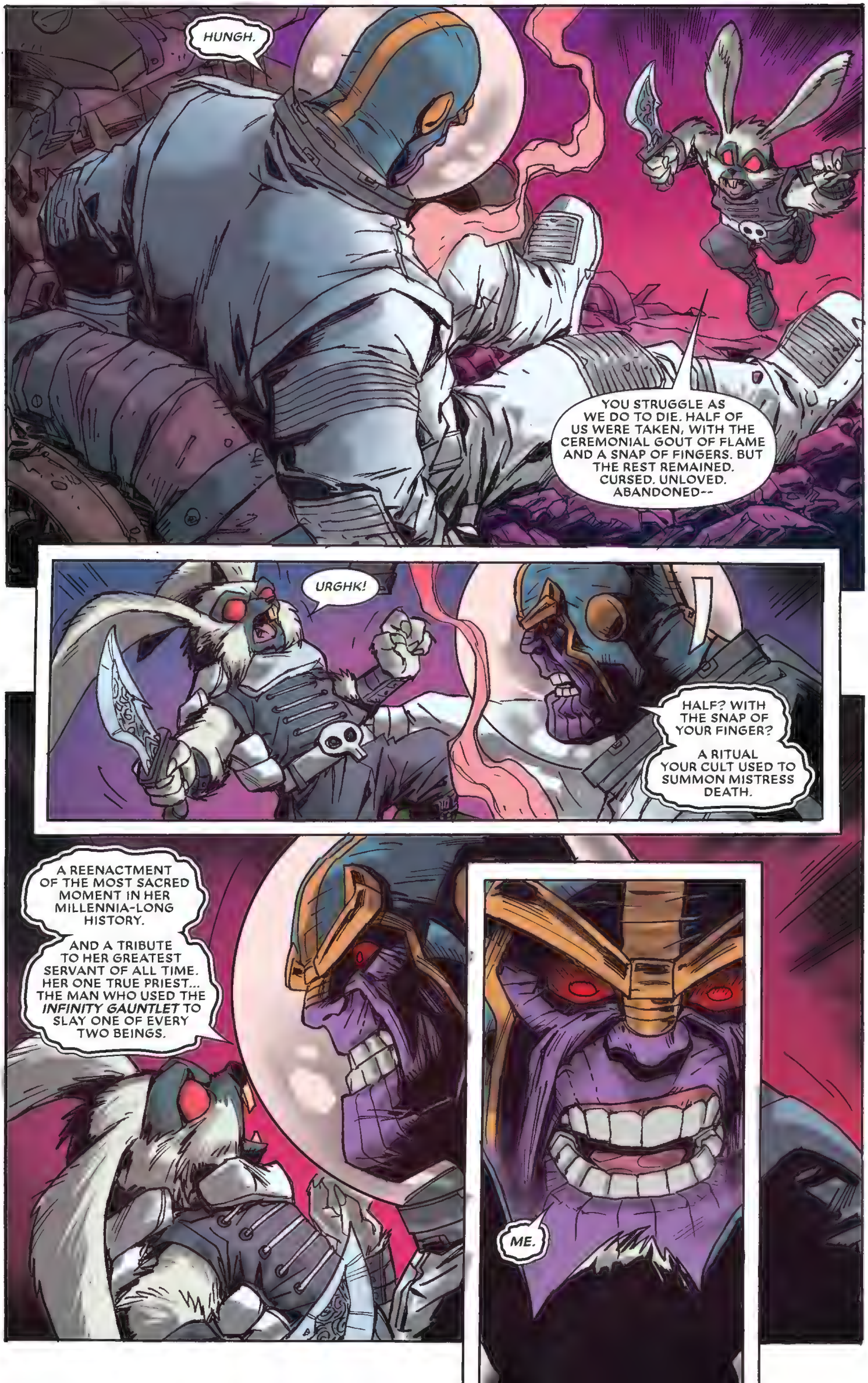

"ITS POSITION IN ORBIT BEHIND A GAS GIANT GAVE IT A *NICKNAME*...
"THE DWINDLING LIGHT."
LACKING ANY COMMUNICATION WITH HER ASIDE FROM THAT WHICH OCCURS IN YOUR FEEBLE MIND, THIS IS THE ONLY CLUE I HAVE AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MY...
OUR!
...BELOVED.
DON'T FORGET! WE'VE *BOTH* DONE THE *SLED RUN* DOWN *DEATH MOUNTAIN.*
ANYWAY, THIS MINE SOUNDS PROMISING TO ME. BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO CLEAN UP BEFORE WE LEAVE. YOUR OUTRIDER PET PEED ON THE FLOOR...
...OR I DID. I DID.
HUH. Y'KNOW, MISTRESS DEATH MUST BE INTO A VARIETY OF BODY TYPES, RIGHT? I MEAN, SHE LIKES A SVELTE LITTLE ***SEX-MACHINE*** LIKE ME...
...AND A THOUSAND-POUND BAG OF LUMPY GRAPE YOGURT LIKE YOU!
SEE YA ON THE SHUTTLE DOCK IN FIVE--
TOBOGGAN-BROTHER!

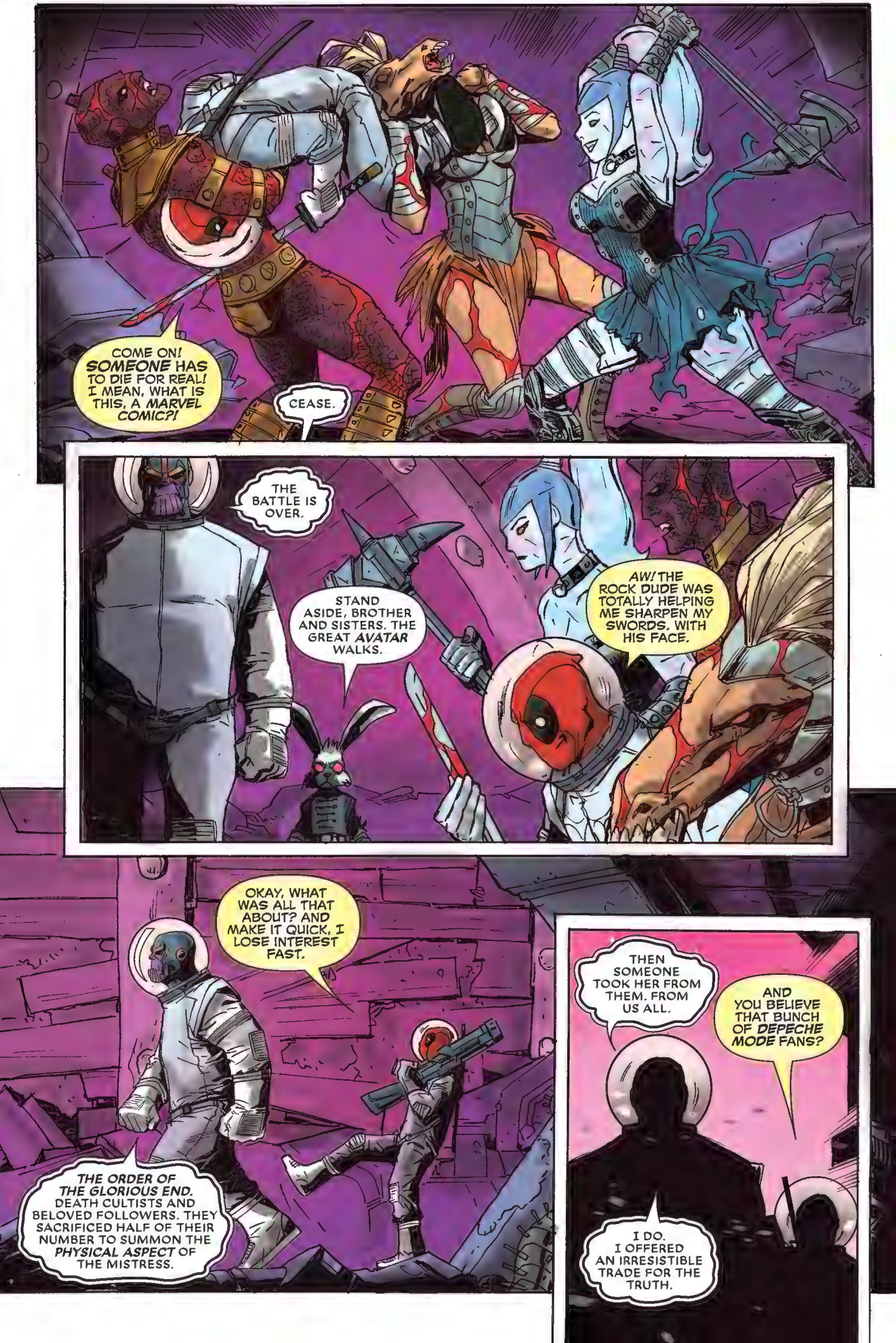

THE DWINDLING LIGHT.
ARE YOU SURE YOUR MACHINES DETECTED *LIFE* DOWN HERE? THIS PLACE IS DEADER THAN A CHURCH IN LAS VEGAS.
IT IS NOT LIFE THAT I DETECTED HERE. NOR WAS IT *SANCTUARY* THAT DISCOVERED SOMETHING OF INTEREST.
WHAT I FOUND *I* FELT. AND WHAT I PERCEIVED WAS THE PRESENCE OF DARKEST DIVINATIONS.
NECROMANCY. SHE HAS BEEN HERE.
SKRAK
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. GUARD OUR BACKS, WILSON.
WHATEVER. AT LEAST I DIDN'T GET *"FRIENDZONED."*

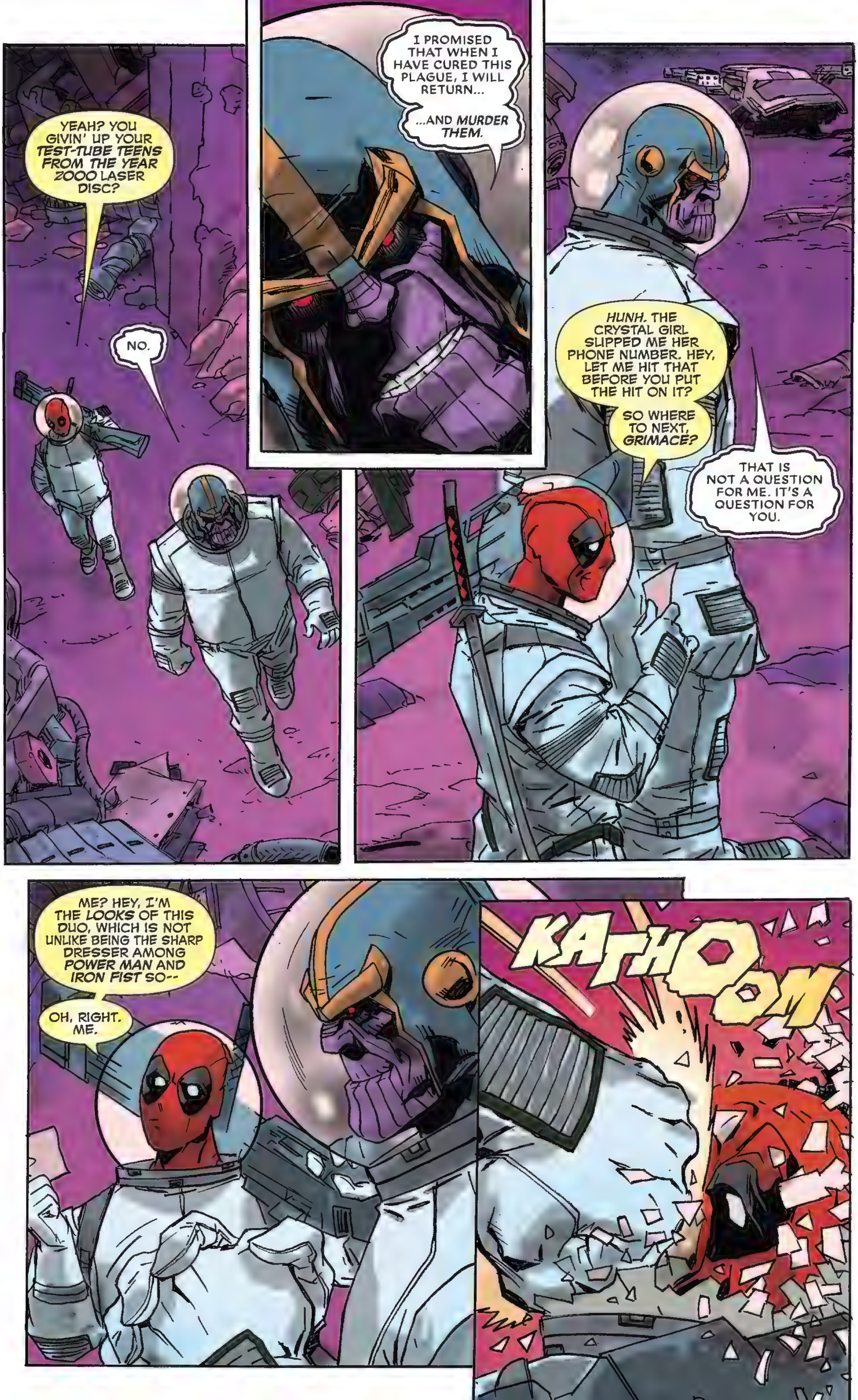

SO, WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH CURSING ME ANYWAY?
SIMPLY PUT, I HATE YOU.
NO, I KNOW. BUT I MEAN MAKING ME IMMORTAL? TO MOST PEOPLE THAT WOULDN'T BE A CURSE Y'KNOW?
YES, MOST OF THE LIVING SPEND THEIR ENTIRE EXISTENCE HOPING TO STAVE OFF THEIR EVENTUAL END; FEARING IT ABOVE ALL.
BUT YOU, WADE WILSON OF CANADA... YOU ARE NOT LIKE THE REST OF THEM. YOU VOLUNTEERED TO PARTAKE IN A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT. YOU CHOOSE TO FACE VIOLENCE EVERY WAKING MOMENT.
YOU HATE YOURSELF EVEN MORE THAN I HATE YOU. THUS, THE ONLY PROPER REVENGE IS TO TAKE THAT WHICH YOU DESIRE.
AN ESCAPE FROM YOURSELF.
OH...OH YEAH?
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT? DEATH TOLD ME YOU HAVE TO TAKE LIKE SIX VIAGRAS TO EVEN ROCK THE MIC!
HM. WILSON. BEWARE. I SENSE--

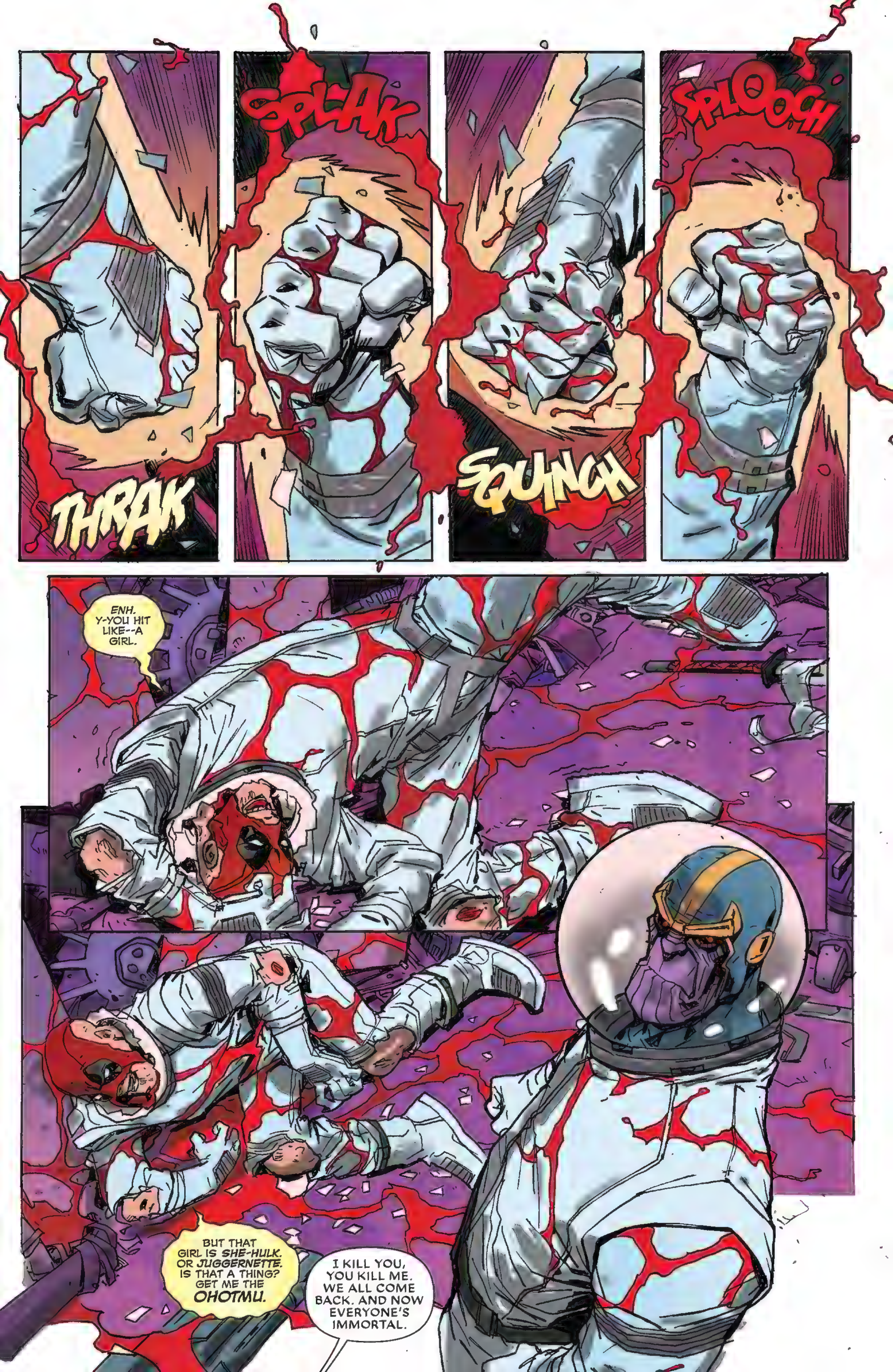

AYE CHALUPA!
CHOOM
THE FAITHFUL COME SEEKING THE GLORIOUS END! AND THEY SHALL FIND IT AT THE HANDS OF LOW PRIESTESS GLAZE!
WILSON!
YOU SUFFER SO, PILGRIM. BROTHER LEPAIN CAN HELP YOU...
TAKE MY PAW.
OR, THIS PNEUMATIC HAMMER.
KTOOM
WHOOF!
HEY LADY! I CAN SEE MYSELF ON YOU!
ALSO, YOUR SKIN IS REFLECTIVE!!!
SHUK SHUK SHUK

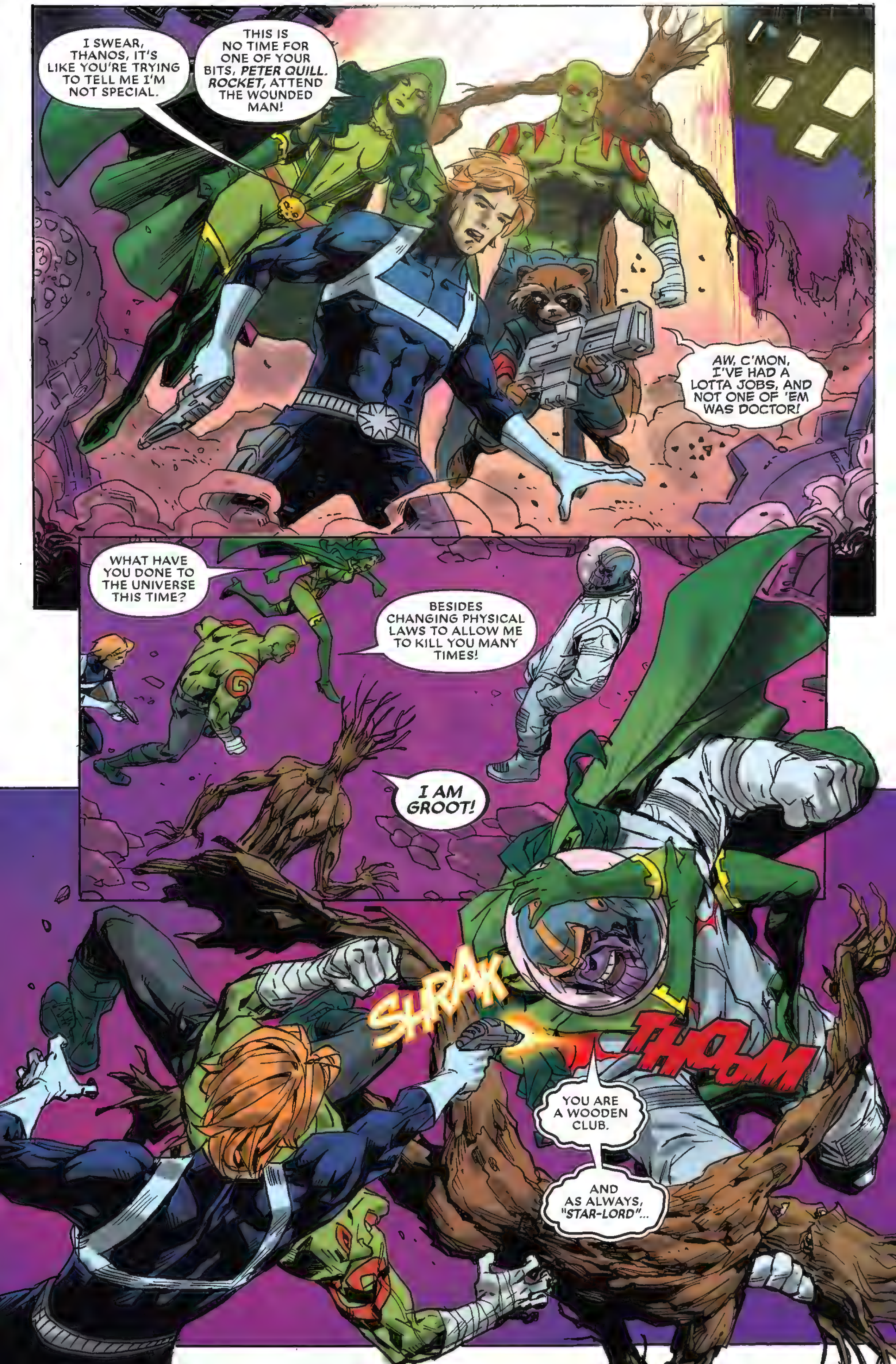

MMM. CREAMY NOUGAT CENTER.
DID HE DO IT, *LOW PRIEST IGNEOUS?* DID HE GIVE GLAZE THE *SLEEP OF SOILS?*
PERHAPS HE IS OUR *DELIVERANCE!*
YES, *SISTER PALE HORSE.* HE MAY BE THE EMISSARY OF OUR GODDESS. DELIVER US IF YOU CAN, BLOOD MONK!
BESTOW UPON US THE COMMUNION OF OBLIVION!
BLESS US WITH LETHAL WOUNDS!
WAIT, YOU *WANT* ME TO TRY AND KILL YOU? OH MY GOSH, IT'S LIKE CHRISTMAS!
AND YOU GUYS ARE AN ENTIRE C-3PO CARRYING CASE FULL OF ACTION FIGURES!!!
SHUK
SHUK
SHUK

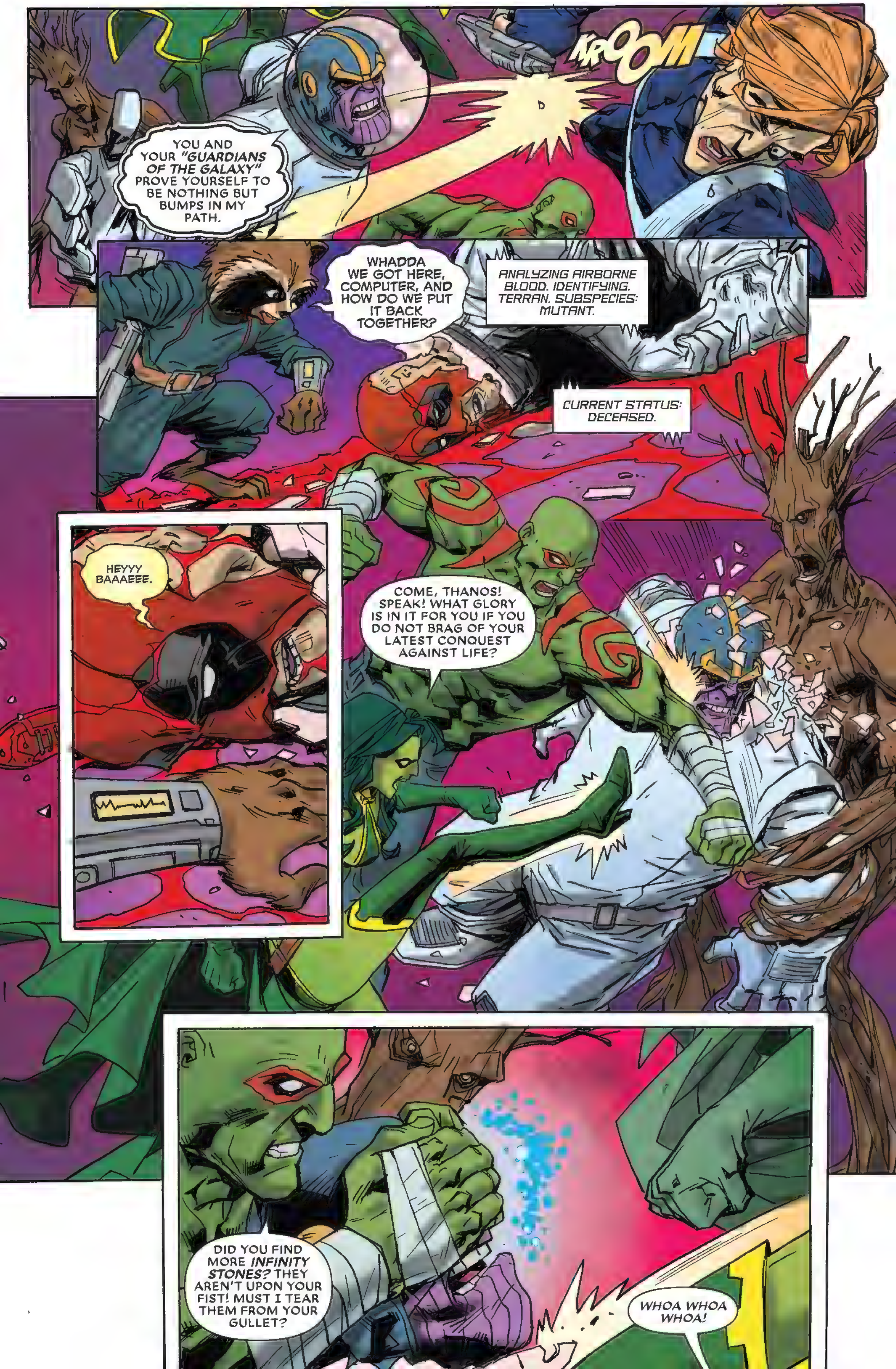

HUNGH.
YOU STRUGGLE AS WE DO TO DIE. HALF OF US WERE TAKEN, WITH THE CEREMONIAL GOUT OF FLAME AND A SNAP OF FINGERS. BUT THE REST REMAINED. CURSED. UNLOVED. ABANDONED--
URGHK!
HALF? WITH THE SNAP OF YOUR FINGER?
A RITUAL YOUR CULT USED TO SUMMON MISTRESS DEATH.
A REENACTMENT OF THE MOST SACRED MOMENT IN HER MILLENNIA-LONG HISTORY.
AND A TRIBUTE TO HER GREATEST SERVANT OF ALL TIME. HER ONE TRUE PRIEST... THE MAN WHO USED THE *INFINITY GAUNTLET* TO SLAY ONE OF EVERY TWO BEINGS.
ME.

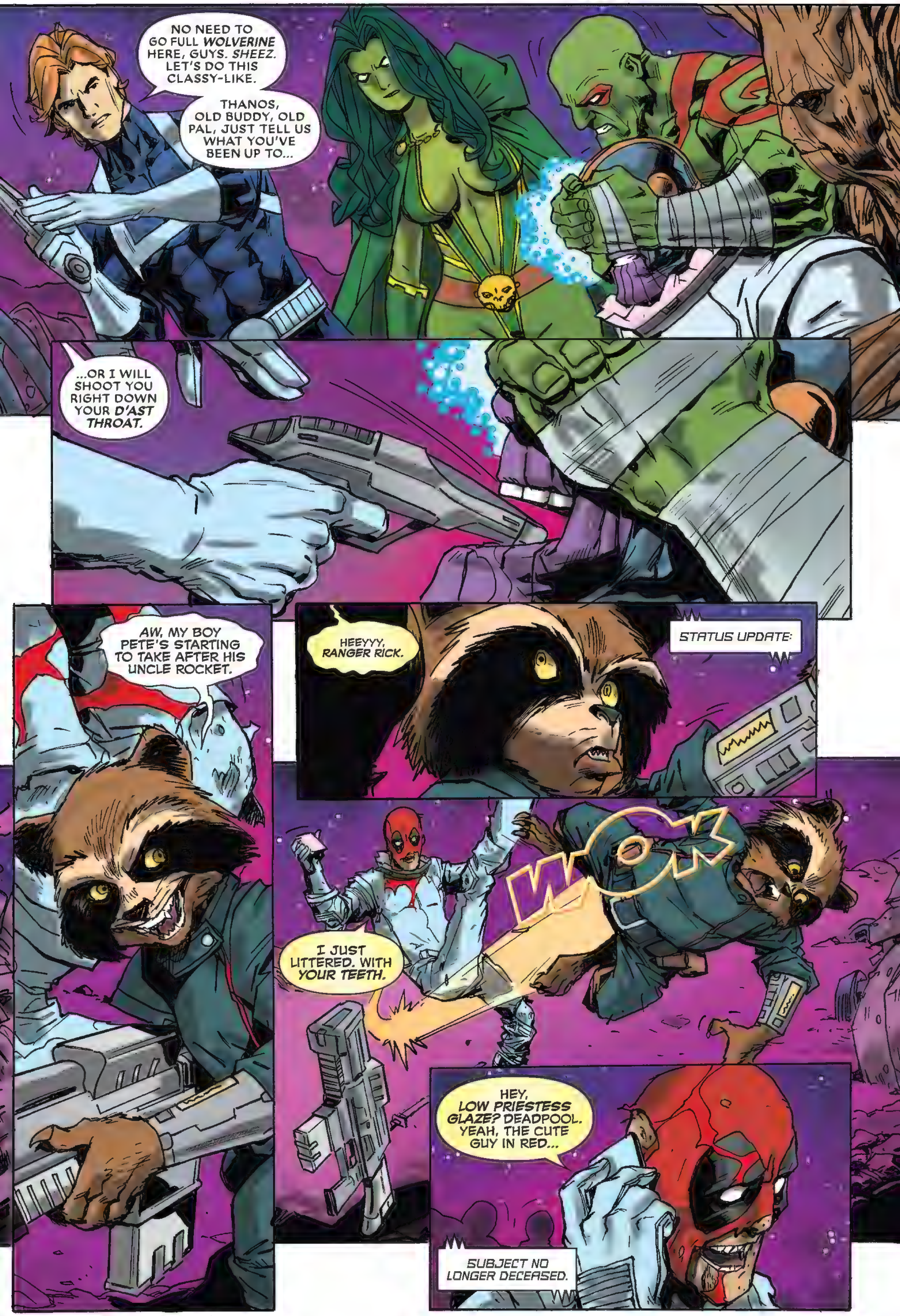

COME ON! **SOMEONE** HAS TO DIE FOR REAL! I MEAN, WHAT IS THIS, A ***MARVEL COMIC?!***
CEASE.
THE BATTLE IS OVER.
STAND ASIDE, BROTHER AND SISTERS. THE GREAT *AVATAR* WALKS.
AW! THE ROCK DUDE WAS TOTALLY HELPING ME SHARPEN MY SWORDS. WITH HIS FACE.
OKAY, WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT? AND MAKE IT QUICK, I LOSE INTEREST FAST.
THE ORDER OF THE GLORIOUS END. DEATH CULTISTS AND BELOVED FOLLOWERS. THEY SACRIFICED HALF OF THEIR NUMBER TO SUMMON THE *PHYSICAL ASPECT* OF THE MISTRESS.
THEN SOMEONE TOOK HER FROM THEM. FROM US ALL.
AND YOU BELIEVE THAT BUNCH OF ***DEPECHE MODE*** FANS?
I DO. I OFFERED AN IRRESISTIBLE TRADE FOR THE TRUTH.

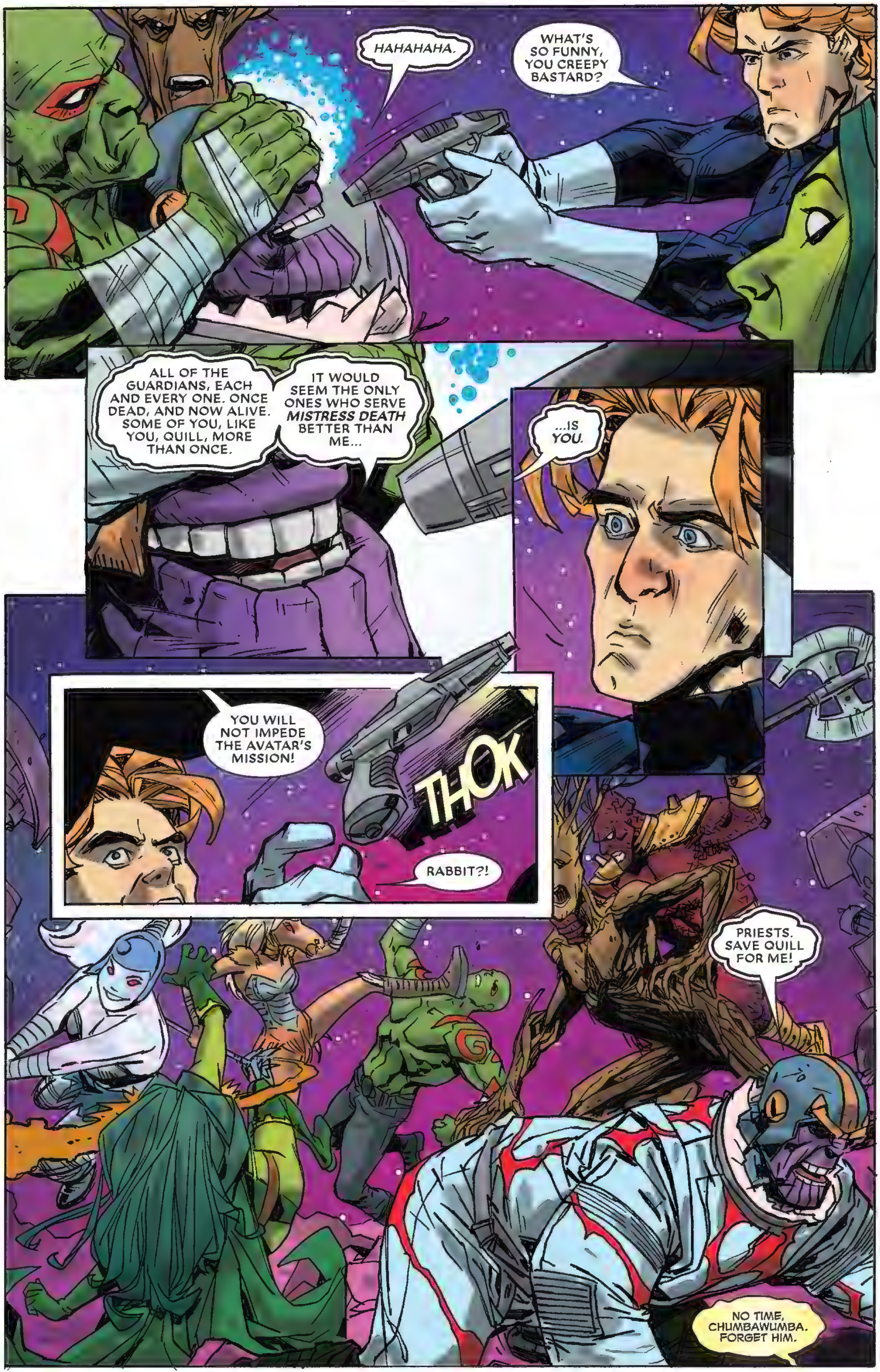

I PROMISED THAT WHEN I HAVE CURED THIS PLAGUE, I WILL RETURN...
...AND *MURDER THEM.*
YEAH? YOU GIVIN' UP YOUR *TEST-TUBE TEENS FROM THE YEAR 2000* LASER DISC?
NO.
HUNH. THE CRYSTAL GIRL SLIPPED ME HER PHONE NUMBER. HEY, LET ME HIT THAT BEFORE YOU PUT THE HIT ON IT?
SO WHERE TO NEXT, *GRIMACE?*
THAT IS NOT A QUESTION FOR ME. IT'S A QUESTION FOR YOU.
ME? HEY, I'M THE *LOOKS* OF THIS DUO, WHICH IS NOT UNLIKE BEING THE SHARP DRESSER AMONG *POWER MAN* AND *IRON FIST* SO--
OH, RIGHT. ME.
KATHOOM

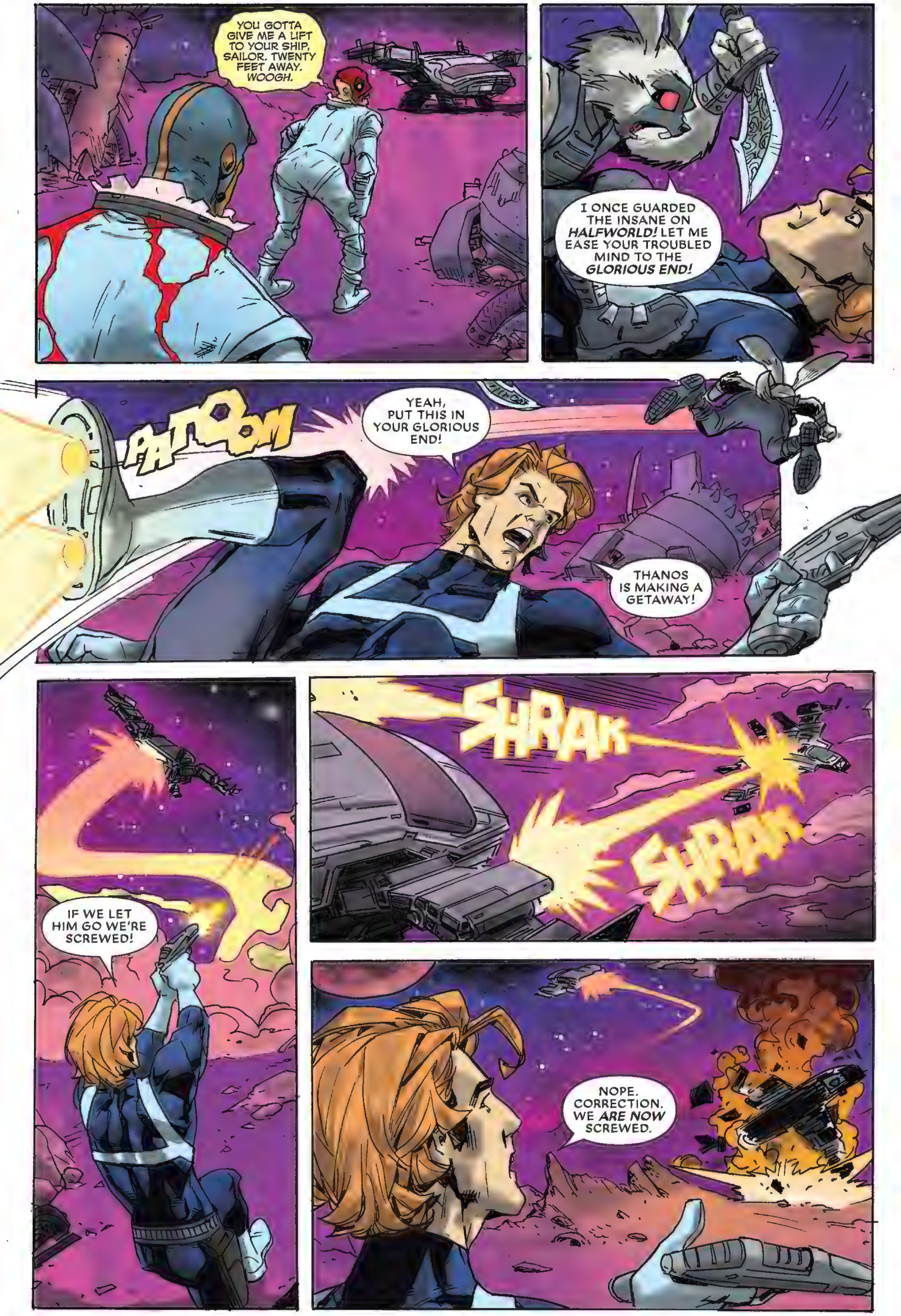

THRAK
SPLAK
SQUINCH
SPLOOCH
ENH. Y-YOU HIT LIKE--A GIRL.
BUT THAT GIRL IS *SHE-HULK*. OR *JUGGERNETTE*. IS THAT A THING? GET ME THE *OHOTMU*.
I KILL YOU, YOU KILL ME. WE ALL COME BACK. AND NOW EVERYONE'S IMMORTAL.

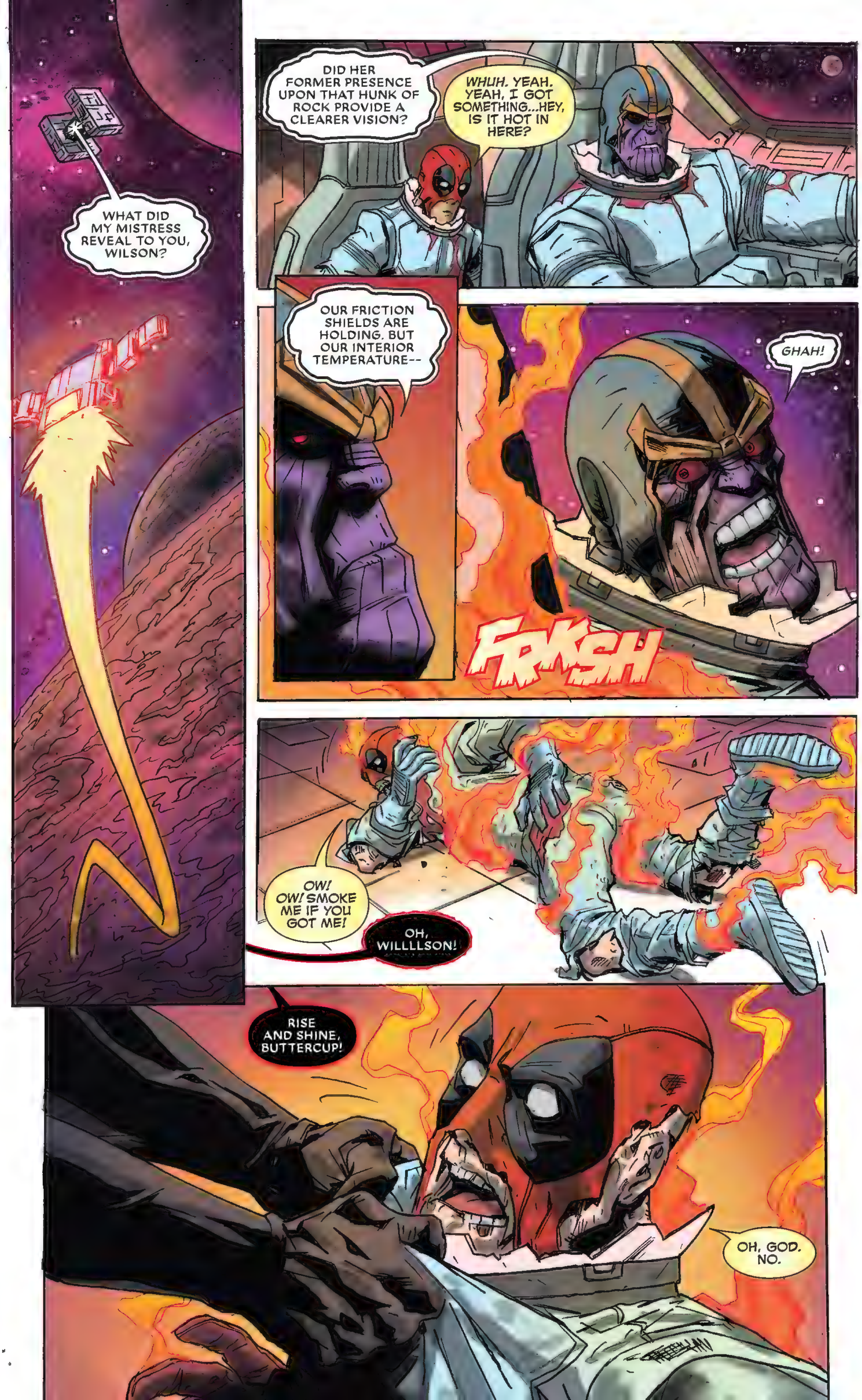

I SWEAR, THANOS, IT'S LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME I'M NOT SPECIAL.
THIS IS NO TIME FOR ONE OF YOUR BITS, *PETER QUILL*. *ROCKET*, ATTEND THE WOUNDED MAN!
AW, C'MON, I'VE HAD A LOTTA JOBS, AND NOT ONE OF 'EM WAS DOCTOR!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE UNIVERSE THIS TIME?
BESIDES CHANGING PHYSICAL LAWS TO ALLOW ME TO KILL YOU MANY TIMES!
I AM GROOT!
SHRAK
THOOM
YOU ARE A WOODEN CLUB.
AND AS ALWAYS, *"STAR-LORD"*...

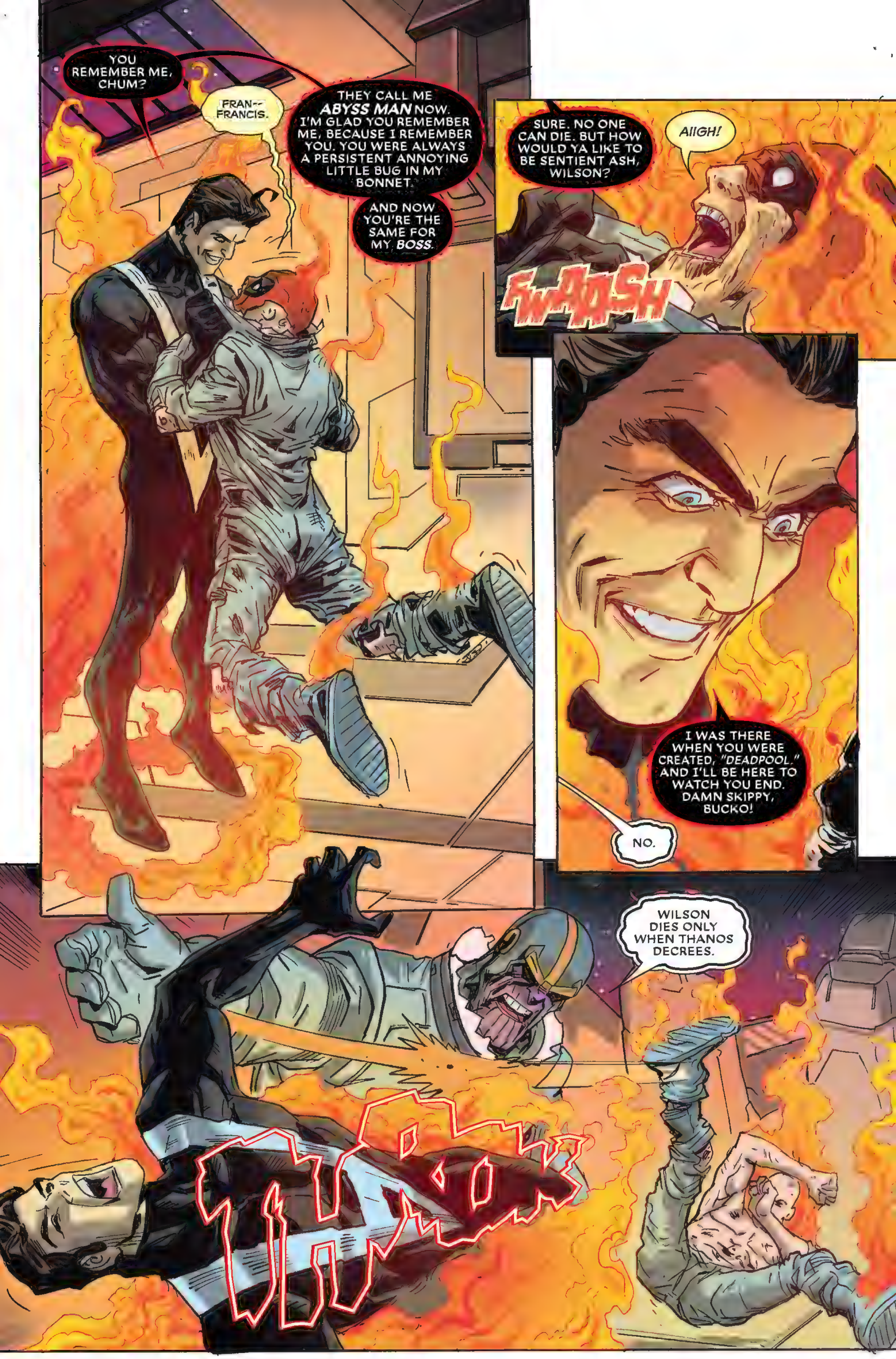

KROOOM
YOU AND YOUR *"GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY"* PROVE YOURSELF TO BE NOTHING BUT BUMPS IN MY PATH.
WHADDA WE GOT HERE, COMPUTER, AND HOW DO WE PUT IT BACK TOGETHER?
ANALYZING AIRBORNE BLOOD. IDENTIFYING. TERRAN. SUBSPECIES: MUTANT.
CURRENT STATUS: DECEASED.
HEYYY BAAAEEE.
COME, THANOS! SPEAK! WHAT GLORY IS IN IT FOR YOU IF YOU DO NOT BRAG OF YOUR LATEST CONQUEST AGAINST LIFE?
DID YOU FIND MORE *INFINITY STONES?* THEY AREN'T UPON YOUR FIST! MUST I TEAR THEM FROM YOUR GULLET?
WHOA WHOA WHOA!

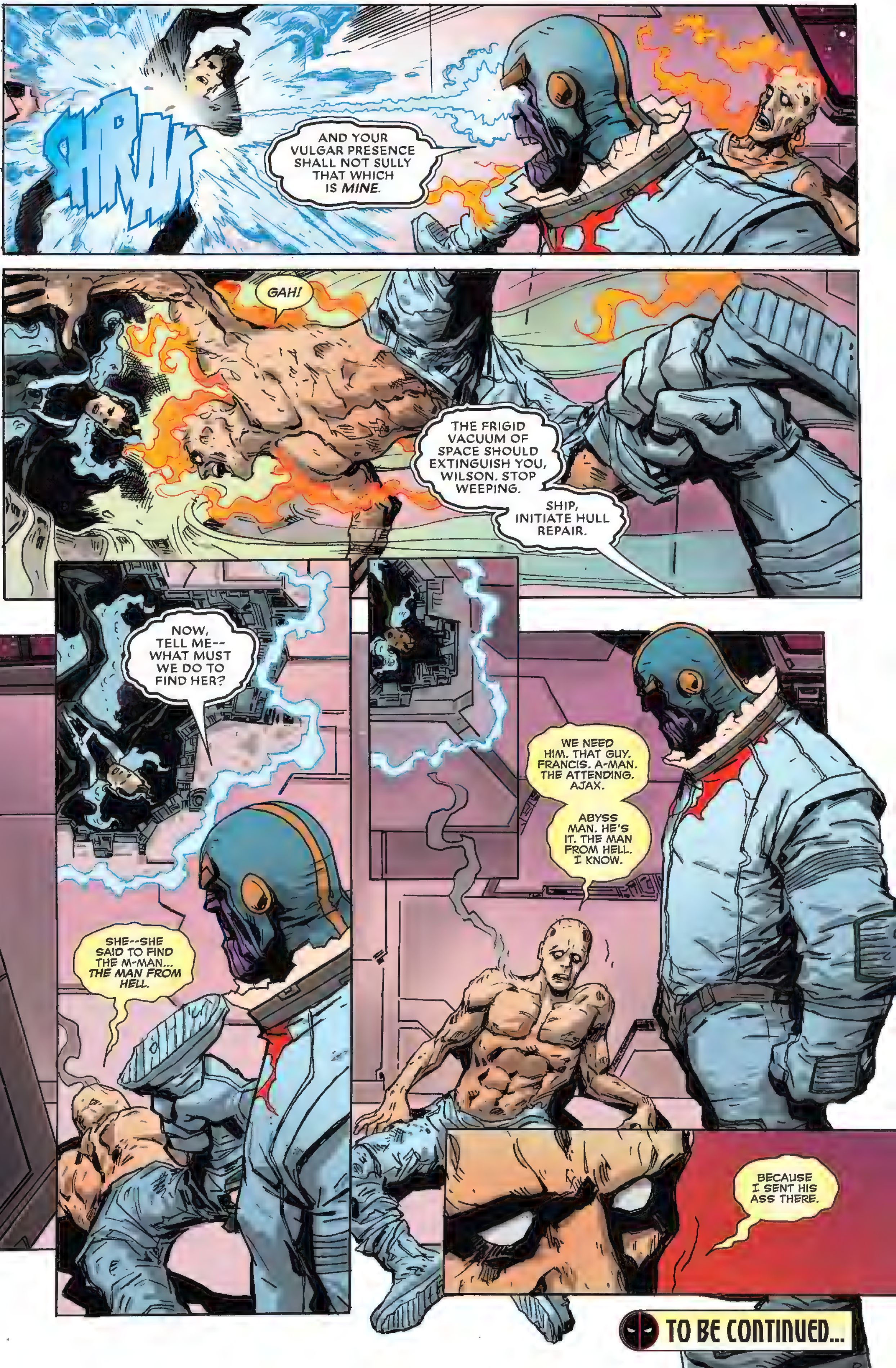

NO NEED TO GO FULL *WOLVERINE* HERE, GUYS. *SHEEZ.* LET'S DO THIS CLASSY-LIKE.
THANOS, OLD BUDDY, OLD PAL, JUST TELL US WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO...
...OR I WILL SHOOT YOU RIGHT DOWN YOUR *D'AST THROAT.*
AW, MY BOY PETE'S STARTING TO TAKE AFTER HIS UNCLE ROCKET.
HEEYYY, RANGER RICK.
STATUS UPDATE:
WOK
I JUST LITTERED. WITH *YOUR TEETH.*
HEY, *LOW PRIESTESS GLAZE?* DEADPOOL. YEAH, THE CUTE GUY IN RED...
SUBJECT NO LONGER DECEASED.


HAHAHAHA.
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, YOU CREEPY BASTARD?
ALL OF THE GUARDIANS, EACH AND EVERY ONE. ONCE DEAD, AND NOW ALIVE. SOME OF YOU, LIKE YOU, QUILL, MORE THAN ONCE.
IT WOULD SEEM THE ONLY ONES WHO SERVE *MISTRESS DEATH* BETTER THAN ME...
...IS *YOU.*
YOU WILL NOT IMPEDE THE AVATAR'S MISSION!
THOK
RABBIT?!
PRIESTS. SAVE QUILL FOR ME!
NO TIME, CHUMBAWUMBA. FORGET HIM.


YOU GOTTA GIVE ME A LIFT TO YOUR SHIP, SAILOR. TWENTY FEET AWAY. WOOGH.
I ONCE GUARDED THE INSANE ON *HALFWORLD!* LET ME EASE YOUR TROUBLED MIND TO THE *GLORIOUS END!*
PATOOM
YEAH, PUT THIS IN YOUR GLORIOUS END!
THANOS IS MAKING A GETAWAY!
IF WE LET HIM GO WE'RE SCREWED!
SHRAK
SHRAK
NOPE. CORRECTION. WE *ARE NOW* SCREWED.


WHAT DID MY MISTRESS REVEAL TO YOU, WILSON?
DID HER FORMER PRESENCE UPON THAT HUNK OF ROCK PROVIDE A CLEARER VISION?
WHUH. YEAH. YEAH, I GOT SOMETHING...HEY, IS IT HOT IN HERE?
OUR FRICTION SHIELDS ARE HOLDING, BUT OUR INTERIOR TEMPERATURE--
GHAH!
FRKSH
OW! OW! SMOKE ME IF YOU GOT ME!
OH, WILLLLSON!
RISE AND SHINE, BUTTERCUP!
OH, GOD. NO.


YOU REMEMBER ME, CHUM?
FRAN-- FRANCIS.
THEY CALL ME **ABYSS MAN** NOW. I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBER ME, BECAUSE I REMEMBER YOU. YOU WERE ALWAYS A PERSISTENT ANNOYING LITTLE BUG IN MY BONNET.
AND NOW YOU'RE THE SAME FOR MY *BOSS.*
SURE. NO ONE CAN DIE. BUT HOW WOULD YA LIKE TO BE SENTIENT ASH, WILSON?
AIIGH!
FWAASH
I WAS THERE WHEN YOU WERE CREATED, *"DEADPOOL."* AND I'LL BE HERE TO WATCH YOU END. DAMN SKIPPY, BUCKO!
NO.
WILSON DIES ONLY WHEN THANOS DECREES.
THWOK


SHRAK
AND YOUR VULGAR PRESENCE SHALL NOT SULLY THAT WHICH IS *MINE.*
GAH!
THE FRIGID VACUUM OF SPACE SHOULD EXTINGUISH YOU, WILSON. STOP WEEPING.
SHIP, INITIATE HULL REPAIR.
NOW, TELL ME-- WHAT MUST WE DO TO FIND HER?
SHE--SHE SAID TO FIND THE M-MAN... *THE MAN FROM HELL.*
WE NEED HIM. THAT GUY. FRANCIS. A-MAN. THE ATTENDING. AJAX.
ABYSS MAN. HE'S IT. THE MAN FROM HELL. I KNOW.
BECAUSE I SENT HIS ASS THERE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVEL

003

SEELEY
BONDOC
REDMOND

DEADPOOL VS THANOS

IN A BATTLE OF WITS!
NO!
IN A GAME OF CHECKERS!
NO!
IN A FIGHT?
YES!
AH-HA! WELL, I'M DEAD THEN.

DEADPOOL VS THANOS

HELLO, FRIENDS! IT'S *DEADPOOL*, THE STAR OF THIS MINISERIES, AND *THANOS*, MY TEMPORARY SIDEKICK, HERE TO RECAP WHAT YOU'VE READ IN MY PREVIOUS TWO ISSUES.
HMPH. WE'VE COME TOGETHER TO SEEK OUT OUR MUTUAL BELOVED, ***MISTRESS DEATH***, WHO SEEMS TO ONLY BE COMMUNICATING WITH YOU. WE MAY BE A TEAM, BUT I'M NO SIDEKICK.
ALL RIGHT, MR. SENSITIVE. ANYWAY, WE WENT TO THE DWINDINGLY LIGHT TO SEE IF WE COULD CATCH WIND OF DEATH, BUT WHAT WE FOUND WAS THE DEATH CULT, ***THE ORDER OF THE GLORIOUS END***, BEGGING FOR US TO KILL THEM. I WAS GAME FOR THAT!
TRADING MY WORD THAT I WOULD KILL THEM AFTER DEATH WAS RESCUED AND THE PLAGUE OF IMMORTALITY WAS LIFTED, I WAS INFORMED THAT THE ORDER HAD SUCCESSFULLY SUMMONED HER PHYSICAL ASPECT, ONLY TO HAVE SOMEONE INTERVENE AND TAKE HER FROM THEM.
AND NO ONE TAKES FROM US, RIGHT, THANEY-POO? AFTER ***THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY*** INTERRUPTED AND SO GRACIOUSLY KILLED ME, DEATH WAS ABLE TO CLUE ME IN ON NEEDING TO FIND THE MAN FROM HELL. AND WHO MIGHT THAT BE BUT ***ABYSS MAN***, OUR NEW STOWAWAY AND APPARENTLY THE KEY TO RESCUING DEATH!
AND SO, OUR STORY CONTINUES...

PART THREE

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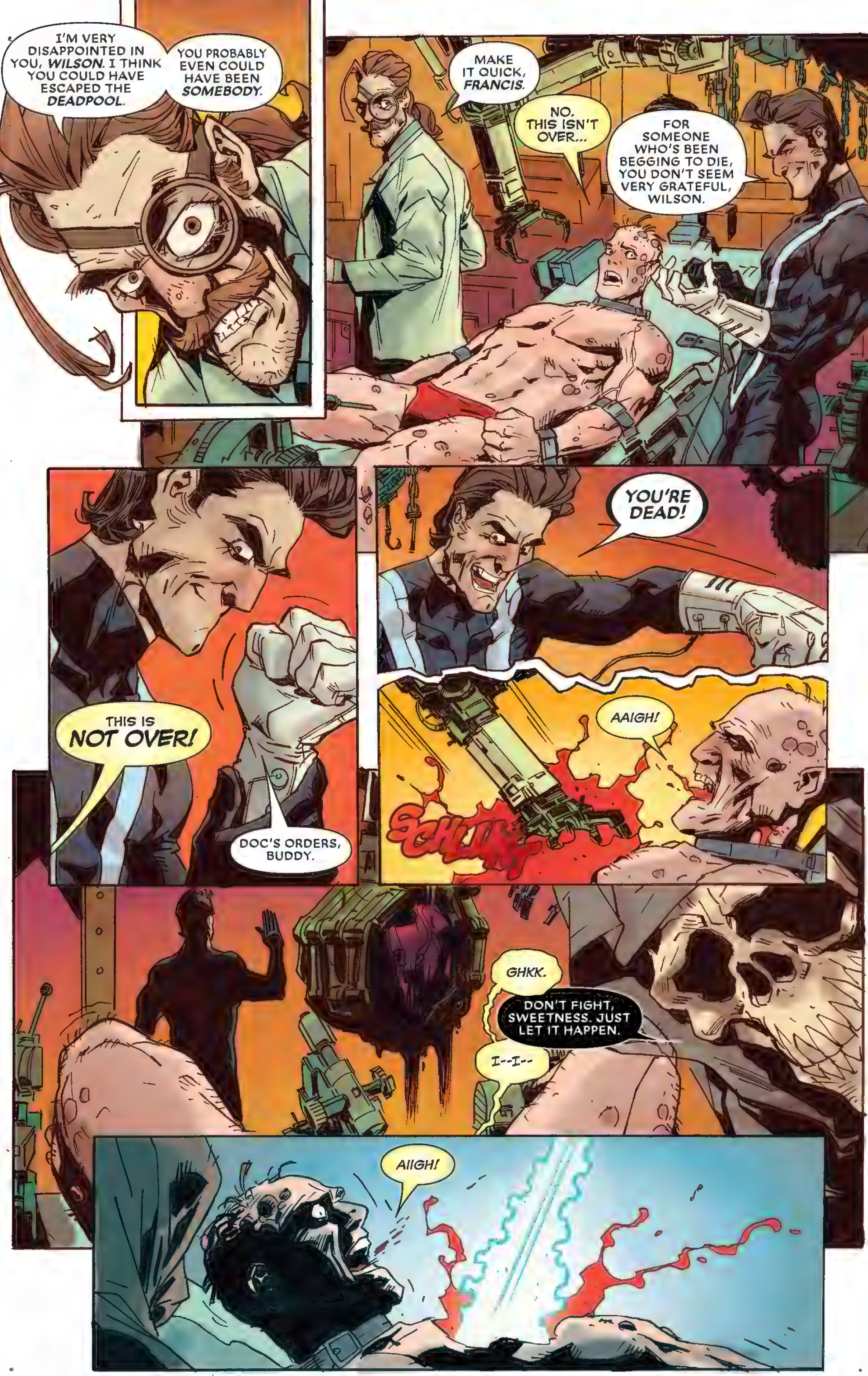
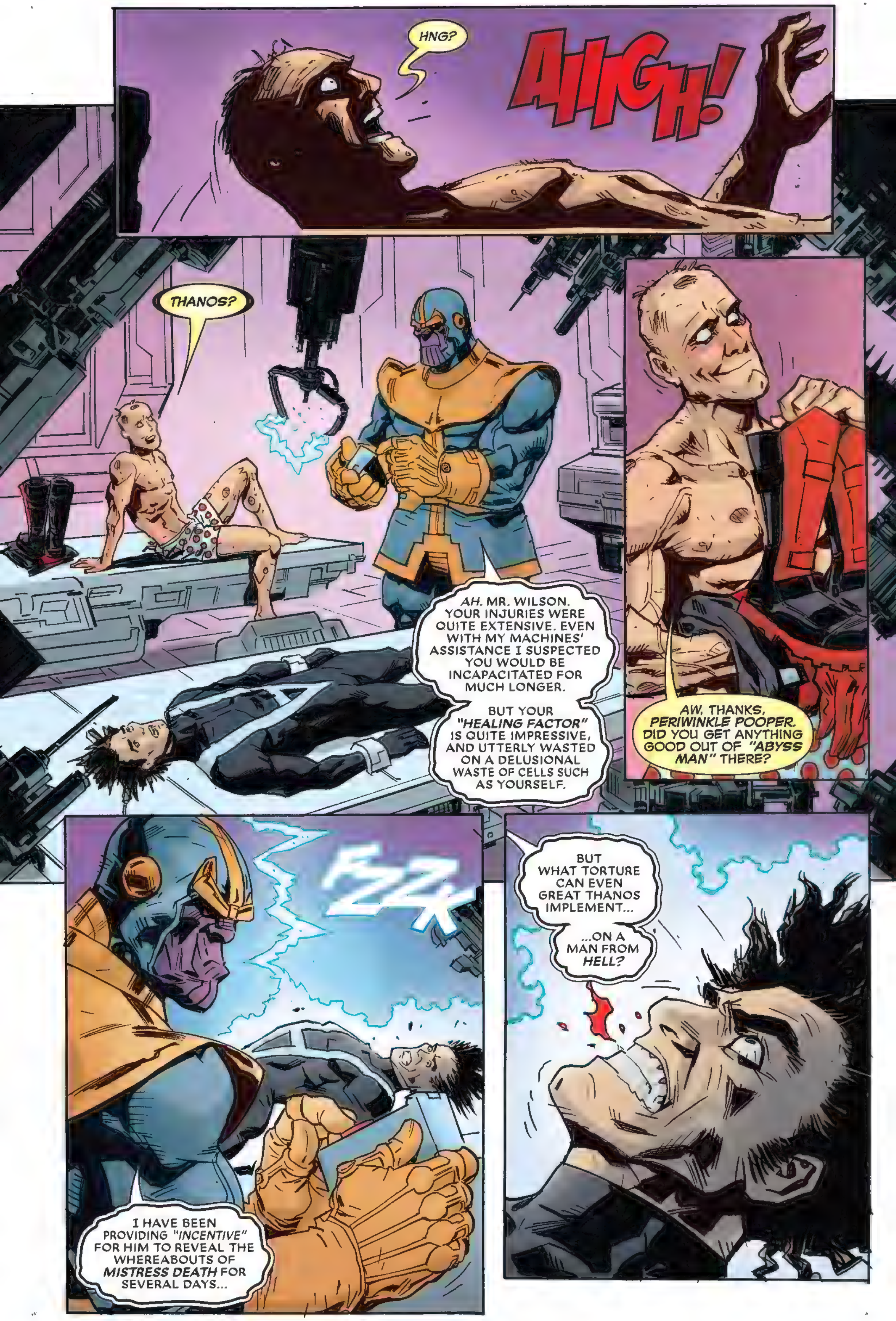
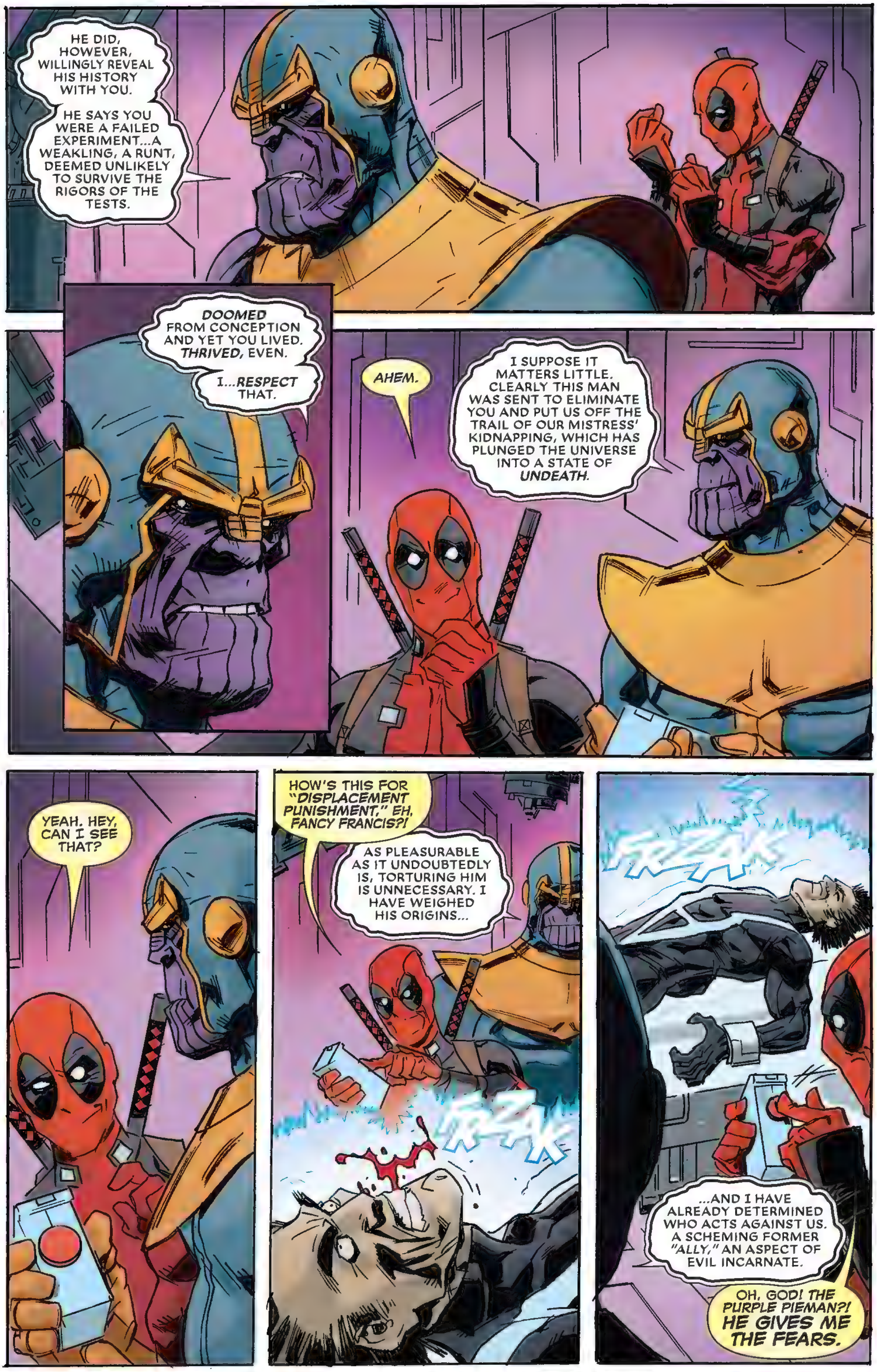
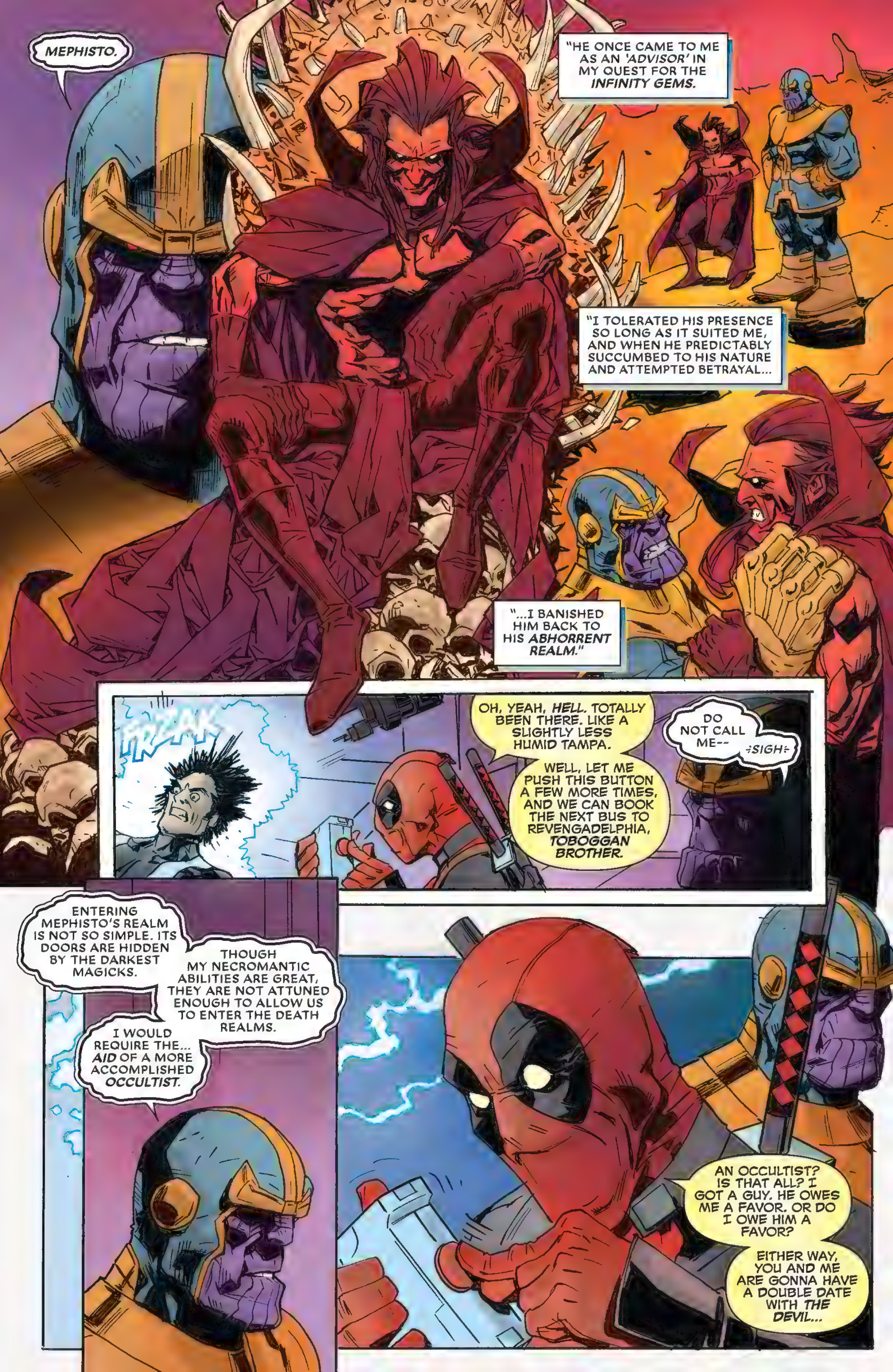
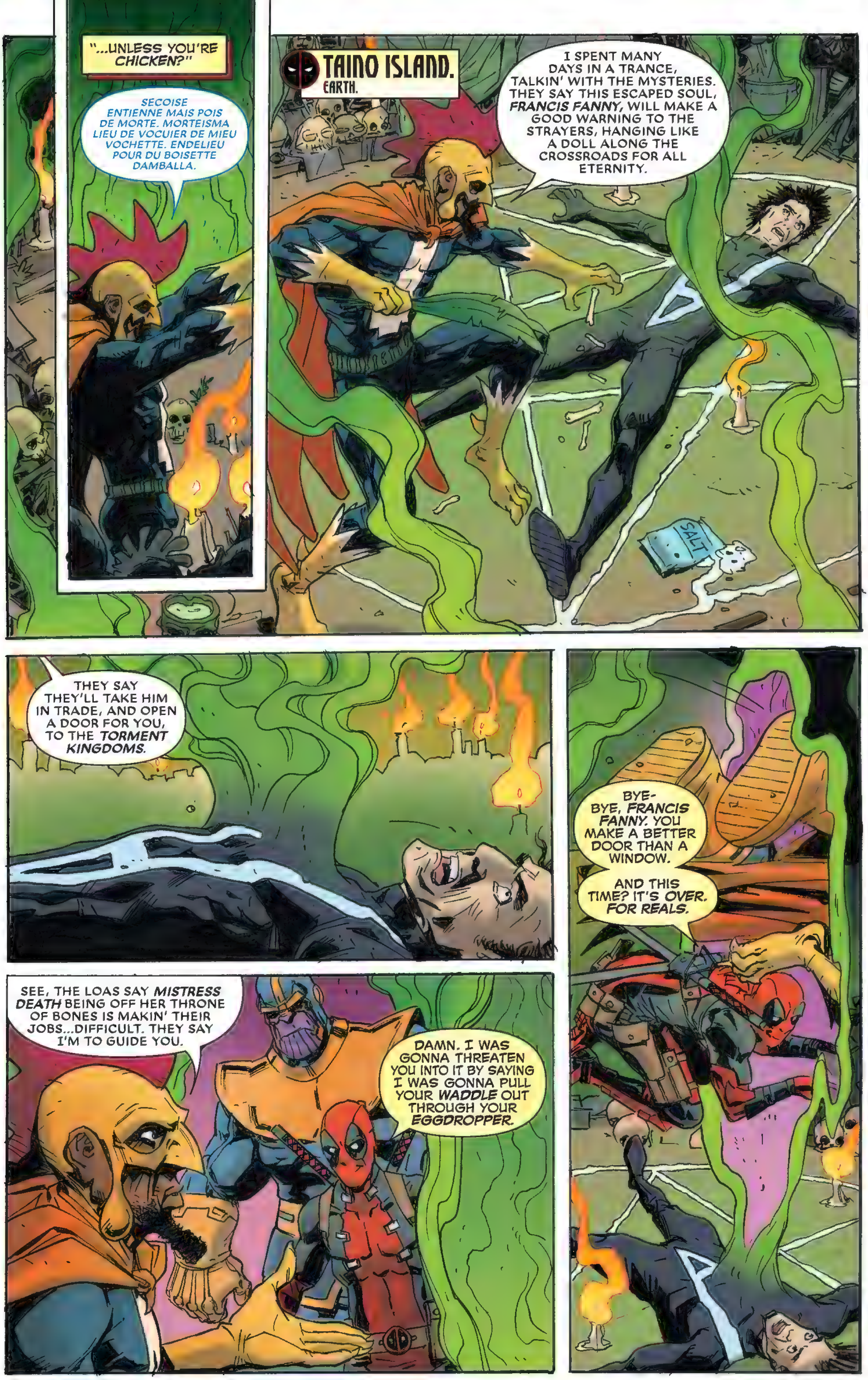
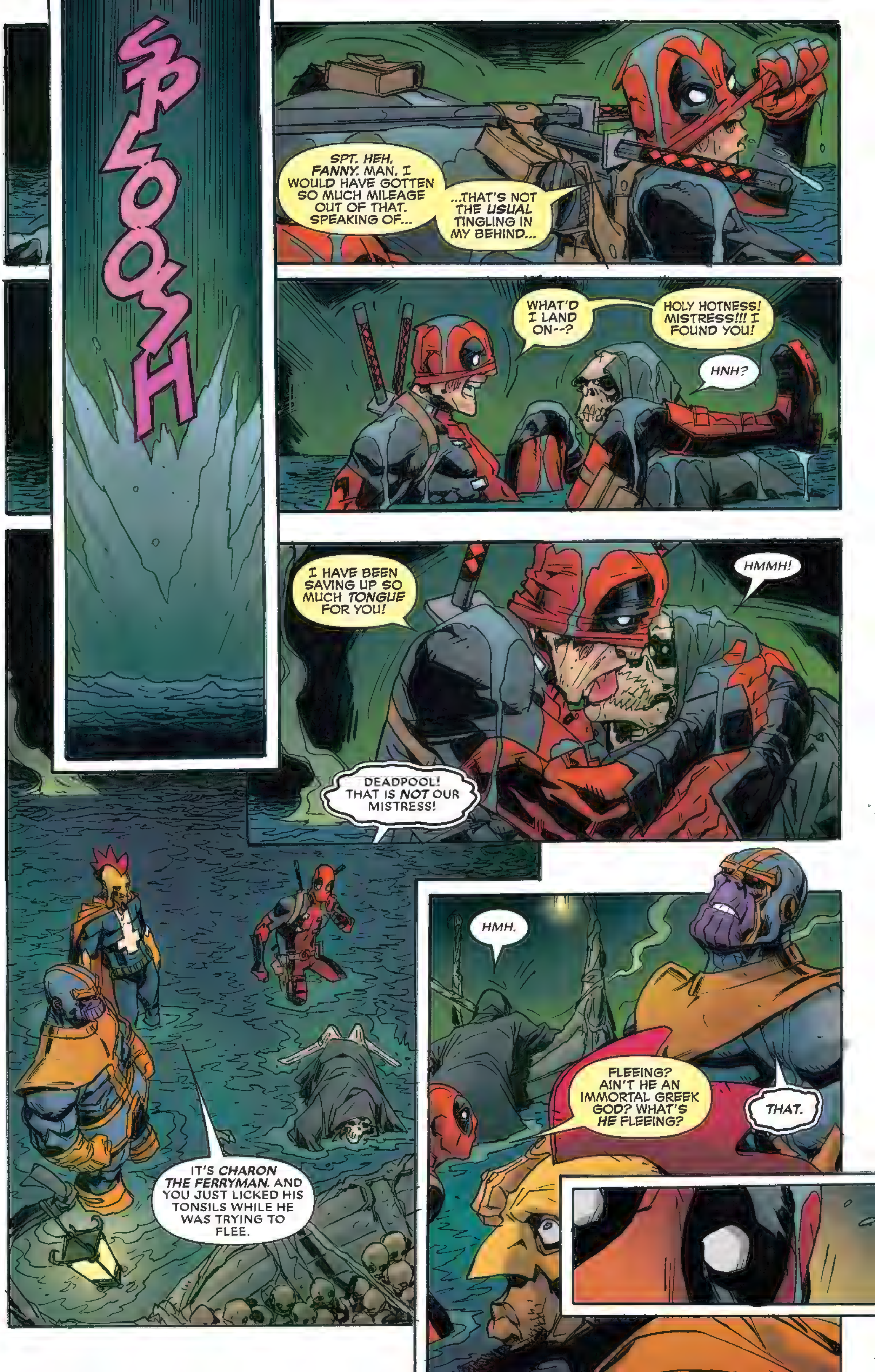

I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, *WILSON*. I THINK YOU COULD HAVE ESCAPED THE *DEADPOOL*.
YOU PROBABLY EVEN COULD HAVE BEEN *SOMEBODY*.
MAKE IT QUICK, *FRANCIS*.
NO. THIS ISN'T OVER...
FOR SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN BEGGING TO DIE, YOU DON'T SEEM VERY GRATEFUL, WILSON.
THIS IS *NOT OVER!*
DOC'S ORDERS, BUDDY.
YOU'RE DEAD!
AAIGH!
GHKK.
DON'T FIGHT, SWEETNESS. JUST LET IT HAPPEN.
I--I--
AIIGH!

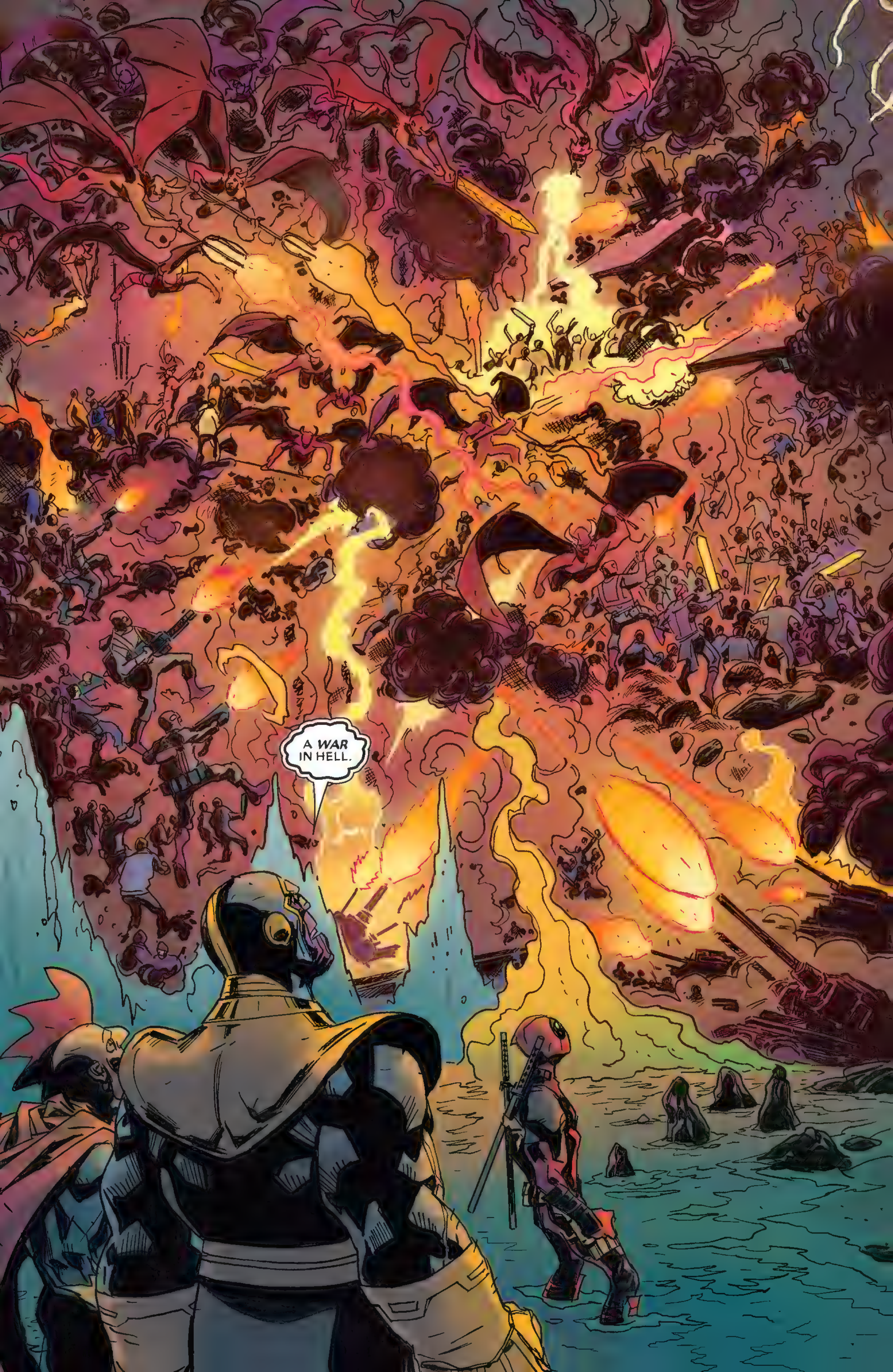

HNG?
AIIGH!
THANOS?
AH. MR. WILSON. YOUR INJURIES WERE QUITE EXTENSIVE. EVEN WITH MY MACHINES' ASSISTANCE I SUSPECTED YOU WOULD BE INCAPACITATED FOR MUCH LONGER.
BUT YOUR *"HEALING FACTOR"* IS QUITE IMPRESSIVE, AND UTTERLY WASTED ON A DELUSIONAL WASTE OF CELLS SUCH AS YOURSELF.
AW, THANKS, *PERIWINKLE POOPER.* DID YOU GET ANYTHING GOOD OUT OF *"ABYSS MAN"* THERE?
FZZK
I HAVE BEEN PROVIDING *"INCENTIVE"* FOR HIM TO REVEAL THE WHEREABOUTS OF *MISTRESS DEATH* FOR SEVERAL DAYS...
BUT WHAT TORTURE CAN EVEN GREAT THANOS IMPLEMENT...
...ON A MAN FROM *HELL?*

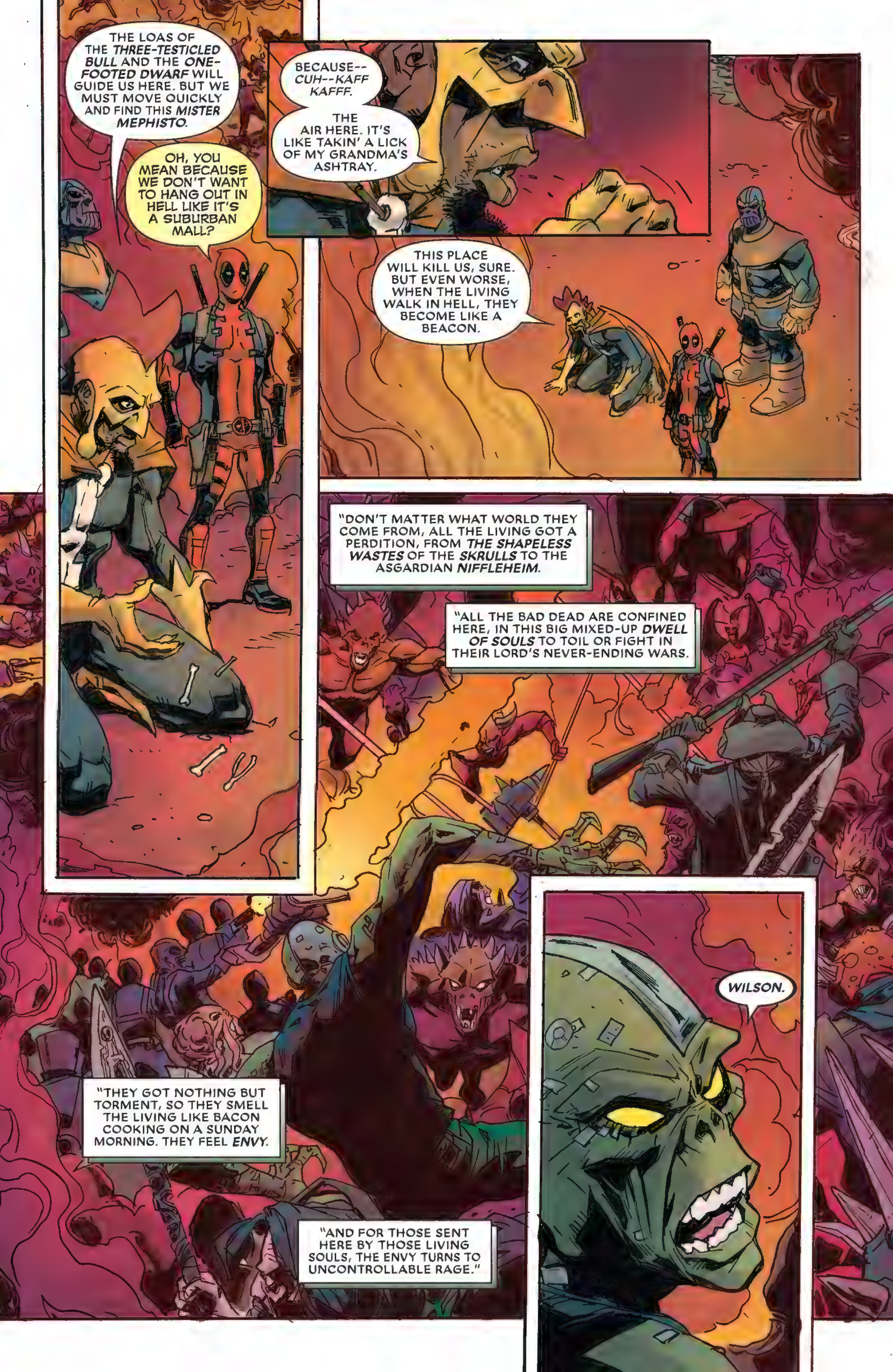

HE DID, HOWEVER, WILLINGLY REVEAL HIS HISTORY WITH YOU.
HE SAYS YOU WERE A FAILED EXPERIMENT...A WEAKLING, A RUNT, DEEMED UNLIKELY TO SURVIVE THE RIGORS OF THE TESTS.
DOOMED FROM CONCEPTION AND YET YOU LIVED. *THRIVED,* EVEN.
I...*RESPECT* THAT.
AHEM.
I SUPPOSE IT MATTERS LITTLE. CLEARLY THIS MAN WAS SENT TO ELIMINATE YOU AND PUT US OFF THE TRAIL OF OUR MISTRESS' KIDNAPPING, WHICH HAS PLUNGED THE UNIVERSE INTO A STATE OF *UNDEATH.*
YEAH. HEY, CAN I SEE THAT?
HOW'S THIS FOR *"DISPLACEMENT PUNISHMENT," EH, FANCY FRANCIS?!*
AS PLEASURABLE AS IT UNDOUBTEDLY IS, TORTURING HIM IS UNNECESSARY. I HAVE WEIGHED HIS ORIGINS...
FRZAK
FRZAK
...AND I HAVE ALREADY DETERMINED WHO ACTS AGAINST US. A SCHEMING FORMER "ALLY," AN ASPECT OF EVIL INCARNATE.
OH, GOD! THE PURPLE PIEMAN?! HE GIVES ME THE FEARS.

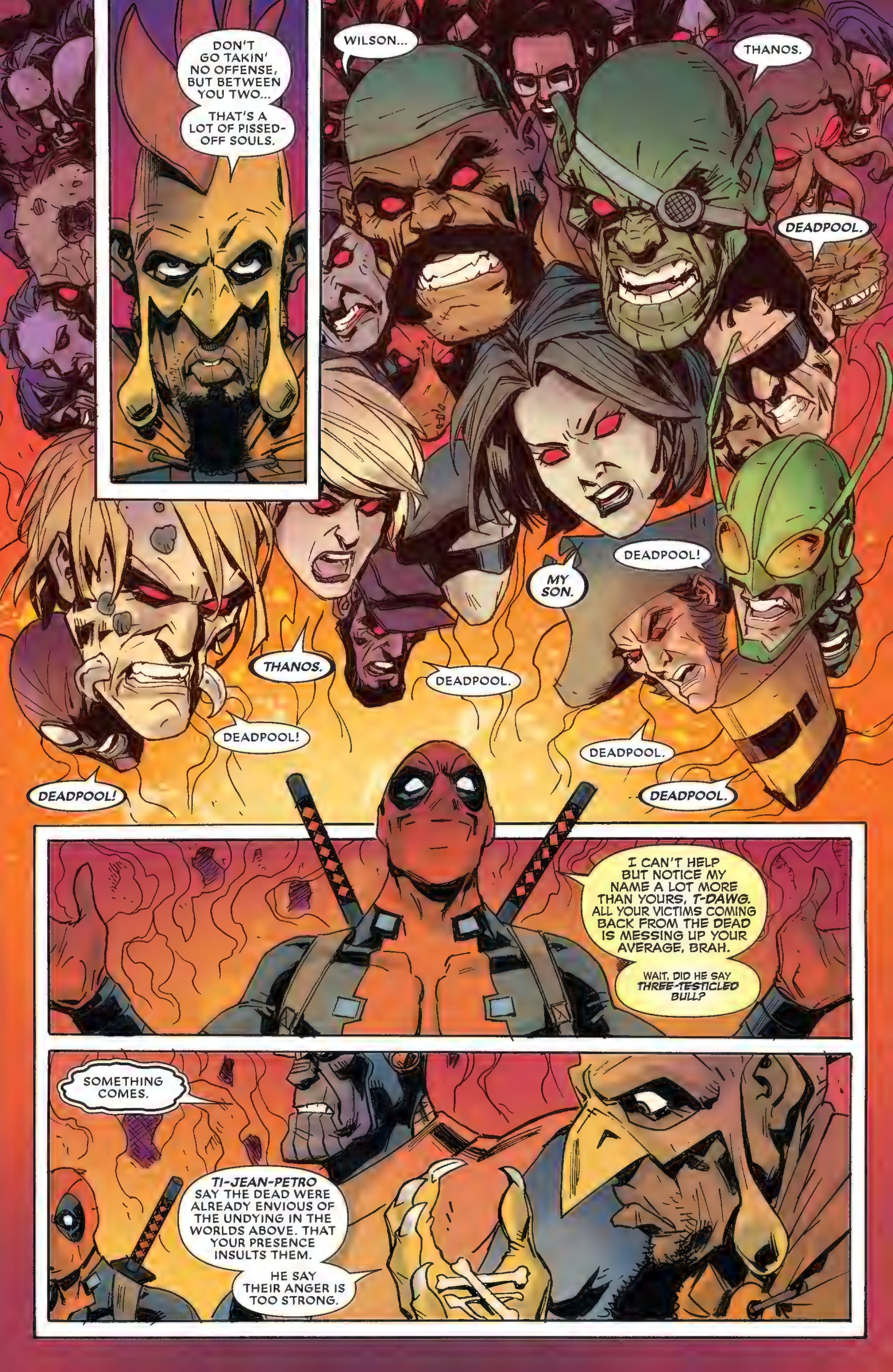

MEPHISTO.
"HE ONCE CAME TO ME AS AN *'ADVISOR'* IN MY QUEST FOR THE *INFINITY GEMS.*
"I TOLERATED HIS PRESENCE SO LONG AS IT SUITED ME, AND WHEN HE PREDICTABLY SUCCUMBED TO HIS NATURE AND ATTEMPTED BETRAYAL...
"...I BANISHED HIM BACK TO HIS *ABHORRENT REALM.*"
FRZAK
OH, YEAH, *HELL.* TOTALLY BEEN THERE. LIKE A SLIGHTLY LESS HUMID TAMPA.
WELL, LET ME PUSH THIS BUTTON A FEW MORE TIMES, AND WE CAN BOOK THE NEXT BUS TO REVENGADELPHIA, *TOBOGGAN BROTHER.*
DO NOT CALL ME-- ÷SIGH÷
ENTERING MEPHISTO'S REALM IS NOT SO SIMPLE. ITS DOORS ARE HIDDEN BY THE DARKEST MAGICKS.
THOUGH MY NECROMANTIC ABILITIES ARE GREAT, THEY ARE NOT ATTUNED ENOUGH TO ALLOW US TO ENTER THE DEATH REALMS.
I WOULD REQUIRE THE... *AID* OF A MORE ACCOMPLISHED *OCCULTIST.*
AN OCCULTIST? IS THAT ALL? I GOT A GUY. HE OWES ME A FAVOR. OR DO I OWE HIM A FAVOR?
EITHER WAY, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA HAVE A DOUBLE DATE WITH *THE DEVIL...*

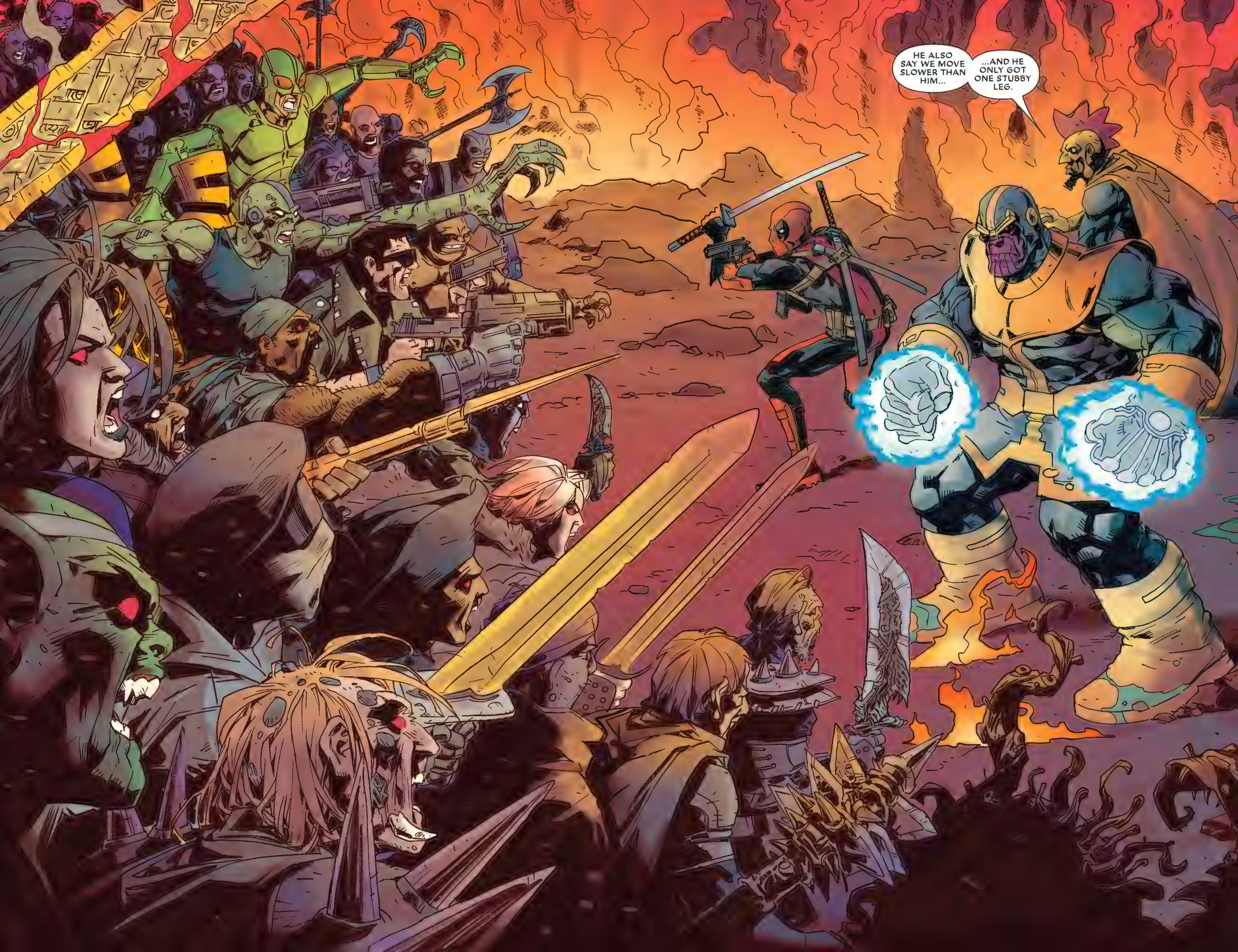

"...UNLESS YOU'RE CHICKEN?"
SECOISE ENTIENNE MAIS POIS DE MORTE. MORTEISMA LIEU DE VOCUIER DE MIEU VOCHETTE. ENDELIEU POUR DU BOISETTE DAMBALLA.
TAINO ISLAND. EARTH.
I SPENT MANY DAYS IN A TRANCE, TALKIN' WITH THE MYSTERIES. THEY SAY THIS ESCAPED SOUL, FRANCIS FANNY, WILL MAKE A GOOD WARNING TO THE STRAYERS, HANGING LIKE A DOLL ALONG THE CROSSROADS FOR ALL ETERNITY.
SALT
THEY SAY THEY'LL TAKE HIM IN TRADE, AND OPEN A DOOR FOR YOU, TO THE TORMENT KINGDOMS.
SEE, THE LOAS SAY MISTRESS DEATH BEING OFF HER THRONE OF BONES IS MAKIN' THEIR JOBS...DIFFICULT. THEY SAY I'M TO GUIDE YOU.
DAMN. I WAS GONNA THREATEN YOU INTO IT BY SAYING I WAS GONNA PULL YOUR WADDLE OUT THROUGH YOUR EGGDROPPER.
BYE-BYE, FRANCIS FANNY. YOU MAKE A BETTER DOOR THAN A WINDOW.
AND THIS TIME? IT'S OVER. FOR REALS.

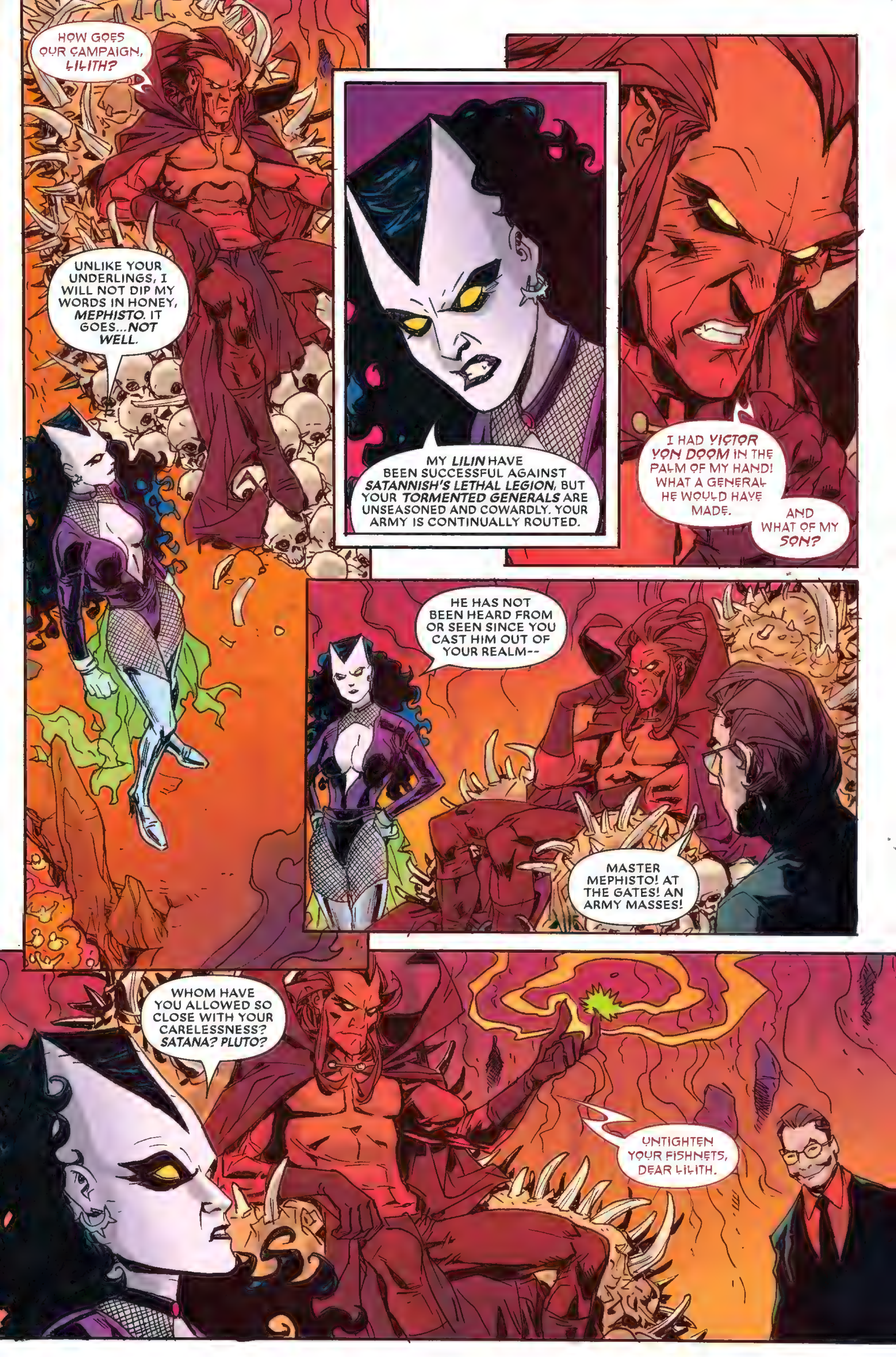

SPLOOSH
SPT. HEH, FANNY. MAN, I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN SO MUCH MILEAGE OUT OF THAT. SPEAKING OF...
...THAT'S NOT THE USUAL TINGLING IN MY BEHIND...
WHAT'D I LAND ON--?
HOLY HOTNESS! MISTRESS!!! I FOUND YOU!
HNH?
I HAVE BEEN SAVING UP SO MUCH TONGUE FOR YOU!
HMMH!
DEADPOOL! THAT IS NOT OUR MISTRESS!
IT'S CHARON THE FERRYMAN. AND YOU JUST LICKED HIS TONSILS WHILE HE WAS TRYING TO FLEE.
HMH.
FLEEING? AIN'T HE AN IMMORTAL GREEK GOD? WHAT'S HE FLEEING?
THAT.

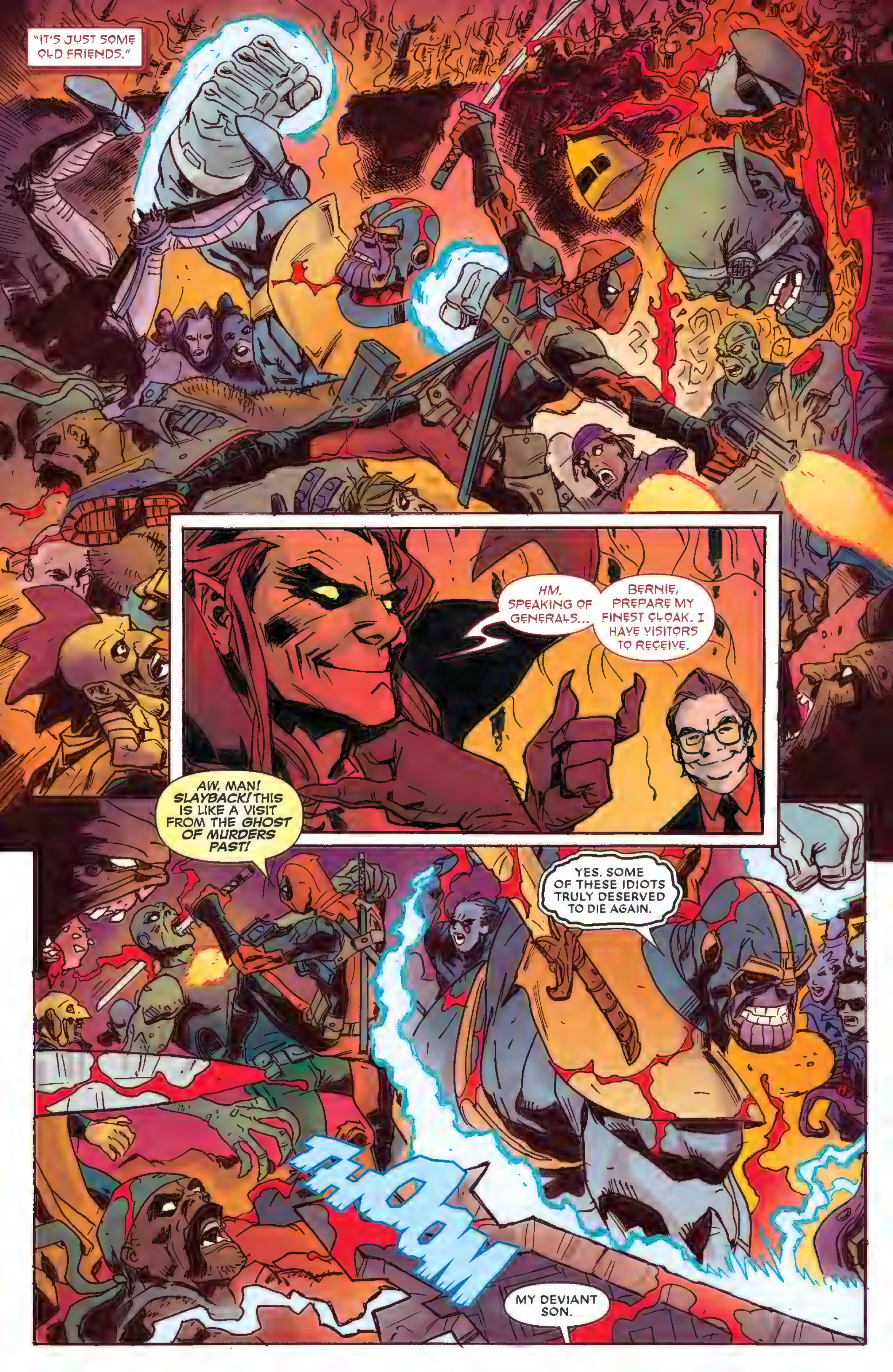

A *WAR* IN HELL.

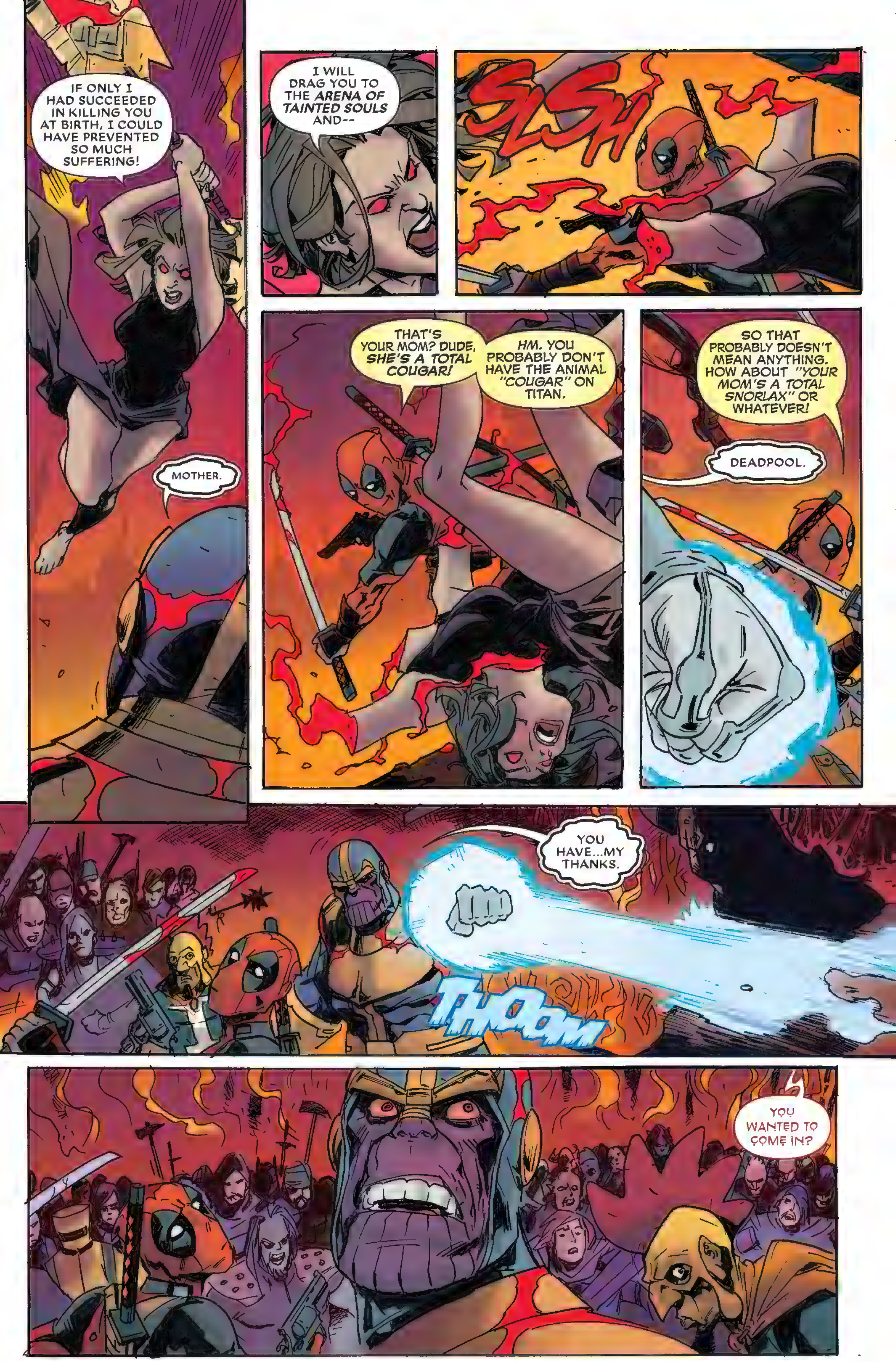

THE LOAS OF THE *THREE-TESTICLED BULL* AND THE *ONE-FOOTED DWARF* WILL GUIDE US HERE. BUT WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY AND FIND THIS *MISTER MEPHISTO*.
OH, YOU MEAN BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO HANG OUT IN HELL LIKE IT'S A SUBURBAN MALL?
BECAUSE-- *CUH--KAFF KAFFF.*
THE AIR HERE. IT'S LIKE TAKIN' A LICK OF MY GRANDMA'S ASHTRAY.
THIS PLACE WILL KILL US, SURE. BUT EVEN WORSE, WHEN THE LIVING WALK IN HELL, THEY BECOME LIKE A BEACON.
"DON'T MATTER WHAT WORLD THEY COME FROM, ALL THE LIVING GOT A PERDITION, FROM *THE SHAPELESS WASTES* OF THE *SKRULLS* TO THE ASGARDIAN *NIFFLEHEIM*.
"ALL THE BAD DEAD ARE CONFINED HERE, IN THIS BIG MIXED-UP *DWELL OF SOULS* TO TOIL OR FIGHT IN THEIR LORD'S NEVER-ENDING WARS.
"THEY GOT NOTHING BUT TORMENT, SO THEY SMELL THE LIVING LIKE BACON COOKING ON A SUNDAY MORNING. THEY FEEL *ENVY*.
"AND FOR THOSE SENT HERE BY THOSE LIVING SOULS, THE ENVY TURNS TO UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE."
WILSON.

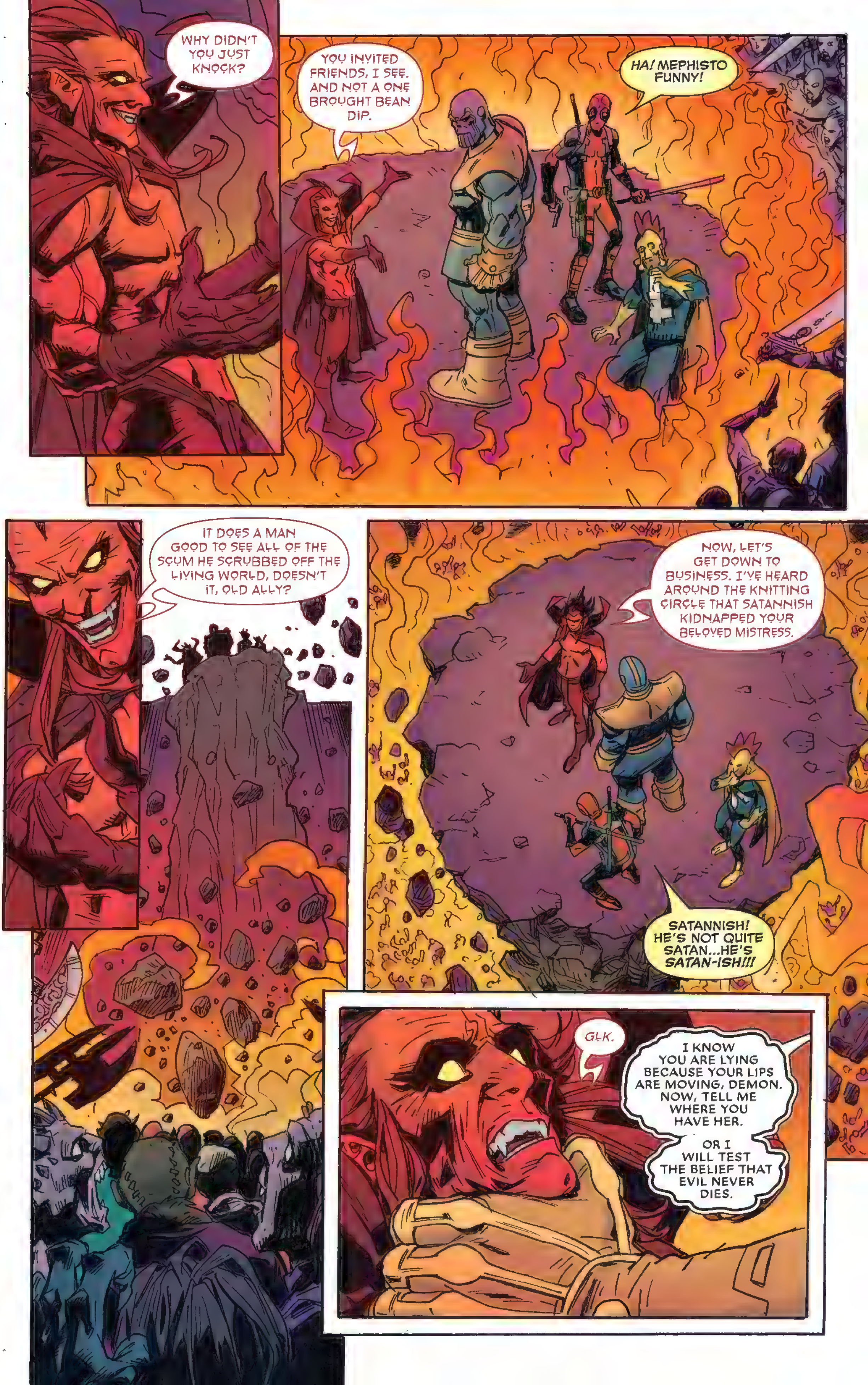

DON'T GO TAKIN' NO OFFENSE, BUT BETWEEN YOU TWO...
THAT'S A LOT OF PISSED-OFF SOULS.
WILSON...
THANOS.
DEADPOOL.
MY SON.
DEADPOOL!
THANOS.
DEADPOOL.
DEADPOOL!
DEADPOOL!
DEADPOOL.
DEADPOOL.
I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE MY NAME A LOT MORE THAN YOURS, *T-DAWG.* ALL YOUR VICTIMS COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD IS MESSING UP YOUR AVERAGE, BRAH.
WAIT, DID HE SAY *THREE-TESTICLED BULL?*
SOMETHING COMES.
TI-JEAN-PETRO SAY THE DEAD WERE ALREADY ENVIOUS OF THE UNDYING IN THE WORLDS ABOVE. THAT YOUR PRESENCE INSULTS THEM.
HE SAY THEIR ANGER IS TOO STRONG.

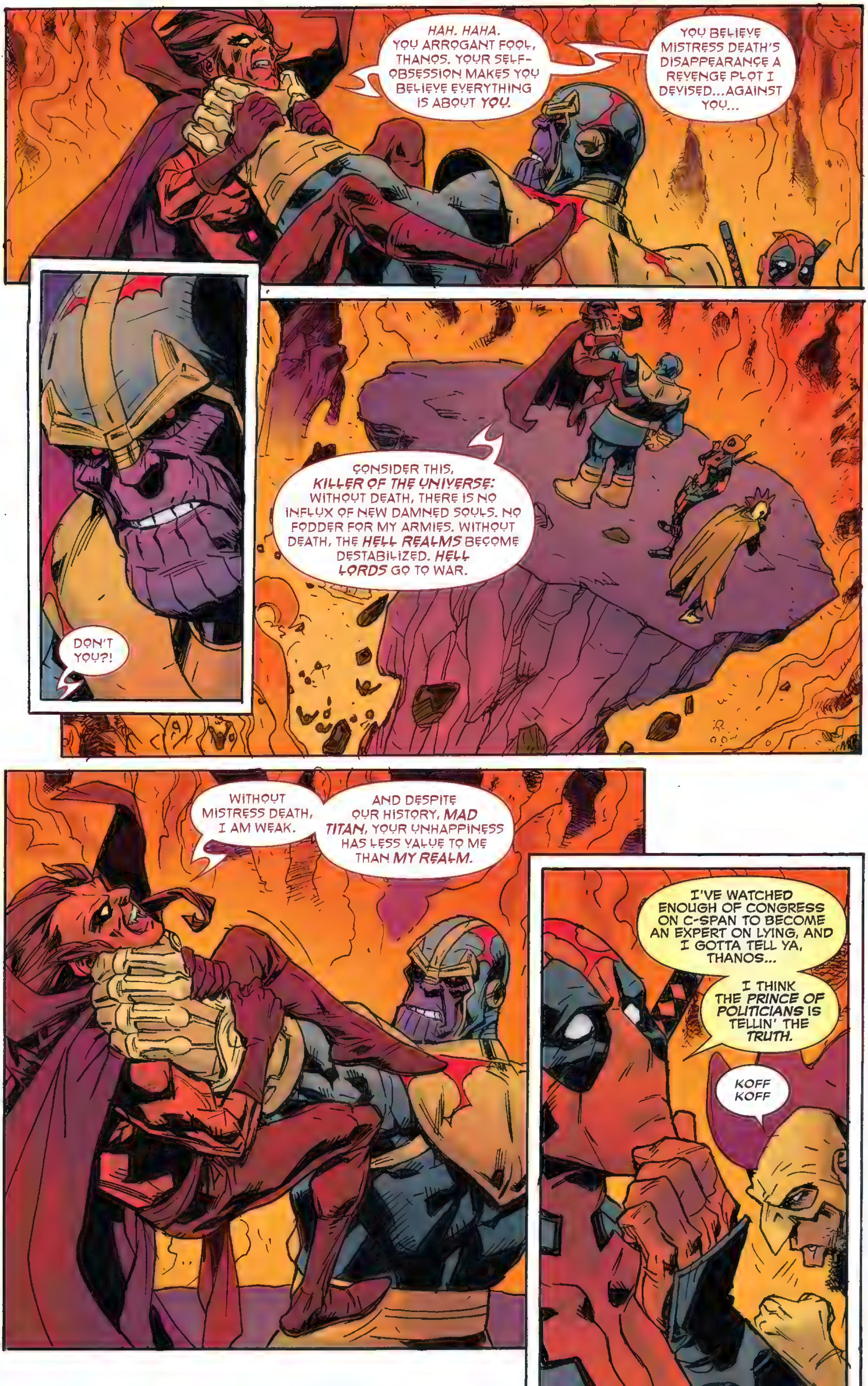

HE ALSO SAY WE MOVE SLOWER THAN HIM...
...AND HE ONLY GOT ONE STUBBY LEG.

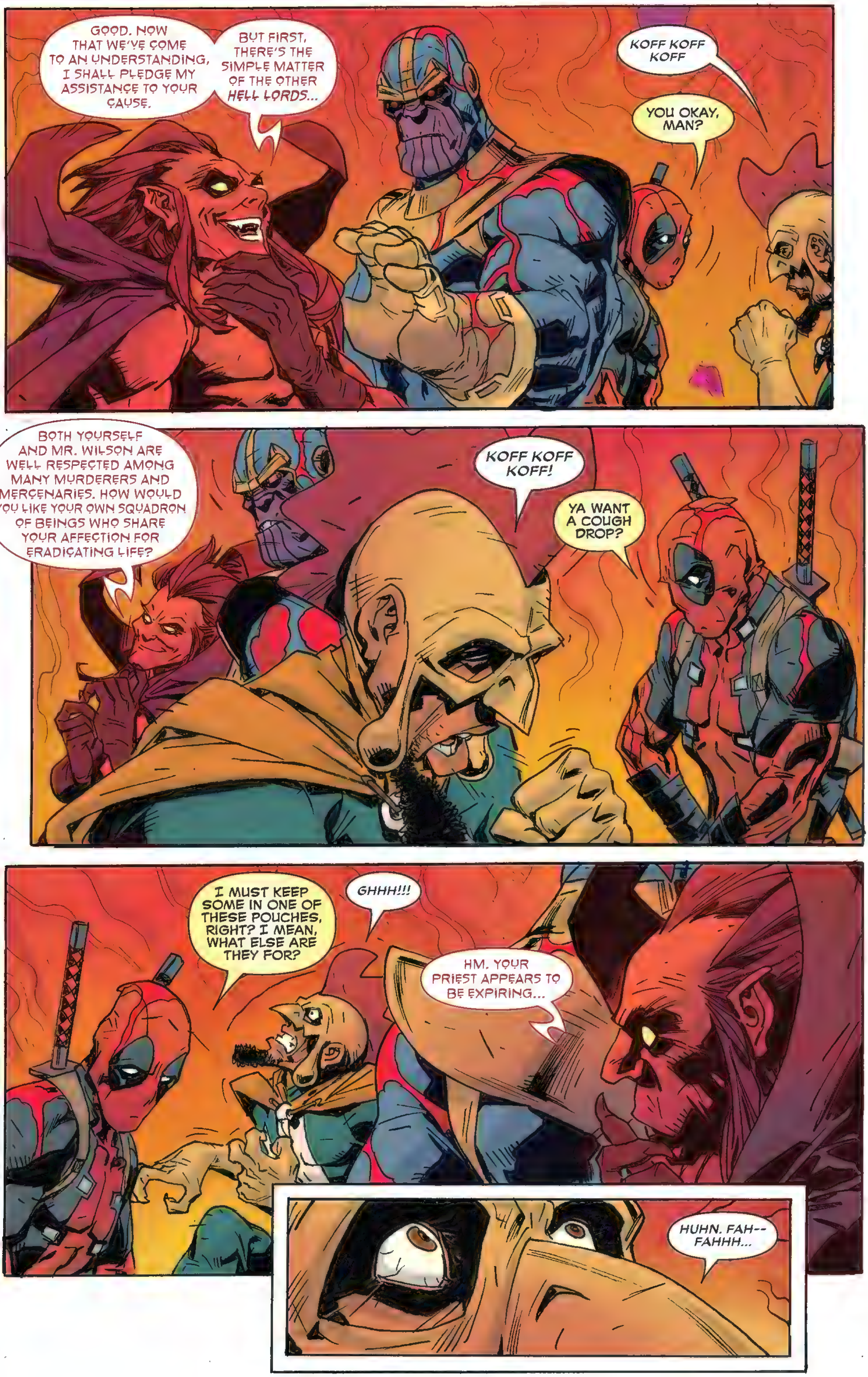

HOW GOES OUR CAMPAIGN, *LILITH?*
UNLIKE YOUR UNDERLINGS, I WILL NOT DIP MY WORDS IN HONEY, *MEPHISTO*. IT GOES...*NOT WELL*.
MY *LILIN* HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AGAINST *SATANNISH'S LETHAL LEGION*, BUT YOUR *TORMENTED GENERALS* ARE UNSEASONED AND COWARDLY. YOUR ARMY IS CONTINUALLY ROUTED.
I HAD *VICTOR VON DOOM* IN THE PALM OF MY HAND! WHAT A GENERAL HE WOULD HAVE MADE.
AND WHAT OF MY *SON?*
HE HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM OR SEEN SINCE YOU CAST HIM OUT OF YOUR REALM--
MASTER MEPHISTO! AT THE GATES! AN ARMY MASSES!
WHOM HAVE YOU ALLOWED SO CLOSE WITH YOUR CARELESSNESS? *SATANA? PLUTO?*
UNTIGHTEN YOUR FISHNETS, DEAR LILITH.

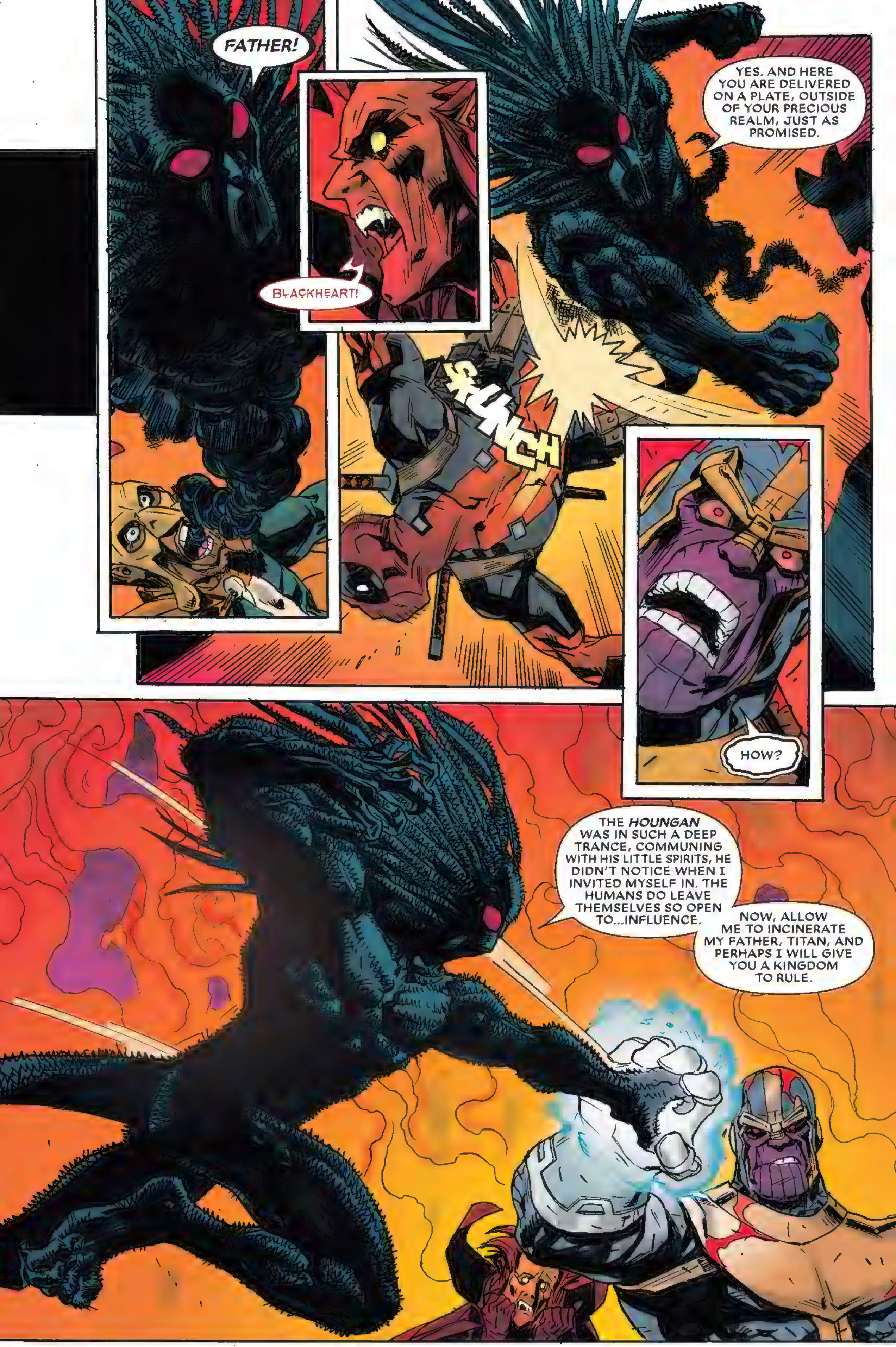

"IT'S JUST SOME OLD FRIENDS."
HM. SPEAKING OF GENERALS...
BERNIE, PREPARE MY FINEST CLOAK. I HAVE VISITORS TO RECEIVE.
AW, MAN! *SLAYBACK!* THIS IS LIKE A VISIT FROM THE *GHOST OF MURDERS PAST!*
YES. SOME OF THESE IDIOTS TRULY DESERVED TO DIE AGAIN.
THOOM
MY DEVIANT SON.

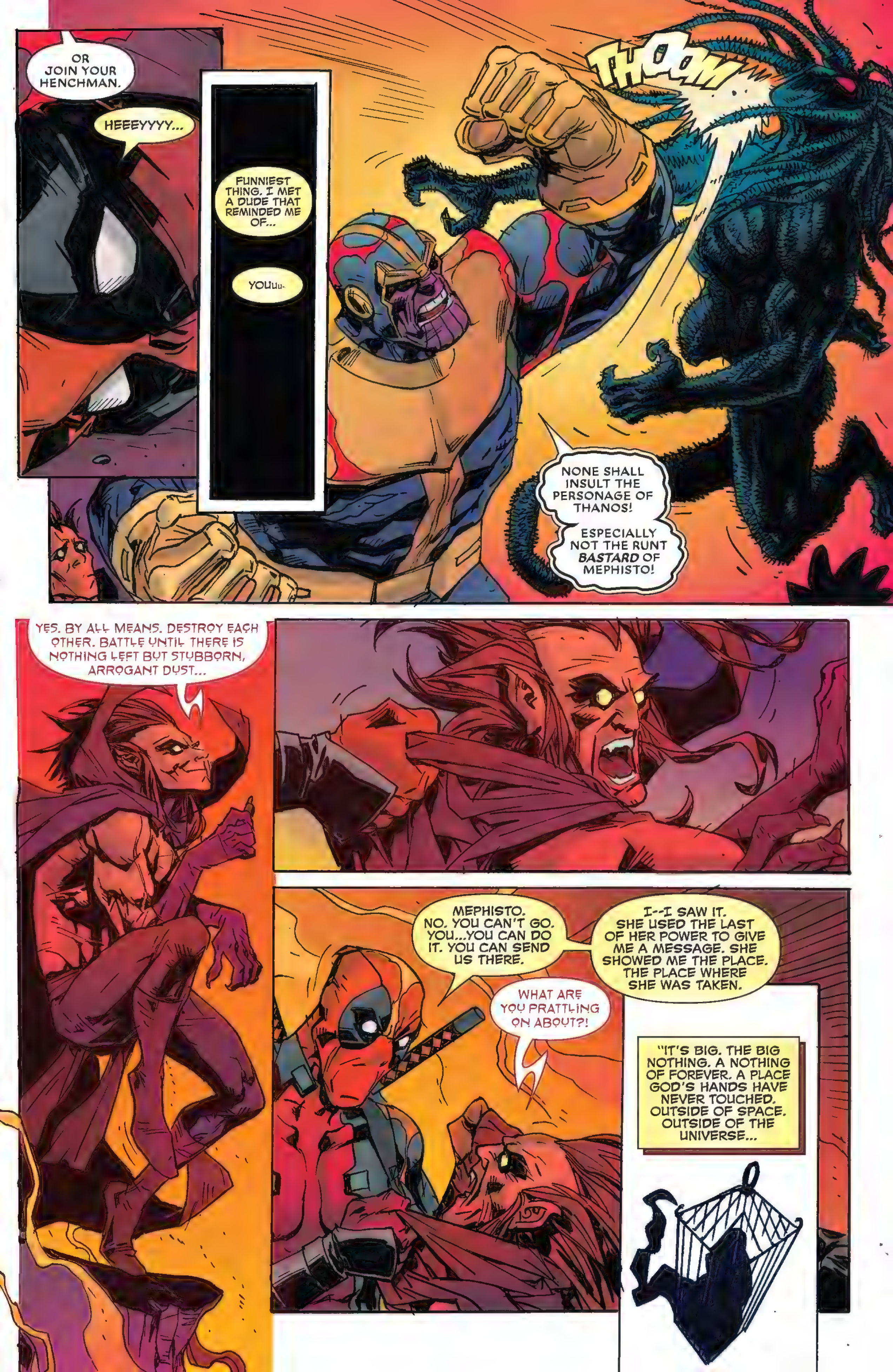

IF ONLY I HAD SUCCEEDED IN KILLING YOU AT BIRTH, I COULD HAVE PREVENTED SO MUCH SUFFERING!
MOTHER.
I WILL DRAG YOU TO THE *ARENA OF TAINTED SOULS* AND--
SLSH
THAT'S YOUR MOM? DUDE, *SHE'S A TOTAL COUGAR!*
HM. YOU PROBABLY DON'T HAVE THE ANIMAL *"COUGAR"* ON TITAN.
SO THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING. HOW ABOUT *"YOUR MOM'S A TOTAL SNORLAX"* OR WHATEVER!
DEADPOOL.
YOU HAVE...MY THANKS.
THOOM
YOU WANTED TO COME IN?

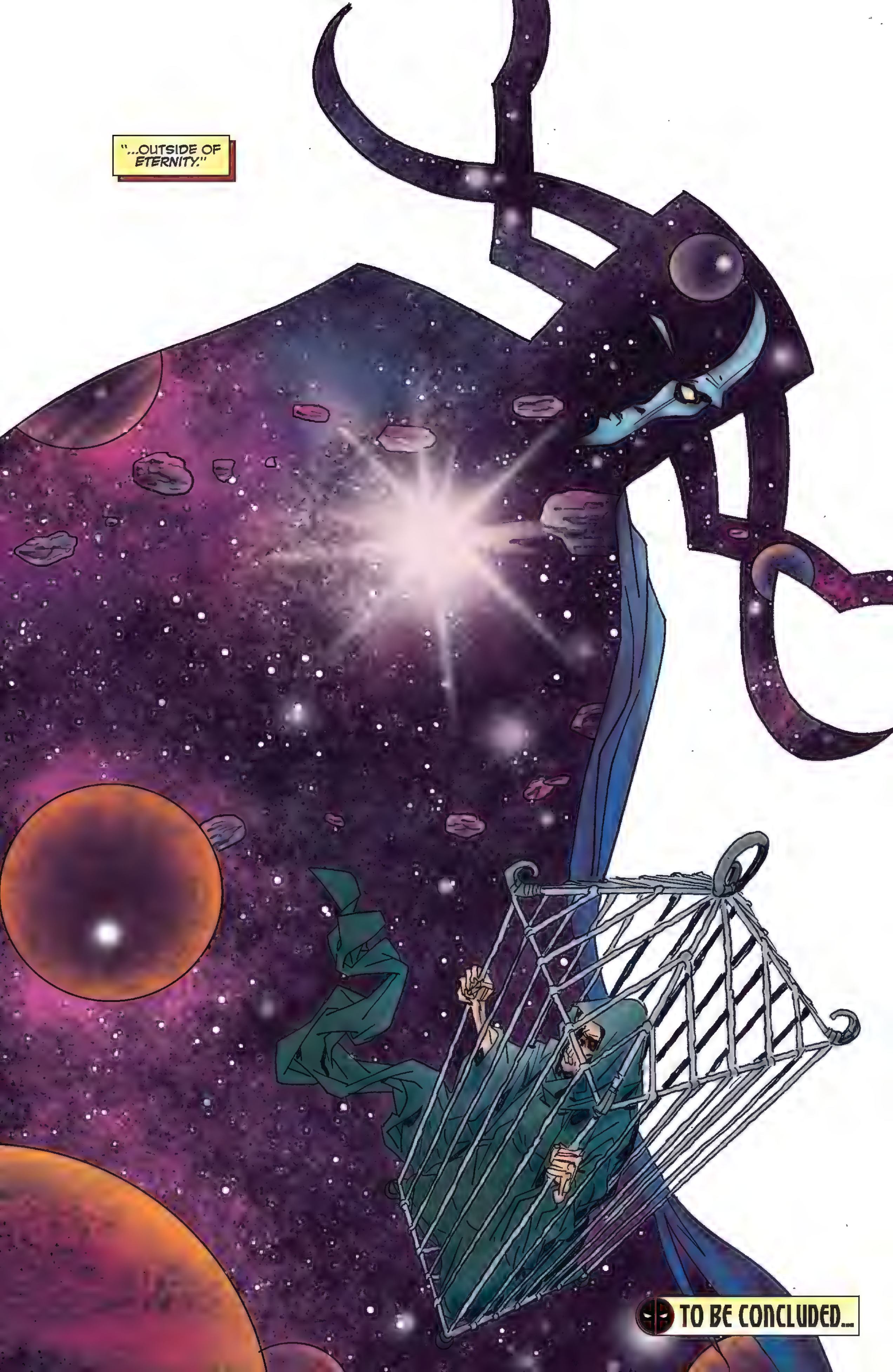

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST KNOCK?
YOU INVITED FRIENDS, I SEE. AND NOT A ONE BROUGHT BEAN DIP.
HA! MEPHISTO FUNNY!
IT DOES A MAN GOOD TO SEE ALL OF THE SCUM HE SCRUBBED OFF THE LIVING WORLD, DOESN'T IT, OLD ALLY?
NOW, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. I'VE HEARD AROUND THE KNITTING CIRCLE THAT SATANNISH KIDNAPPED YOUR BELOVED MISTRESS.
SATANNISH! HE'S NOT QUITE SATAN...HE'S SATAN-ISH!!!
GLK.
I KNOW YOU ARE LYING BECAUSE YOUR LIPS ARE MOVING, DEMON. NOW, TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE HER.
OR I WILL TEST THE BELIEF THAT EVIL NEVER DIES.


HAH. HAHA. YOU ARROGANT FOOL, THANOS. YOUR SELF-OBSESSION MAKES YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING IS ABOUT *YOU*.
YOU BELIEVE MISTRESS DEATH'S DISAPPEARANCE A REVENGE PLOT I DEVISED...AGAINST YOU...
DON'T YOU?!
CONSIDER THIS, *KILLER OF THE UNIVERSE:* WITHOUT DEATH, THERE IS NO INFLUX OF NEW DAMNED SOULS. NO FODDER FOR MY ARMIES. WITHOUT DEATH, THE *HELL REALMS* BECOME DESTABILIZED. *HELL LORDS* GO TO WAR.
WITHOUT MISTRESS DEATH, I AM WEAK.
AND DESPITE OUR HISTORY, *MAD TITAN*, YOUR UNHAPPINESS HAS LESS VALUE TO ME THAN *MY REALM*.
I'VE WATCHED ENOUGH OF CONGRESS ON C-SPAN TO BECOME AN EXPERT ON LYING, AND I GOTTA TELL YA, THANOS...
I THINK THE *PRINCE OF POLITICIANS* IS TELLIN' THE *TRUTH*.
KOFF KOFF


GOOD. NOW THAT WE'VE COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING, I SHALL PLEDGE MY ASSISTANCE TO YOUR CAUSE.
BUT FIRST, THERE'S THE SIMPLE MATTER OF THE OTHER *HELL LORDS*...
KOFF KOFF KOFF
YOU OKAY, MAN?
BOTH YOURSELF AND MR. WILSON ARE WELL RESPECTED AMONG MANY MURDERERS AND MERCENARIES. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR OWN SQUADRON OF BEINGS WHO SHARE YOUR AFFECTION FOR ERADICATING LIFE?
KOFF KOFF KOFF!
YA WANT A COUGH DROP?
I MUST KEEP SOME IN ONE OF THESE POUCHES, RIGHT? I MEAN, WHAT ELSE ARE THEY FOR?
GHHH!!!
HM. YOUR PRIEST APPEARS TO BE EXPIRING...
HUHN. FAH-- FAHHH...


FATHER!
BLACKHEART!
YES. AND HERE YOU ARE DELIVERED ON A PLATE, OUTSIDE OF YOUR PRECIOUS REALM, JUST AS PROMISED.
SKUNCH
HOW?
THE *HOUNGAN* WAS IN SUCH A DEEP TRANCE, COMMUNING WITH HIS LITTLE SPIRITS, HE DIDN'T NOTICE WHEN I INVITED MYSELF IN. THE HUMANS DO LEAVE THEMSELVES SO OPEN TO...INFLUENCE.
NOW, ALLOW ME TO INCINERATE MY FATHER, TITAN, AND PERHAPS I WILL GIVE YOU A KINGDOM TO RULE.


OR JOIN YOUR HENCHMAN.
HEEEYYYY...
FUNNIEST THING. I MET A DUDE THAT REMINDED ME OF...
YOUuu.
THOOM
NONE SHALL INSULT THE PERSONAGE OF THANOS!
ESPECIALLY NOT THE RUNT *BASTARD* OF MEPHISTO!
YES. BY ALL MEANS. DESTROY EACH OTHER. BATTLE UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BUT STUBBORN, ARROGANT DUST...
MEPHISTO. NO. YOU CAN'T GO. YOU...YOU CAN DO IT. YOU CAN SEND US THERE.
I--I SAW IT. SHE USED THE LAST OF HER POWER TO GIVE ME A MESSAGE. SHE SHOWED ME THE PLACE. THE PLACE WHERE SHE WAS TAKEN.
WHAT ARE YOU PRATTLING ON ABOUT?!
"IT'S BIG. THE BIG NOTHING. A NOTHING OF FOREVER. A PLACE GOD'S HANDS HAVE NEVER TOUCHED. OUTSIDE OF SPACE. OUTSIDE OF THE UNIVERSE...


"...OUTSIDE OF *ETERNITY.*"
TO BE CONCLUDED...

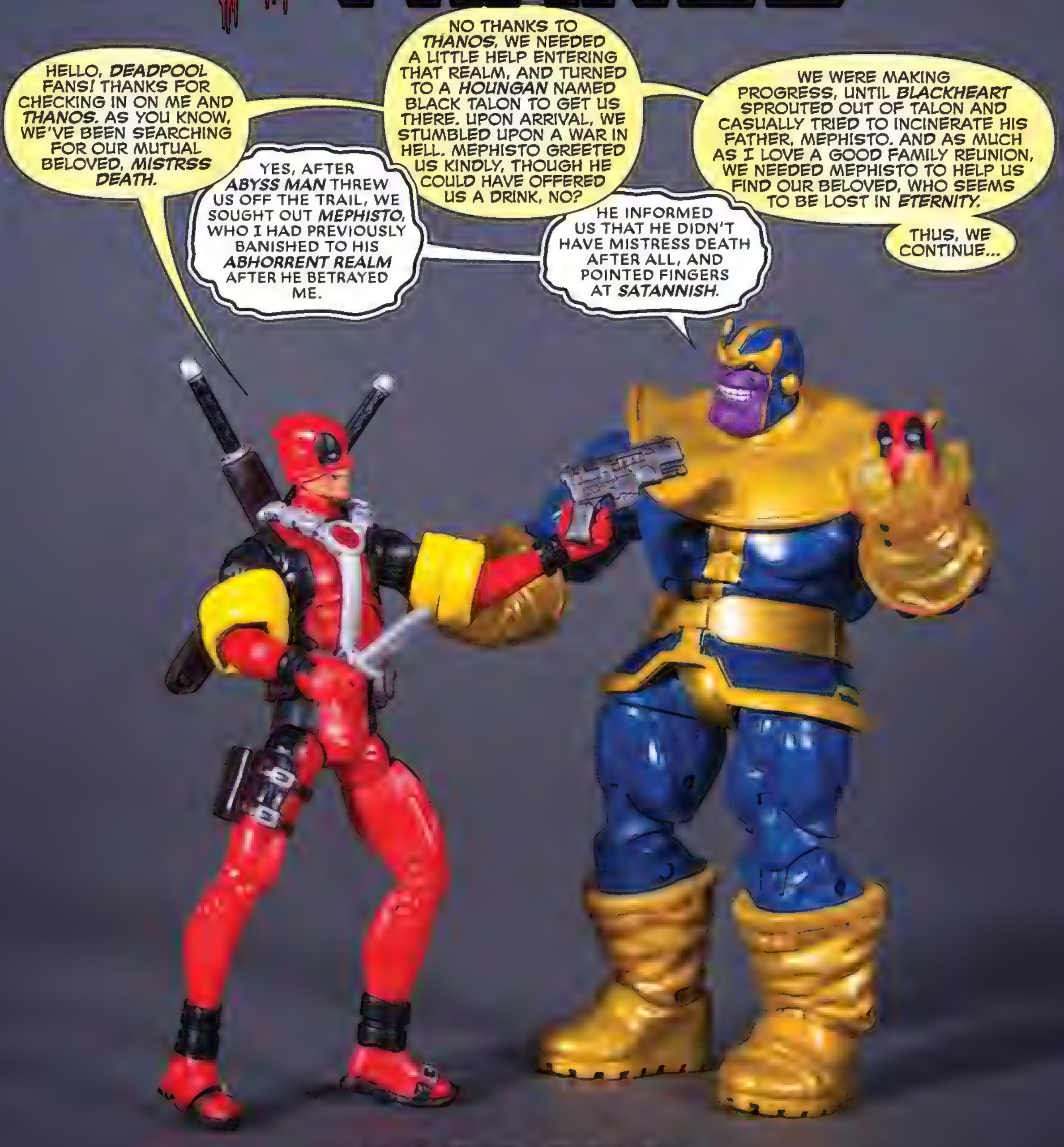
MARVEL

004

SEELEY
BONDOC
REDMOND

DEADPOOL VS THANOS

DEADPOOL VS THANOS


HELLO, DEADPOOL FANS! THANKS FOR CHECKING IN ON ME AND THANOS. AS YOU KNOW, WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR OUR MUTUAL BELOVED, MISTRSS DEATH.
YES, AFTER ABYSS MAN THREW US OFF THE TRAIL, WE SOUGHT OUT MEPHISTO, WHO I HAD PREVIOUSLY BANISHED TO HIS ABHORRENT REALM AFTER HE BETRAYED ME.
NO THANKS TO THANOS, WE NEEDED A LITTLE HELP ENTERING THAT REALM, AND TURNED TO A HOUNGAN NAMED BLACK TALON TO GET US THERE. UPON ARRIVAL, WE STUMBLED UPON A WAR IN HELL. MEPHISTO GREETED US KINDLY, THOUGH HE COULD HAVE OFFERED US A DRINK, NO?
HE INFORMED US THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE MISTRESS DEATH AFTER ALL, AND POINTED FINGERS AT SATANNISH.
WE WERE MAKING PROGRESS, UNTIL BLACKHEART CASUALLY TRIED TO INCINERATE HIS FATHER, MEPHISTO. AND AS MUCH AS I LOVE A GOOD FAMILY REUNION, WE NEEDED MEPHISTO TO HELP US FIND OUR BELOVED, WHO SEEMS TO BE LOST IN ETERNITY.
THUS, WE CONTINUE...

PART FOUR

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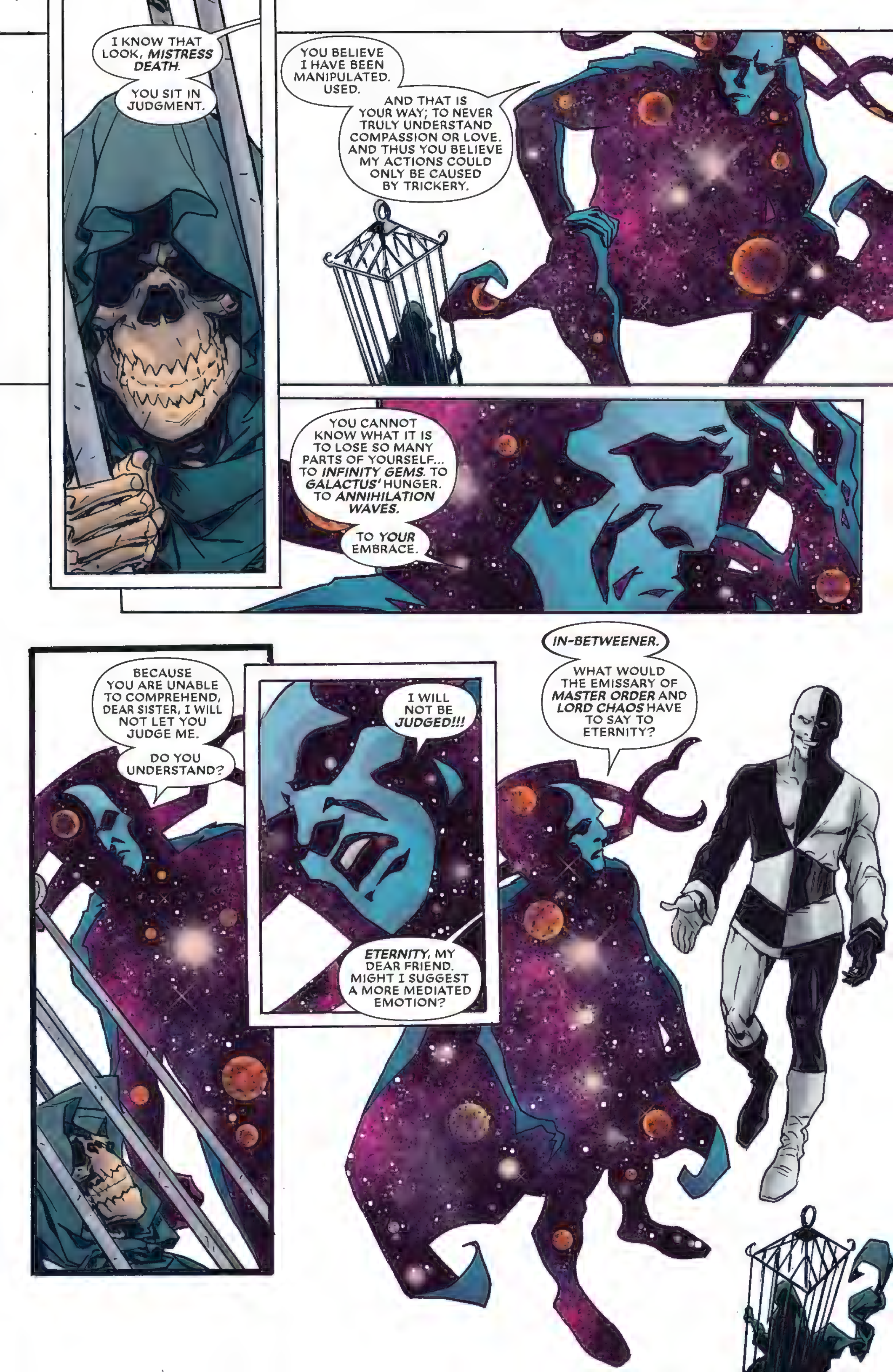
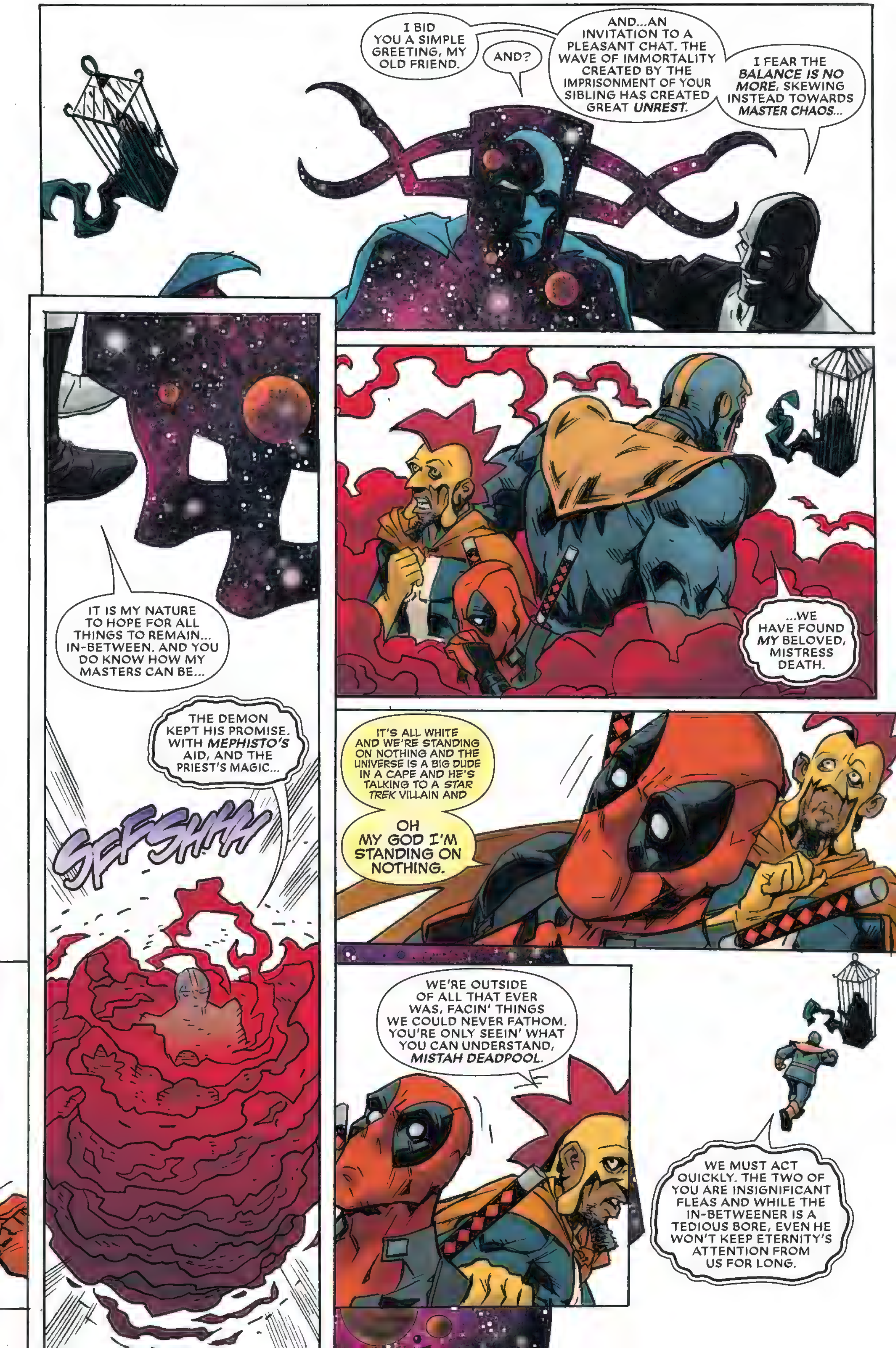
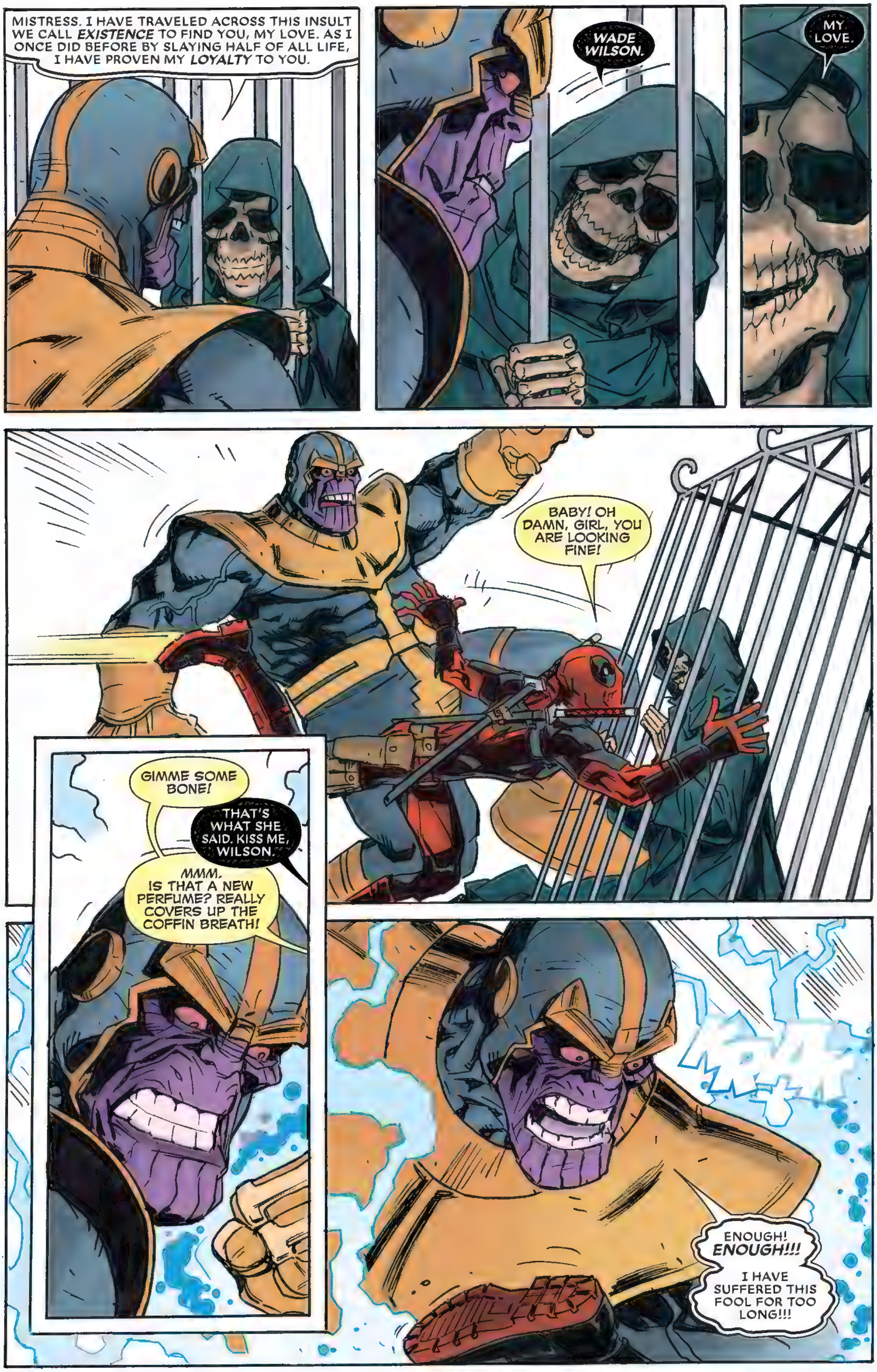
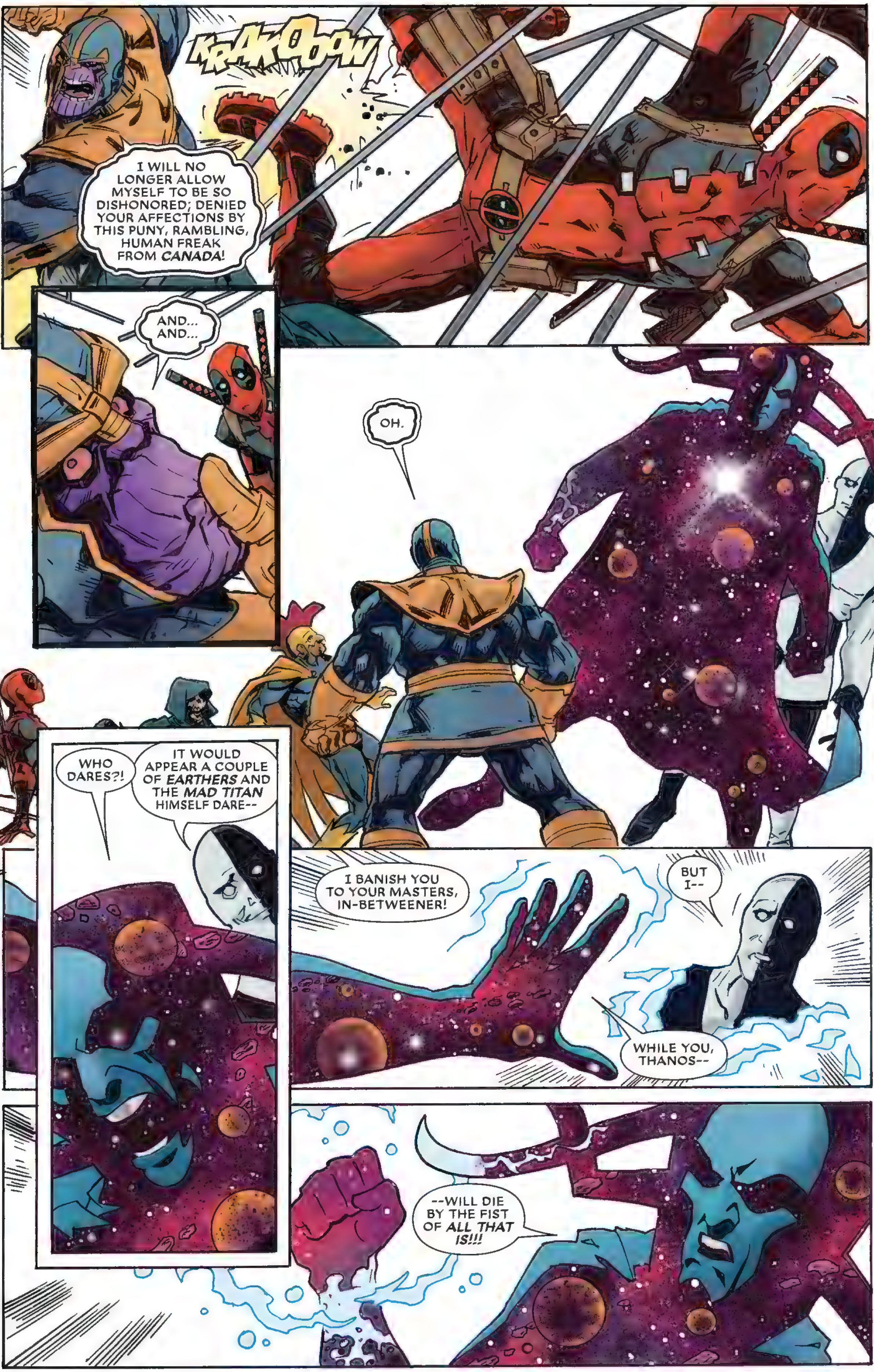
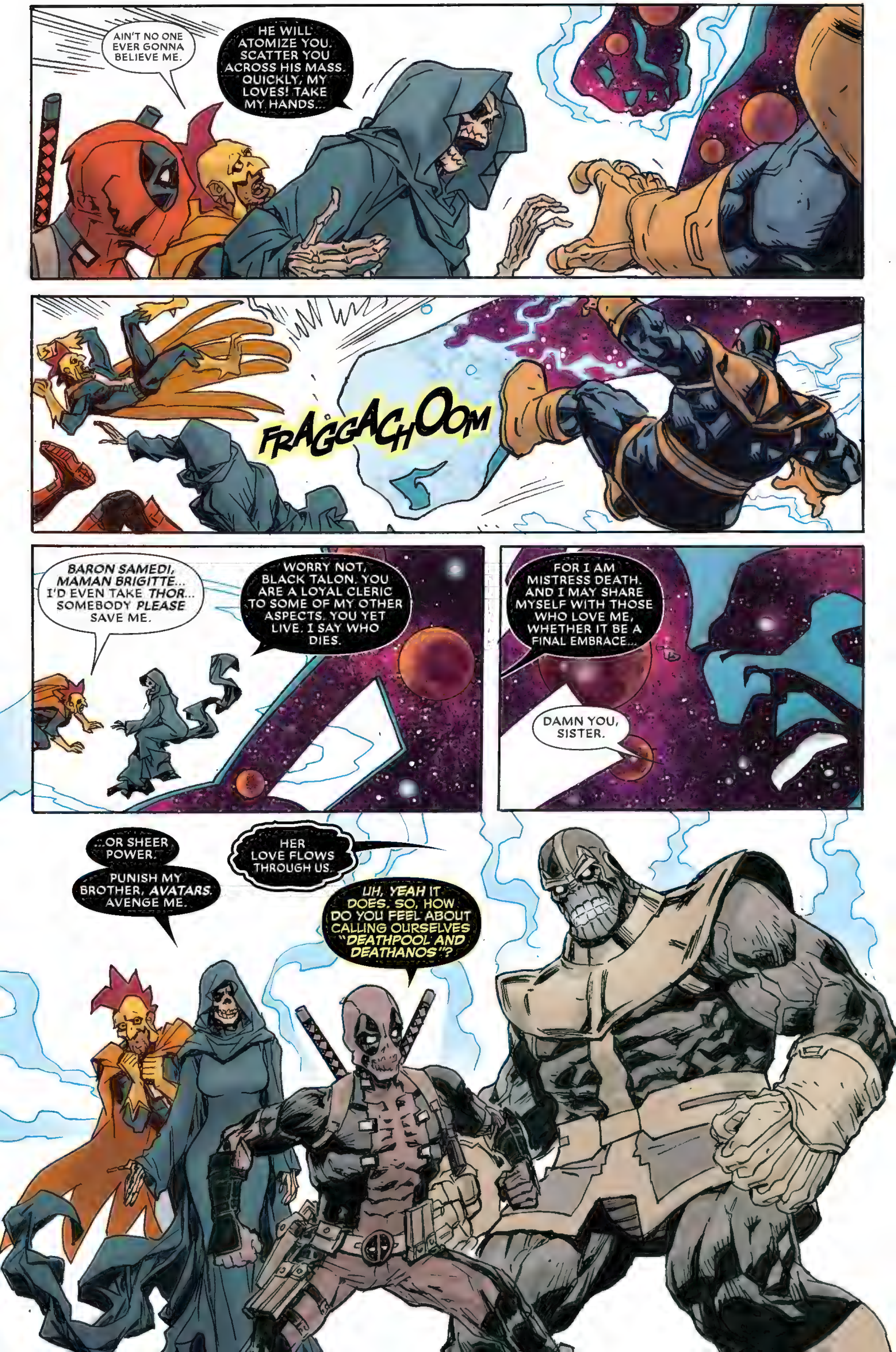
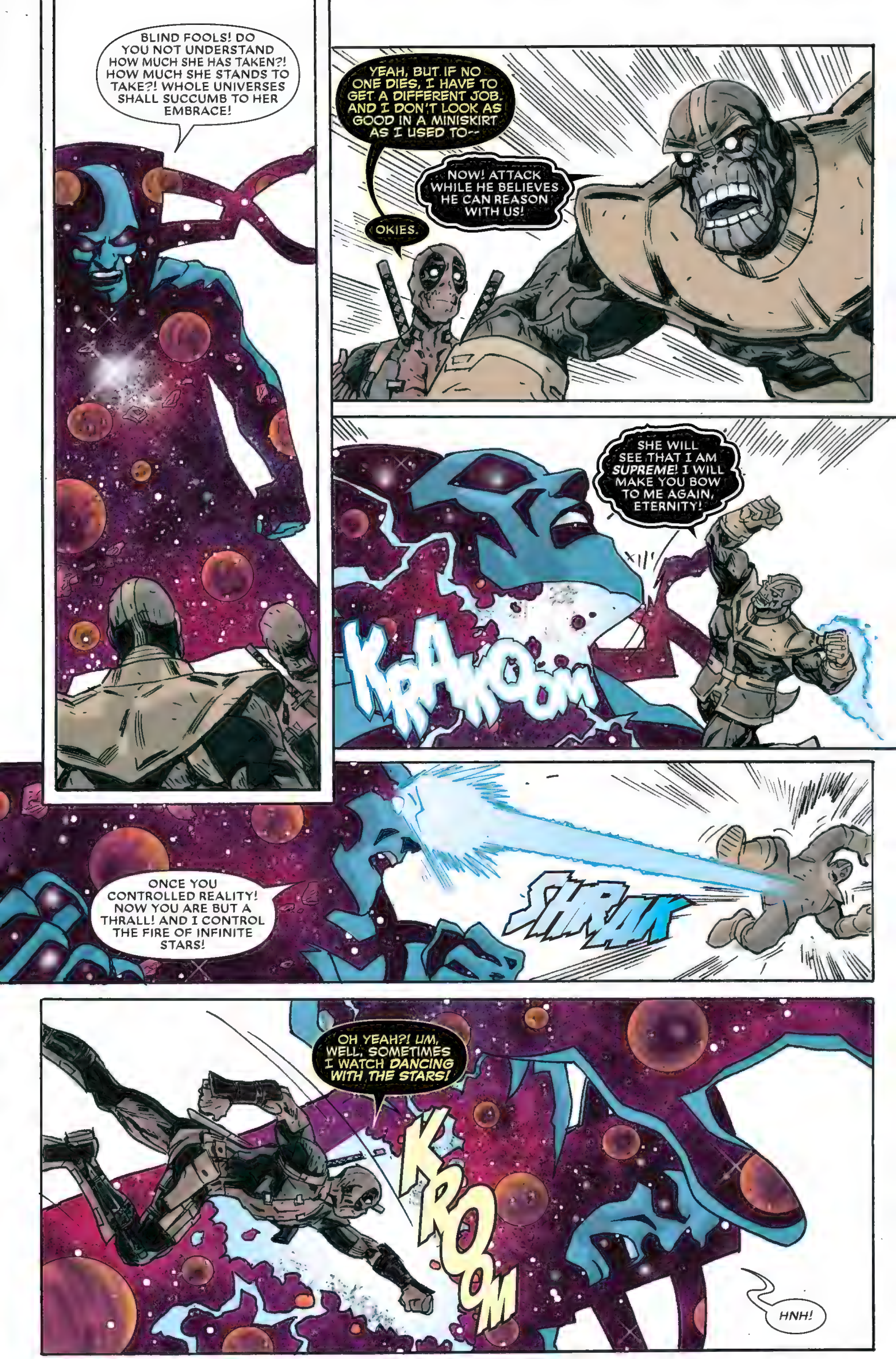

I KNOW THAT LOOK, ***MISTRESS DEATH.***
YOU SIT IN JUDGMENT.
YOU BELIEVE I HAVE BEEN MANIPULATED. USED.
AND THAT IS YOUR WAY; TO NEVER TRULY UNDERSTAND COMPASSION OR LOVE. AND THUS YOU BELIEVE MY ACTIONS COULD ONLY BE CAUSED BY TRICKERY.
YOU CANNOT KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LOSE SO MANY PARTS OF YOURSELF... TO ***INFINITY GEMS.*** TO ***GALACTUS'*** HUNGER. TO ***ANNIHILATION WAVES.***
TO ***YOUR*** EMBRACE.
BECAUSE YOU ARE UNABLE TO COMPREHEND, DEAR SISTER, I WILL NOT LET YOU JUDGE ME.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I WILL NOT BE ***JUDGED!!!***
ETERNITY, MY DEAR FRIEND. MIGHT I SUGGEST A MORE MEDIATED EMOTION?
IN-BETWEENER.
WHAT WOULD THE EMISSARY OF ***MASTER ORDER*** AND ***LORD CHAOS*** HAVE TO SAY TO ETERNITY?

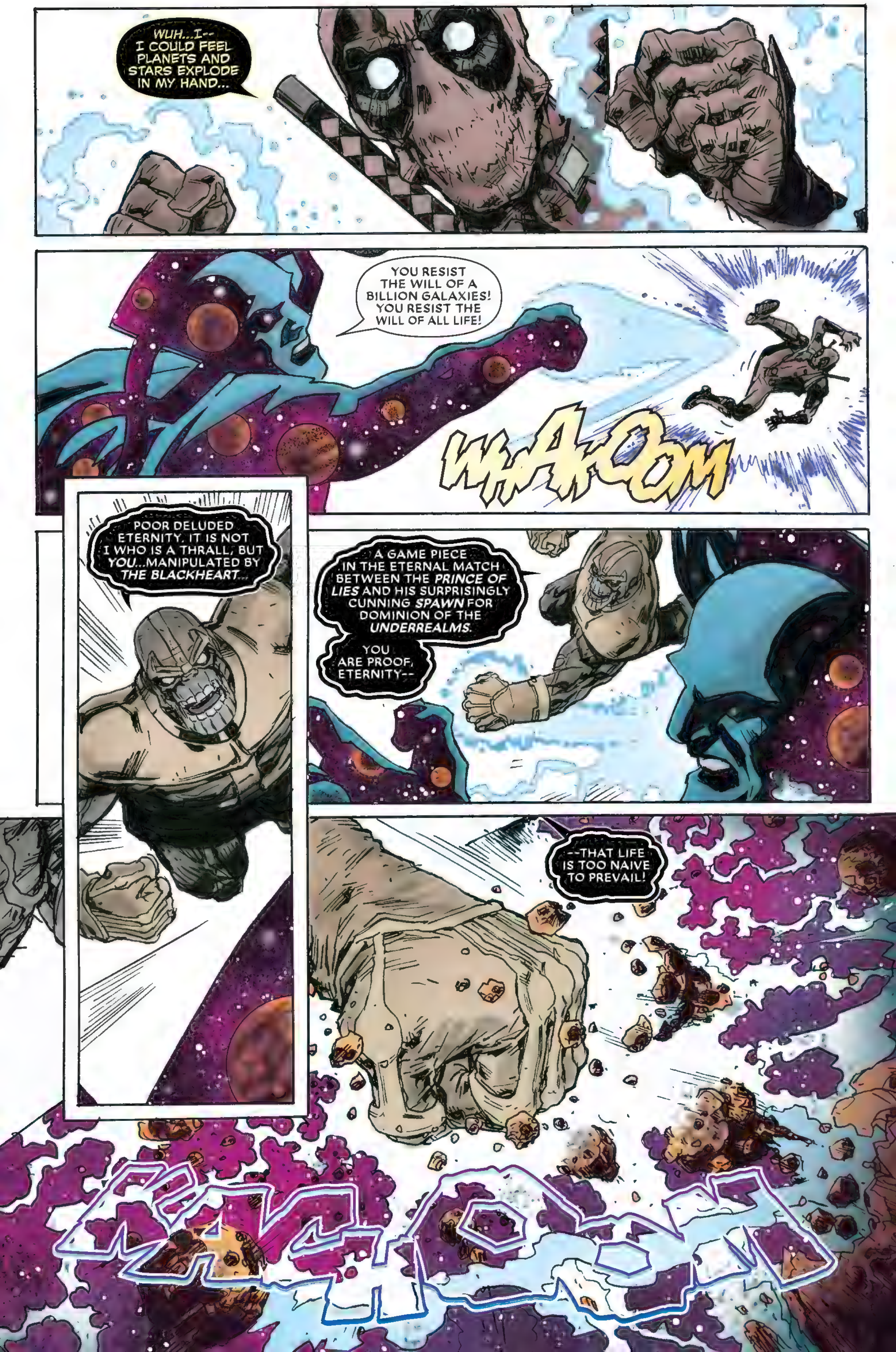

I BID YOU A SIMPLE GREETING, MY OLD FRIEND.
AND?
AND...AN INVITATION TO A PLEASANT CHAT. THE WAVE OF IMMORTALITY CREATED BY THE IMPRISONMENT OF YOUR SIBLING HAS CREATED GREAT *UNREST.*
I FEAR THE ***BALANCE IS NO MORE,*** SKEWING INSTEAD TOWARDS *MASTER CHAOS...*
IT IS MY NATURE TO HOPE FOR ALL THINGS TO REMAIN... IN-BETWEEN. AND YOU DO KNOW HOW MY MASTERS CAN BE...
THE DEMON KEPT HIS PROMISE. WITH ***MEPHISTO'S*** AID, AND THE PRIEST'S MAGIC...
SFFSHHH
...WE HAVE FOUND *MY* BELOVED, MISTRESS DEATH.
IT'S ALL WHITE AND WE'RE STANDING ON NOTHING AND THE UNIVERSE IS A BIG DUDE IN A CAPE AND HE'S TALKING TO A *STAR TREK* VILLAIN AND
OH MY GOD I'M STANDING ON NOTHING.
WE'RE OUTSIDE OF ALL THAT EVER WAS, FACIN' THINGS WE COULD NEVER FATHOM. YOU'RE ONLY SEEIN' WHAT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND, ***MISTAH DEADPOOL.***
WE MUST ACT QUICKLY. THE TWO OF YOU ARE INSIGNIFICANT FLEAS AND WHILE THE IN-BETWEENER IS A TEDIOUS BORE, EVEN HE WON'T KEEP ETERNITY'S ATTENTION FROM US FOR LONG.

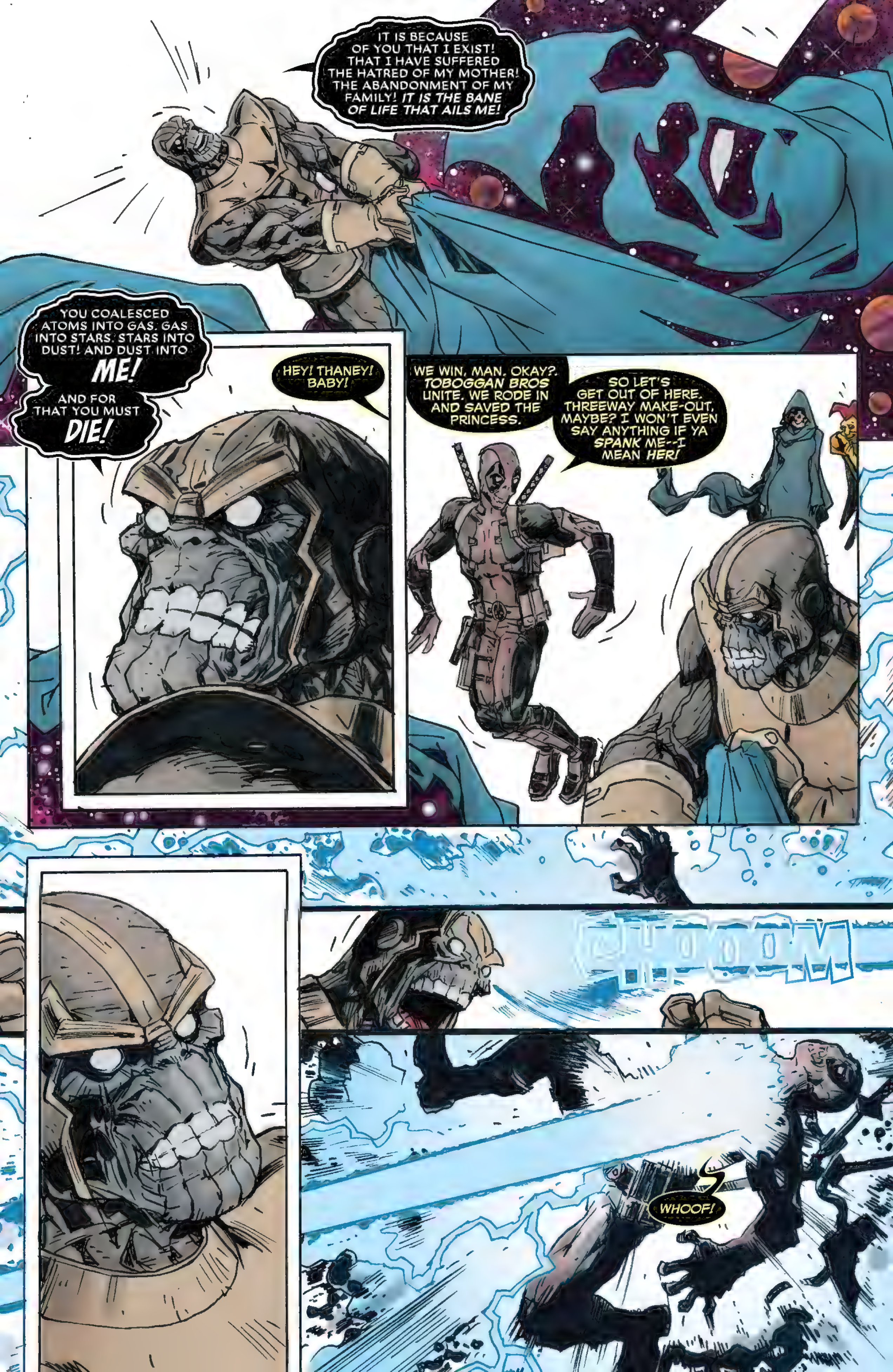

MISTRESS. I HAVE TRAVELED ACROSS THIS INSULT WE CALL *EXISTENCE* TO FIND YOU, MY LOVE. AS I ONCE DID BEFORE BY SLAYING HALF OF ALL LIFE, I HAVE PROVEN MY *LOYALTY* TO YOU.
WADE WILSON.
MY LOVE.
BABY! OH DAMN, GIRL, YOU ARE LOOKING FINE!
GIMME SOME BONE!
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID. KISS ME, WILSON.
MMM. IS THAT A NEW PERFUME? REALLY COVERS UP THE COFFIN BREATH!
ENOUGH! **ENOUGH!!!**
I HAVE SUFFERED THIS FOOL FOR TOO LONG!!!

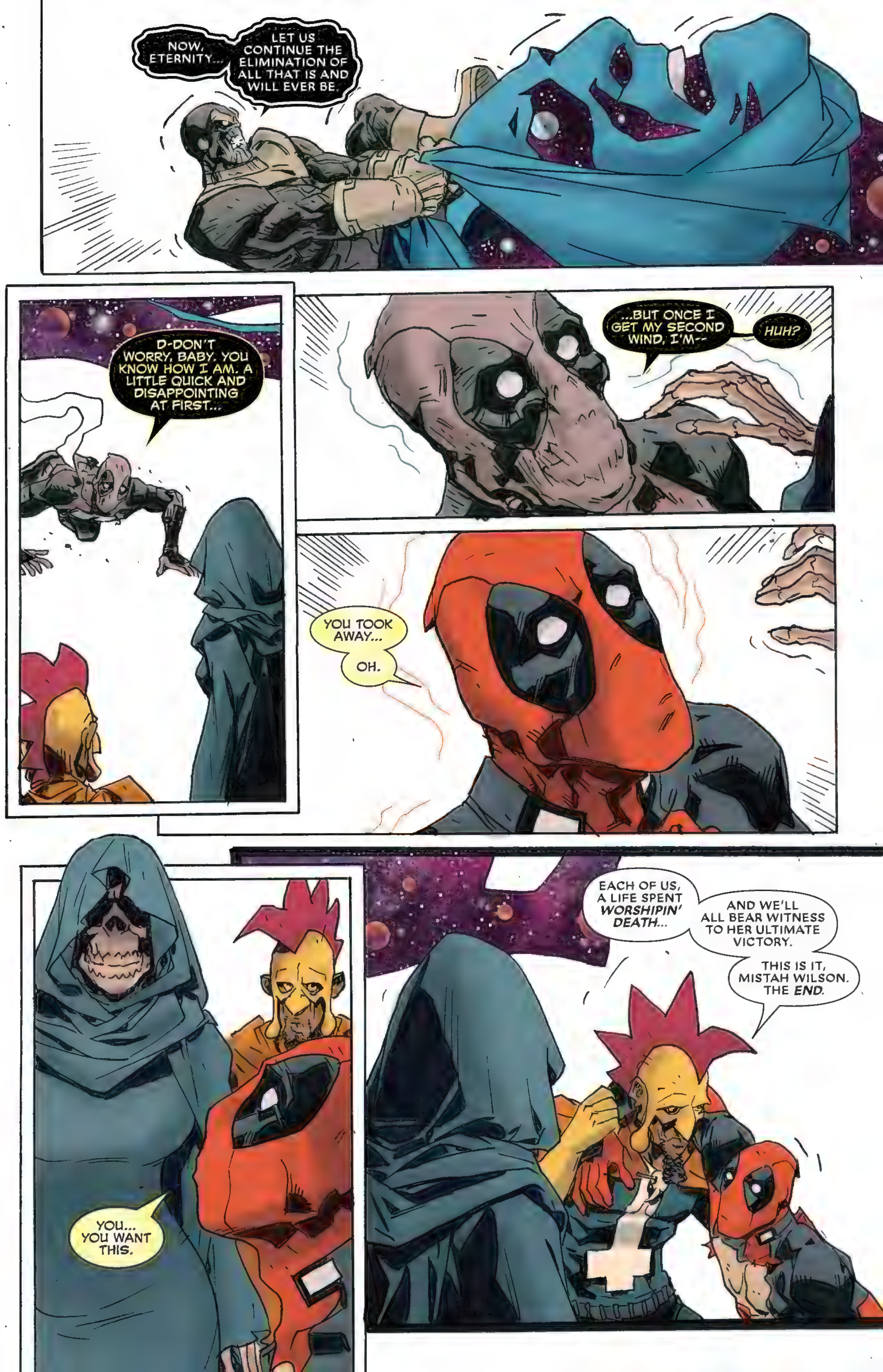

KRAKOOOM
I WILL NO LONGER ALLOW MYSELF TO BE SO DISHONORED; DENIED YOUR AFFECTIONS BY THIS PUNY, RAMBLING, HUMAN FREAK FROM *CANADA!*
AND... AND...
OH.
WHO DARES?!
IT WOULD APPEAR A COUPLE OF *EARTHERS* AND THE *MAD TITAN* HIMSELF DARE--
I BANISH YOU TO YOUR MASTERS, IN-BETWEENER!
BUT I--
WHILE YOU, THANOS--
--WILL DIE BY THE FIST OF *ALL THAT IS!!!*

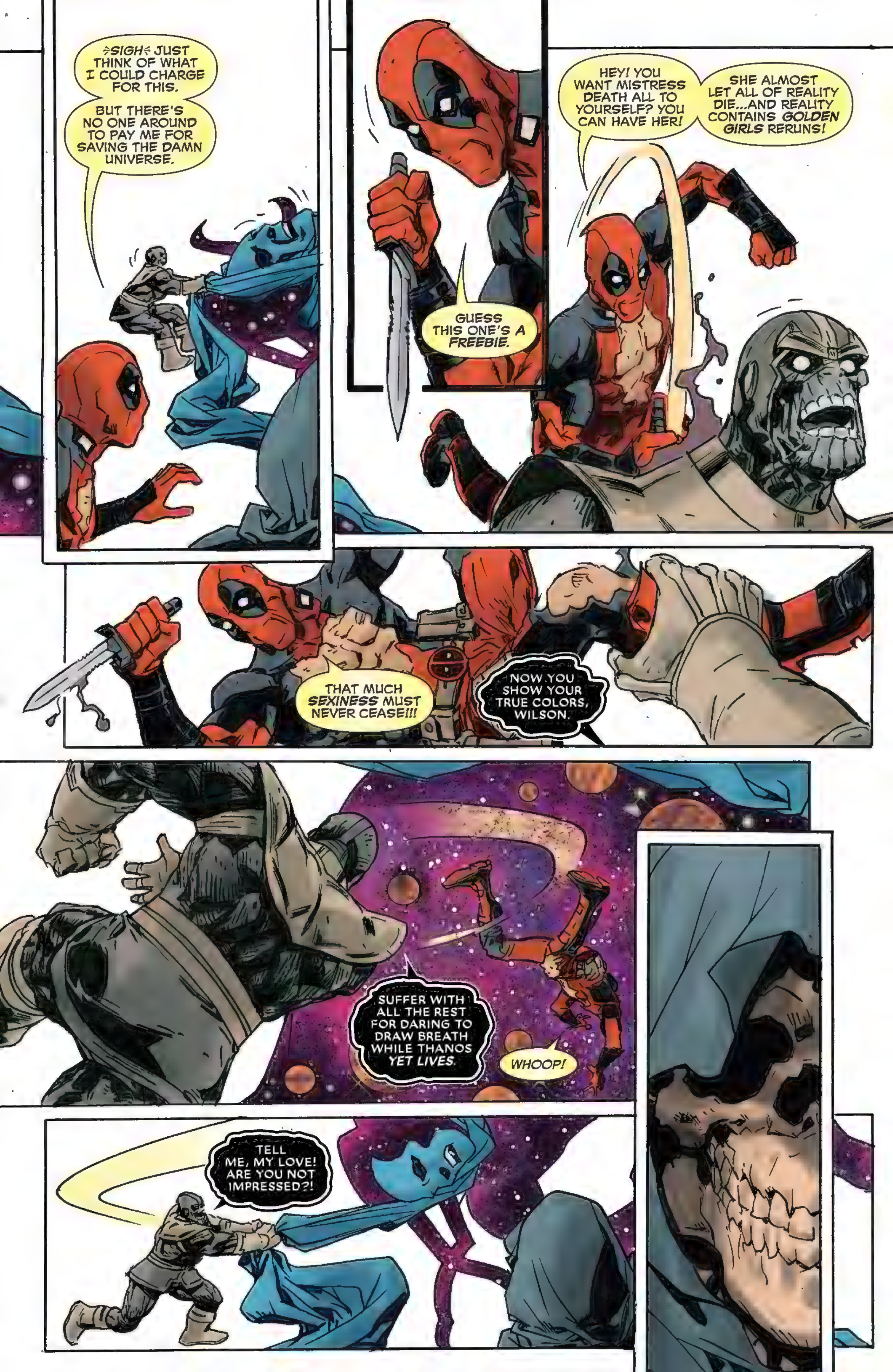

AIN'T NO ONE EVER GONNA BELIEVE ME.
HE WILL ATOMIZE YOU. SCATTER YOU ACROSS HIS MASS. QUICKLY, MY LOVES! TAKE MY HANDS...
FRAGGACHOOM
BARON SAMEDI, MAMAN BRIGITTE... I'D EVEN TAKE THOR... SOMEBODY PLEASE SAVE ME.
WORRY NOT, BLACK TALON. YOU ARE A LOYAL CLERIC TO SOME OF MY OTHER ASPECTS. YOU YET LIVE. I SAY WHO DIES.
FOR I AM MISTRESS DEATH, AND I MAY SHARE MYSELF WITH THOSE WHO LOVE ME, WHETHER IT BE A FINAL EMBRACE...
DAMN YOU, SISTER.
...OR SHEER POWER.
PUNISH MY BROTHER, AVATARS. AVENGE ME.
HER LOVE FLOWS THROUGH US.
UH, YEAH IT DOES. SO, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CALLING OURSELVES "DEATHPOOL AND DEATHANOS"?

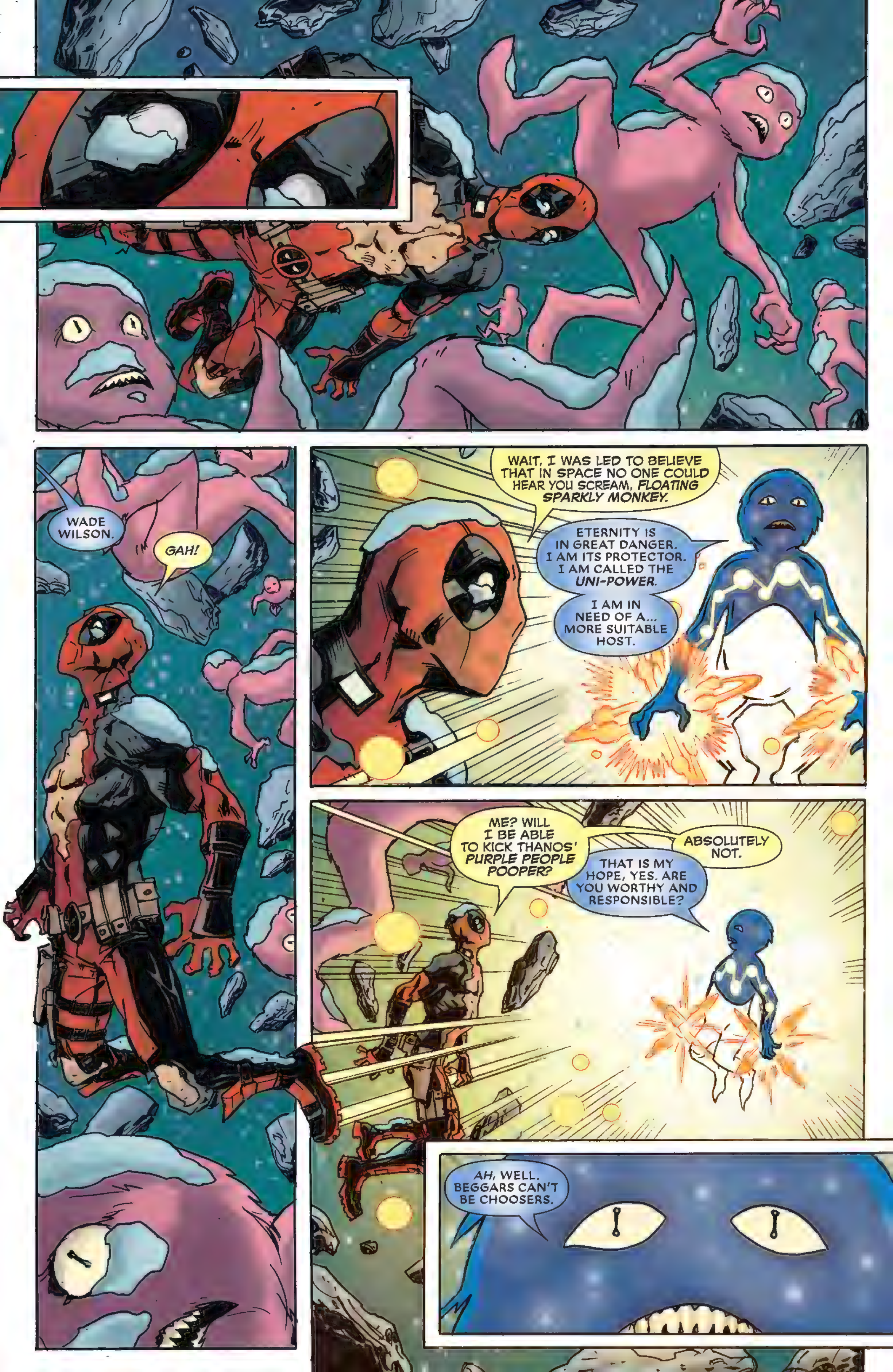

BLIND FOOLS! DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH SHE HAS TAKEN?! HOW MUCH SHE STANDS TO TAKE?! WHOLE UNIVERSES SHALL SUCCUMB TO HER EMBRACE!
YEAH, BUT IF NO ONE DIES, I HAVE TO GET A DIFFERENT JOB. AND I DON'T LOOK AS GOOD IN A MINISKIRT AS I USED TO--
NOW! ATTACK WHILE HE BELIEVES HE CAN REASON WITH US!
OKIES.
SHE WILL SEE THAT I AM *SUPREME!* I WILL MAKE YOU BOW TO ME AGAIN, ETERNITY!
KRAKOOM
ONCE YOU CONTROLLED REALITY! NOW YOU ARE BUT A THRALL! AND I CONTROL THE FIRE OF INFINITE STARS!
SHRAK
OH YEAH?! UM, WELL, SOMETIMES I WATCH *DANCING WITH THE STARS!*
KROOM
HNH!

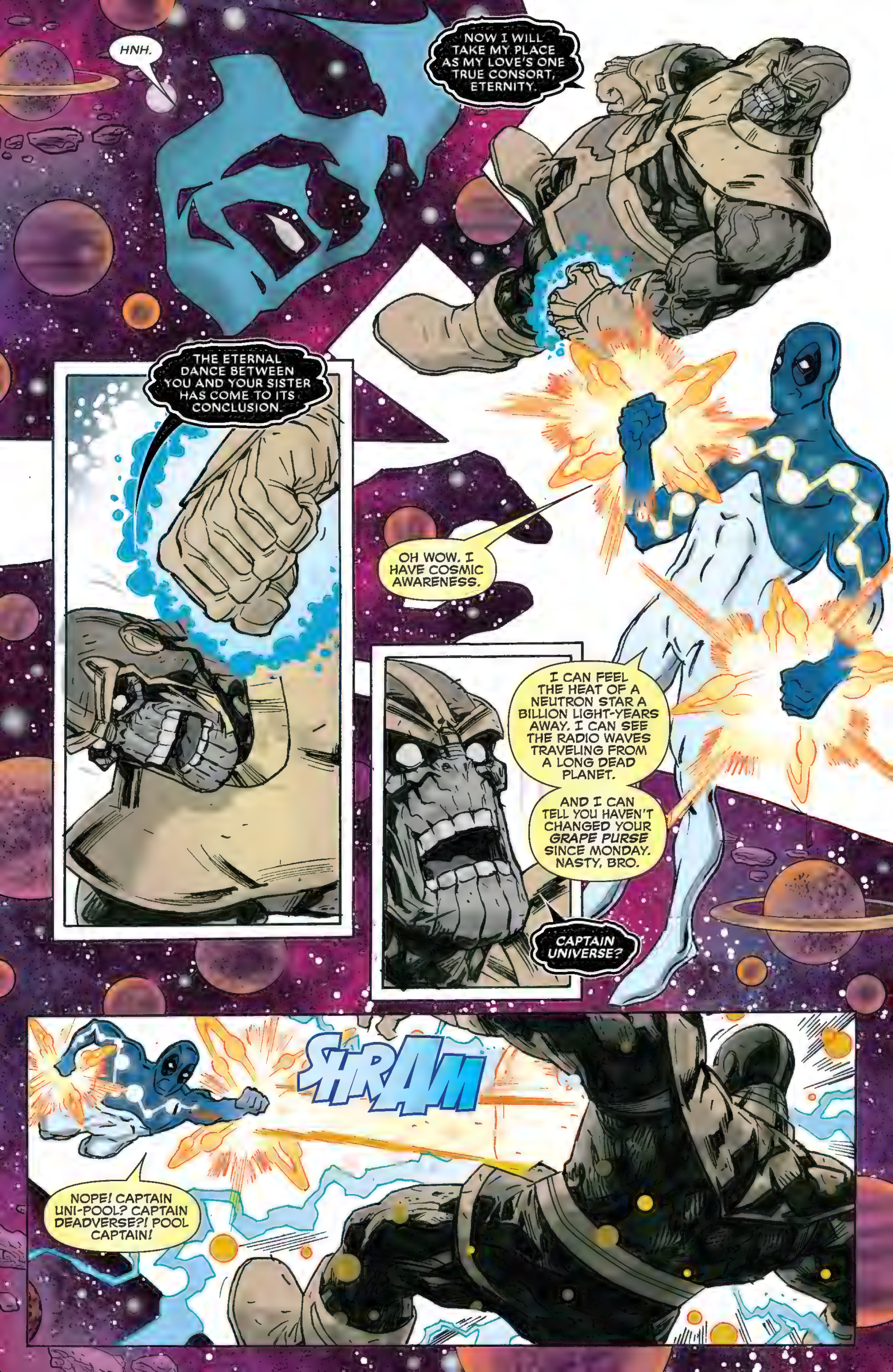

WUH...I--
I COULD FEEL PLANETS AND STARS EXPLODE IN MY HAND...
YOU RESIST THE WILL OF A BILLION GALAXIES! YOU RESIST THE WILL OF ALL LIFE!
WHAKOOM
POOR DELUDED ETERNITY. IT IS NOT I WHO IS A THRALL, BUT *YOU*...MANIPULATED BY *THE BLACKHEART*...
A GAME PIECE IN THE ETERNAL MATCH BETWEEN THE *PRINCE OF LIES* AND HIS SURPRISINGLY CUNNING *SPAWN* FOR DOMINION OF THE *UNDERREALMS*.
YOU ARE PROOF, ETERNITY--
--THAT LIFE IS TOO NAIVE TO PREVAIL!

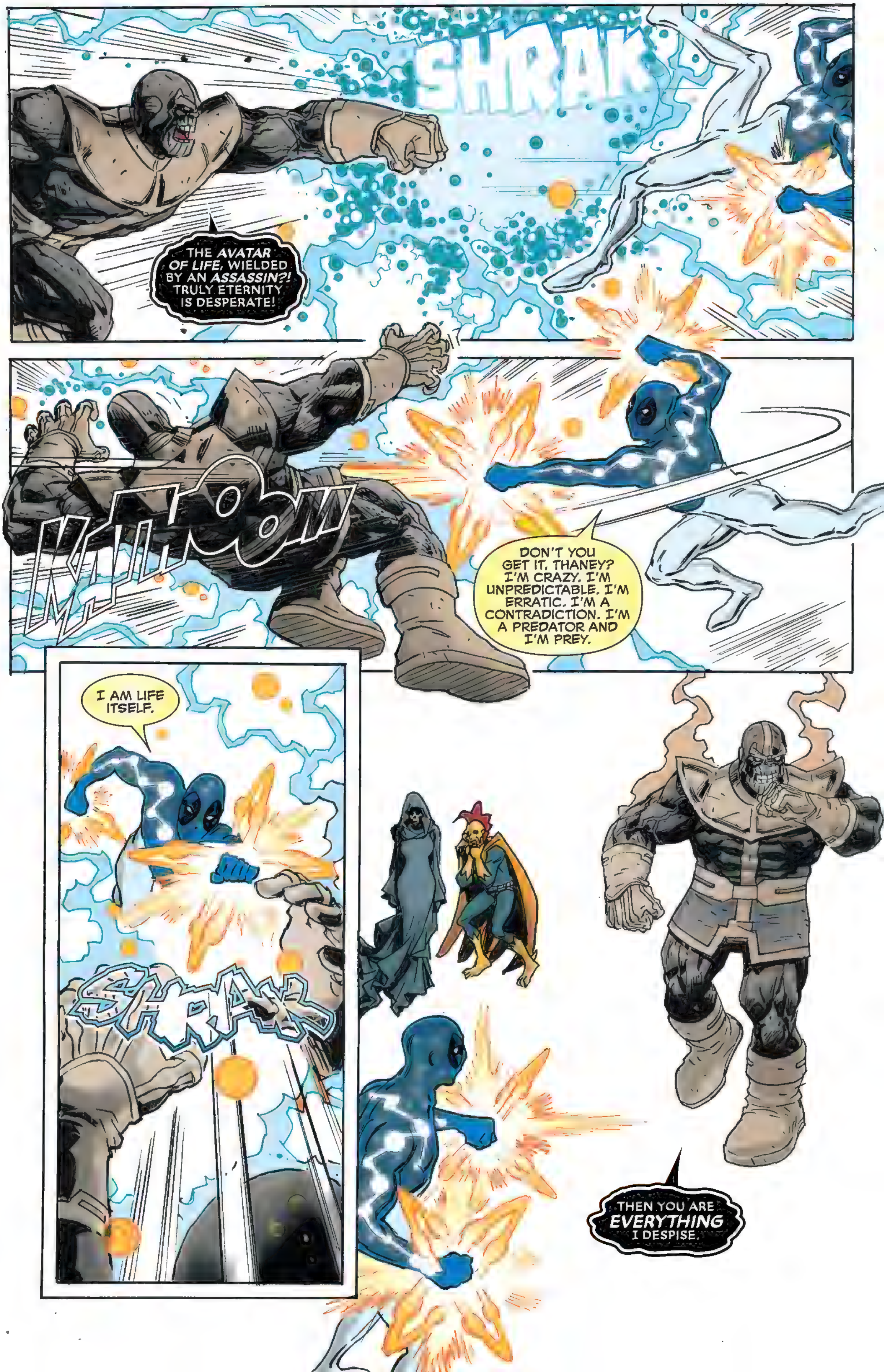

IT IS BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I EXIST! THAT I HAVE SUFFERED THE HATRED OF MY MOTHER! THE ABANDONMENT OF MY FAMILY! *IT IS THE BANE OF LIFE THAT AILS ME!*
YOU COALESCED ATOMS INTO GAS. GAS INTO STARS. STARS INTO DUST! AND DUST INTO **ME!**
AND FOR THAT YOU MUST **DIE!**
HEY! THANEY! BABY!
WE WIN, MAN. OKAY?. *TOBOGGAN BROS* UNITE. WE RODE IN AND SAVED THE PRINCESS.
SO LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. THREEWAY MAKE-OUT, MAYBE? I WON'T EVEN SAY ANYTHING IF YA *SPANK* ME--I MEAN *HER!*
CHOOOM
WHOOF!

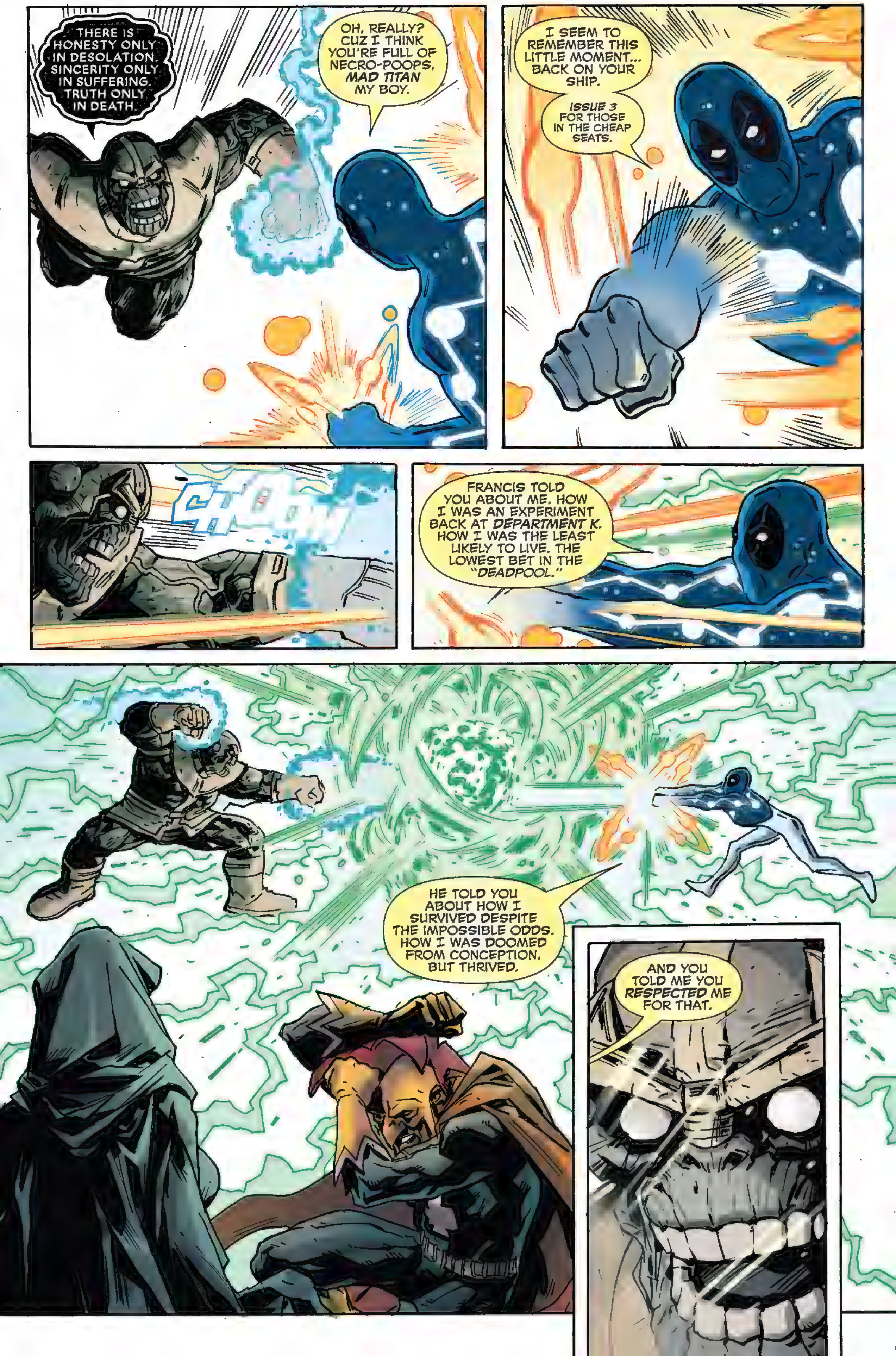

NOW, ETERNITY...
LET US CONTINUE THE ELIMINATION OF ALL THAT IS AND WILL EVER BE.
D-DON'T WORRY, BABY. YOU KNOW HOW I AM. A LITTLE QUICK AND DISAPPOINTING AT FIRST...
...BUT ONCE I GET MY SECOND WIND, I'M--
HUH?
YOU TOOK AWAY...
OH.
YOU... YOU WANT THIS.
EACH OF US, A LIFE SPENT WORSHIPIN' DEATH...
AND WE'LL ALL BEAR WITNESS TO HER ULTIMATE VICTORY.
THIS IS IT, MISTAH WILSON. THE END.

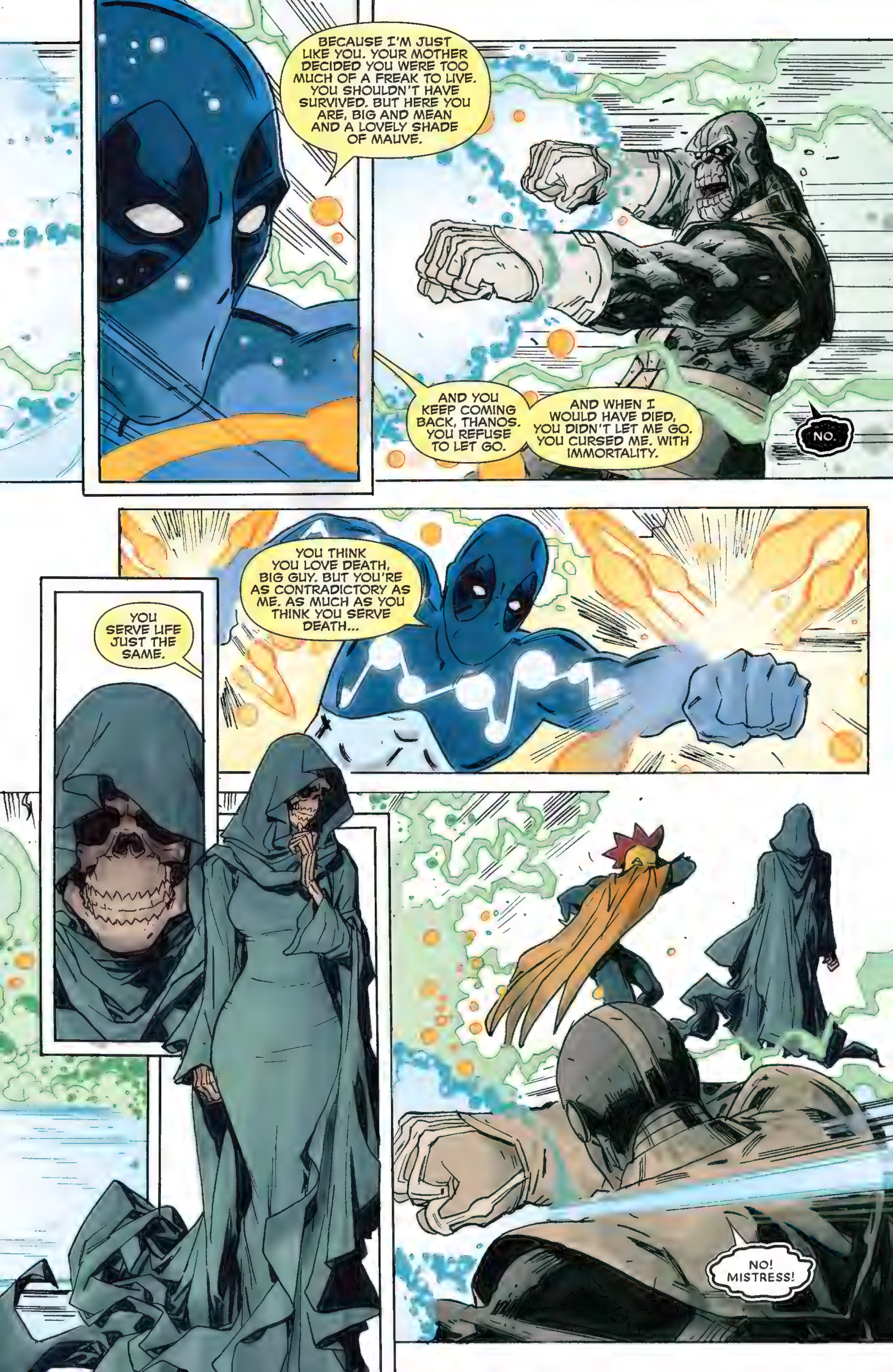

≯SIGH≮ JUST THINK OF WHAT I COULD CHARGE FOR THIS.
BUT THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO PAY ME FOR SAVING THE DAMN UNIVERSE.
GUESS THIS ONE'S A FREEBIE.
HEY! YOU WANT MISTRESS DEATH ALL TO YOURSELF? YOU CAN HAVE HER!
SHE ALMOST LET ALL OF REALITY DIE...AND REALITY CONTAINS GOLDEN GIRLS RERUNS!
THAT MUCH SEXINESS MUST NEVER CEASE!!!
NOW YOU SHOW YOUR TRUE COLORS, WILSON.
SUFFER WITH ALL THE REST FOR DARING TO DRAW BREATH WHILE THANOS YET LIVES.
WHOOP!
TELL ME, MY LOVE! ARE YOU NOT IMPRESSED?!

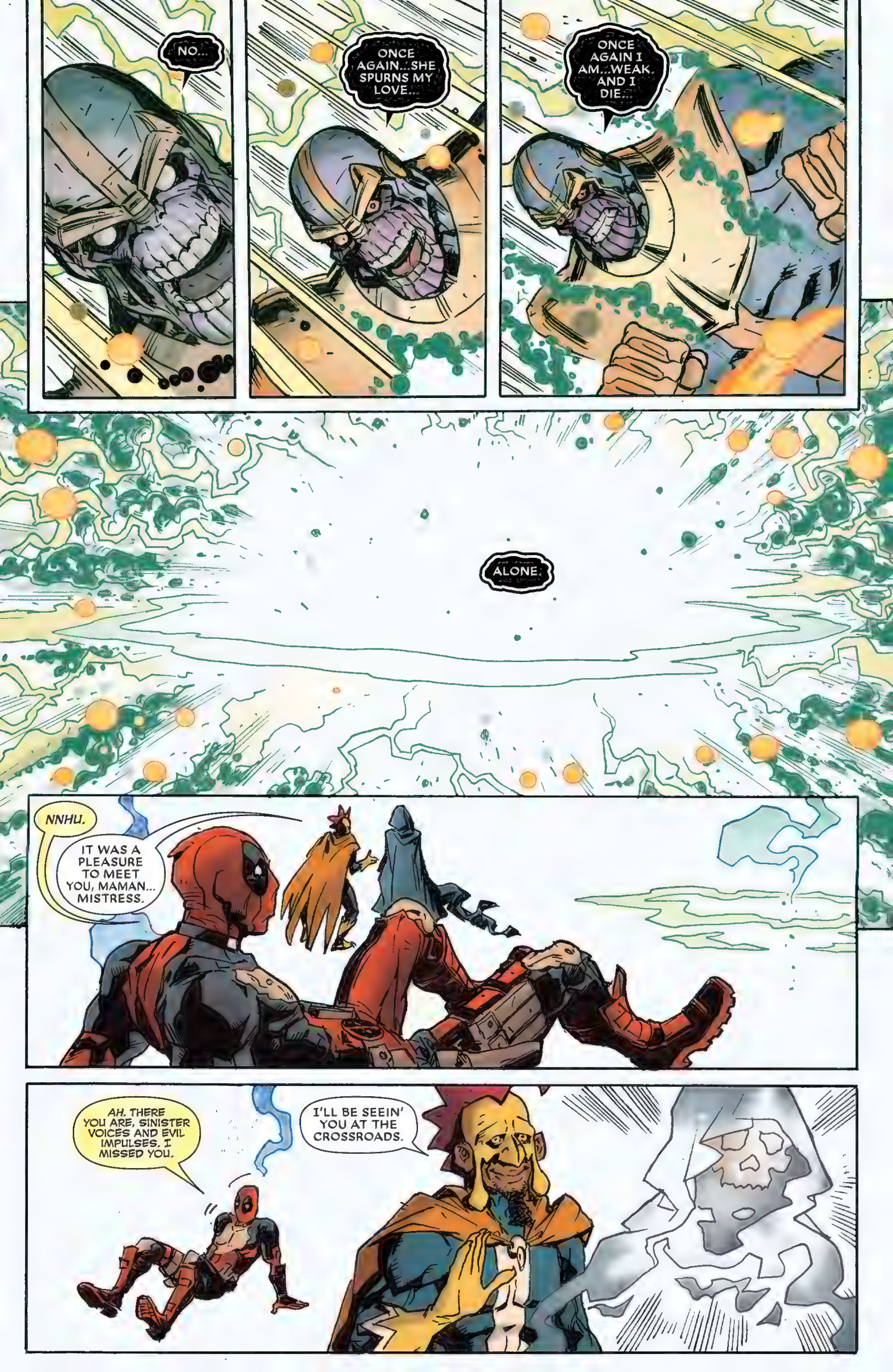

WADE WILSON.
GAH!
WAIT, I WAS LED TO BELIEVE THAT IN SPACE NO ONE COULD HEAR YOU SCREAM, *FLOATING SPARKLY MONKEY.*
ETERNITY IS IN GREAT DANGER. I AM ITS PROTECTOR. I AM CALLED THE *UNI-POWER.*
I AM IN NEED OF A... MORE SUITABLE HOST.
ME? WILL I BE ABLE TO KICK THANOS' *PURPLE PEOPLE POOPER?*
THAT IS MY HOPE, YES. ARE YOU WORTHY AND RESPONSIBLE?
ABSOLUTELY NOT.
AH, WELL. BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS.

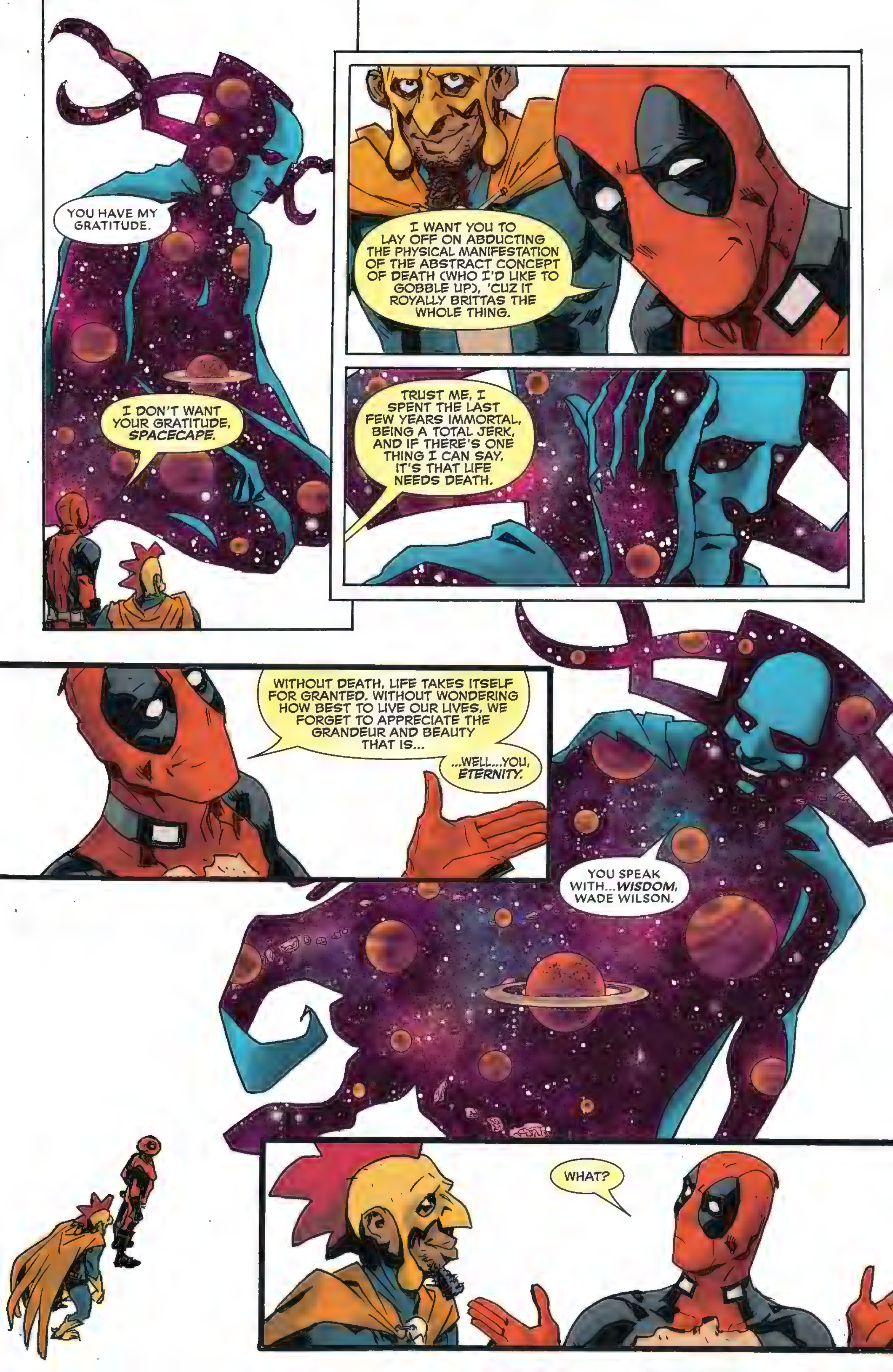

HNH.
NOW I WILL TAKE MY PLACE AS MY LOVE'S ONE TRUE CONSORT, ETERNITY.
THE ETERNAL DANCE BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR SISTER HAS COME TO ITS CONCLUSION.
OH WOW. I HAVE COSMIC AWARENESS.
I CAN FEEL THE HEAT OF A NEUTRON STAR A BILLION LIGHT-YEARS AWAY. I CAN SEE THE RADIO WAVES TRAVELING FROM A LONG DEAD PLANET.
AND I CAN TELL YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED YOUR *GRAPE PURSE* SINCE MONDAY. NASTY, BRO.
CAPTAIN UNIVERSE?
SHRAAM
NOPE! CAPTAIN UNI-POOL? CAPTAIN DEADVERSE?! POOL CAPTAIN!

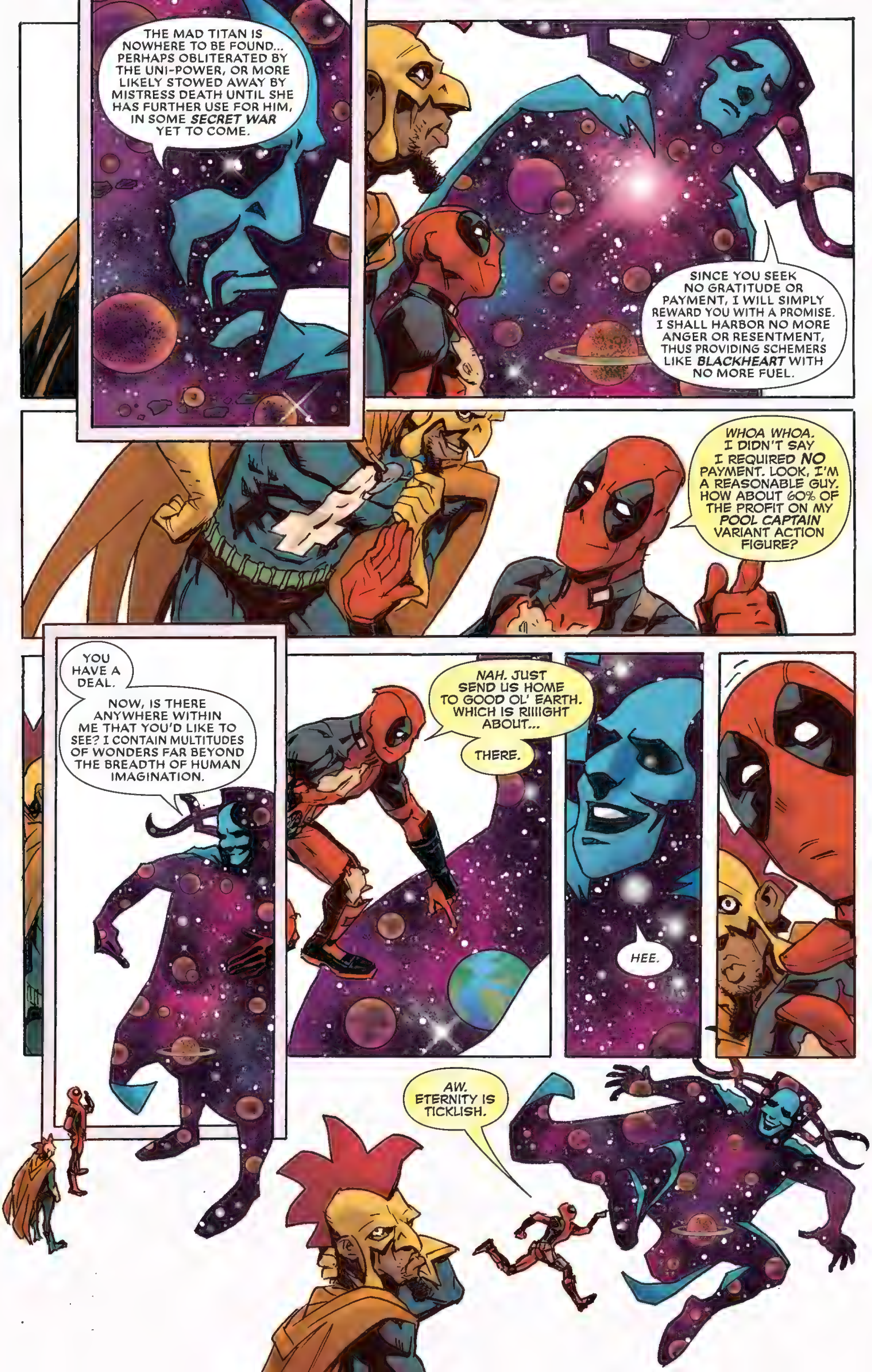

SHRAK
THE AVATAR OF LIFE, WIELDED BY AN ASSASSIN?! TRULY ETERNITY IS DESPERATE!
KTHOOM
DON'T YOU GET IT, THANEY? I'M CRAZY. I'M UNPREDICTABLE. I'M ERRATIC. I'M A CONTRADICTION. I'M A PREDATOR AND I'M PREY.
I AM LIFE ITSELF.
SHRAK
THEN YOU ARE EVERYTHING I DESPISE.

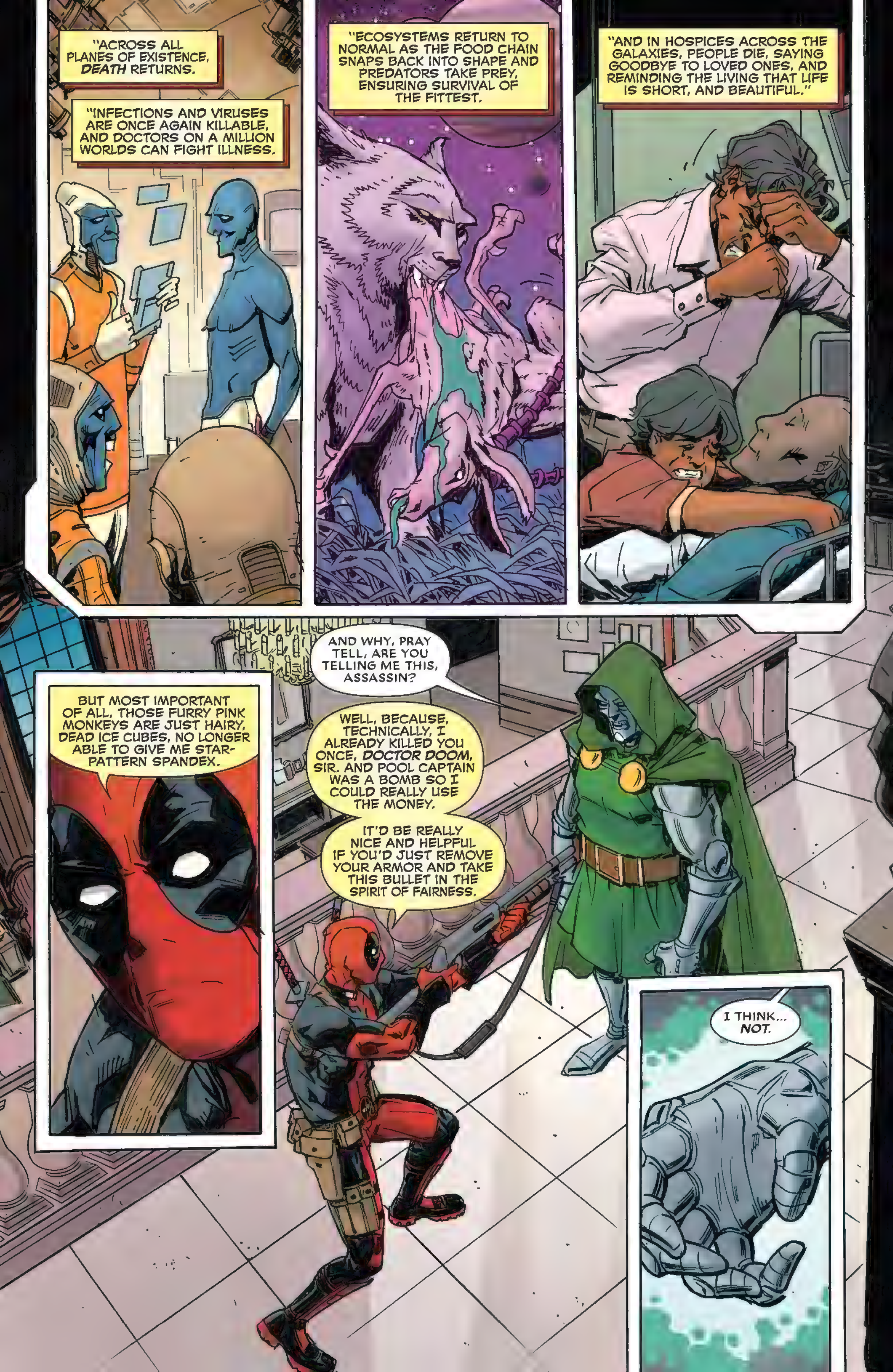

THERE IS HONESTY ONLY IN DESOLATION. SINCERITY ONLY IN SUFFERING. TRUTH ONLY IN DEATH.
OH, REALLY? CUZ I THINK YOU'RE FULL OF NECRO-POOPS, *MAD TITAN* MY BOY.
I SEEM TO REMEMBER THIS LITTLE MOMENT... BACK ON YOUR SHIP.
ISSUE 3 FOR THOSE IN THE CHEAP SEATS.
FRANCIS TOLD YOU ABOUT ME. HOW I WAS AN EXPERIMENT BACK AT *DEPARTMENT K.* HOW I WAS THE LEAST LIKELY TO LIVE. THE LOWEST BET IN THE "*DEADPOOL.*"
HE TOLD YOU ABOUT HOW I SURVIVED DESPITE THE IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. HOW I WAS DOOMED FROM CONCEPTION, BUT THRIVED.
AND YOU TOLD ME YOU *RESPECTED* ME FOR THAT.

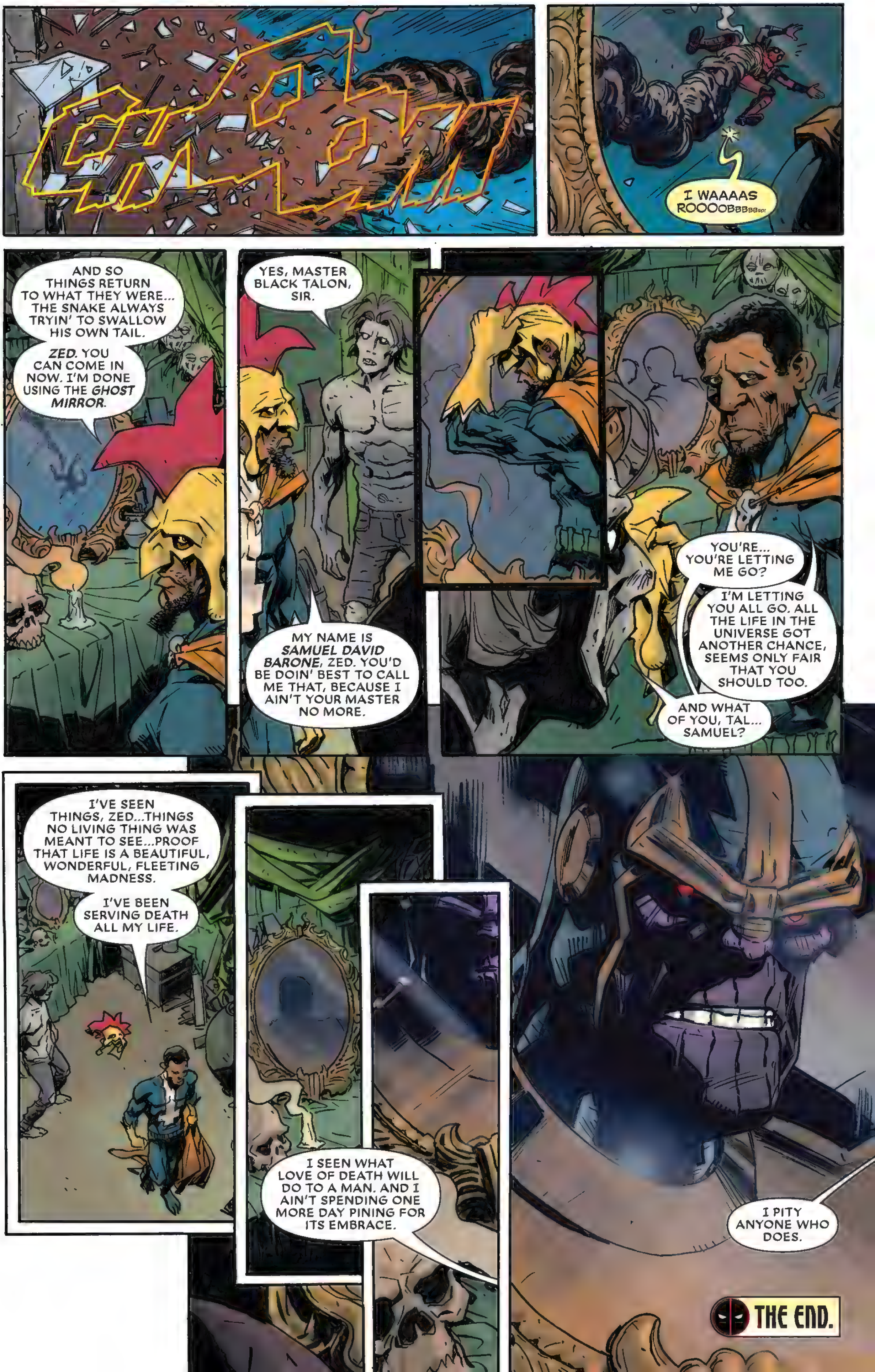

BECAUSE I'M JUST LIKE YOU. YOUR MOTHER DECIDED YOU WERE TOO MUCH OF A FREAK TO LIVE. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED. BUT HERE YOU ARE, BIG AND MEAN AND A LOVELY SHADE OF MAUVE.
AND YOU KEEP COMING BACK, THANOS. YOU REFUSE TO LET GO.
AND WHEN I WOULD HAVE DIED, YOU DIDN'T LET ME GO. YOU CURSED ME. WITH IMMORTALITY.
NO.
YOU THINK YOU LOVE DEATH, BIG GUY. BUT YOU'RE AS CONTRADICTORY AS ME. AS MUCH AS YOU THINK YOU SERVE DEATH...
YOU SERVE LIFE JUST THE SAME.
NO! MISTRESS!


NO...
ONCE AGAIN...SHE SPURNS MY LOVE...
ONCE AGAIN I AM...WEAK. AND I DIE...
ALONE.
NNHU.
IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MAMAN... MISTRESS.
AH. THERE YOU ARE, SINISTER VOICES AND EVIL IMPULSES. I MISSED YOU.
I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU AT THE CROSSROADS.


YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE.
I DON'T WANT YOUR GRATITUDE, *SPACECAPE.*
I WANT YOU TO LAY OFF ON ABDUCTING THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF THE ABSTRACT CONCEPT OF DEATH (WHO I'D LIKE TO GOBBLE UP), 'CUZ IT ROYALLY BRITTAS THE WHOLE THING.
TRUST ME, I SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS IMMORTAL, BEING A TOTAL JERK, AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN SAY, IT'S THAT LIFE NEEDS DEATH.
WITHOUT DEATH, LIFE TAKES ITSELF FOR GRANTED. WITHOUT WONDERING HOW BEST TO LIVE OUR LIVES, WE FORGET TO APPRECIATE THE GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY THAT IS...
...WELL...YOU, *ETERNITY.*
YOU SPEAK WITH...*WISDOM,* WADE WILSON.
WHAT?


THE MAD TITAN IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND... PERHAPS OBLITERATED BY THE UNI-POWER, OR MORE LIKELY STOWED AWAY BY MISTRESS DEATH UNTIL SHE HAS FURTHER USE FOR HIM, IN SOME *SECRET WAR* YET TO COME.
SINCE YOU SEEK NO GRATITUDE OR PAYMENT, I WILL SIMPLY REWARD YOU WITH A PROMISE. I SHALL HARBOR NO MORE ANGER OR RESENTMENT, THUS PROVIDING SCHEMERS LIKE *BLACKHEART* WITH NO MORE FUEL.
WHOA WHOA. I DIDN'T SAY I REQUIRED **NO** PAYMENT. LOOK, I'M A REASONABLE GUY. HOW ABOUT 60% OF THE PROFIT ON MY ***POOL CAPTAIN*** VARIANT ACTION FIGURE?
YOU HAVE A DEAL.
NOW, IS THERE ANYWHERE WITHIN ME THAT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE? I CONTAIN MULTITUDES OF WONDERS FAR BEYOND THE BREADTH OF HUMAN IMAGINATION.
NAH. JUST SEND US HOME TO GOOD OL' EARTH. WHICH IS RIIIIGHT ABOUT...
THERE.
HEE.
AW. ETERNITY IS TICKLISH.


"ACROSS ALL PLANES OF EXISTENCE, *DEATH* RETURNS.
"INFECTIONS AND VIRUSES ARE ONCE AGAIN KILLABLE, AND DOCTORS ON A MILLION WORLDS CAN FIGHT ILLNESS.
"ECOSYSTEMS RETURN TO NORMAL AS THE FOOD CHAIN SNAPS BACK INTO SHAPE AND PREDATORS TAKE PREY, ENSURING SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.
"AND IN HOSPICES ACROSS THE GALAXIES, PEOPLE DIE, SAYING GOODBYE TO LOVED ONES, AND REMINDING THE LIVING THAT LIFE IS SHORT, AND BEAUTIFUL."
BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THOSE FURRY PINK MONKEYS ARE JUST HAIRY, DEAD ICE CUBES, NO LONGER ABLE TO GIVE ME STAR-PATTERN SPANDEX.
AND WHY, PRAY TELL, ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, ASSASSIN?
WELL, BECAUSE, TECHNICALLY, I ALREADY KILLED YOU ONCE, *DOCTOR DOOM*, SIR. AND POOL CAPTAIN WAS A BOMB SO I COULD REALLY USE THE MONEY.
IT'D BE REALLY NICE AND HELPFUL IF YOU'D JUST REMOVE YOUR ARMOR AND TAKE THIS BULLET IN THE SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS.
I THINK... *NOT.*


I WAAAAS ROOOOBBBBBsp!
AND SO THINGS RETURN TO WHAT THEY WERE... THE SNAKE ALWAYS TRYIN' TO SWALLOW HIS OWN TAIL.
ZED. YOU CAN COME IN NOW. I'M DONE USING THE *GHOST MIRROR.*
YES, MASTER BLACK TALON, SIR.
MY NAME IS *SAMUEL DAVID BARONE,* ZED. YOU'D BE DOIN' BEST TO CALL ME THAT, BECAUSE I AIN'T YOUR MASTER NO MORE.
YOU'RE... YOU'RE LETTING ME GO?
I'M LETTING YOU ALL GO. ALL THE LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE GOT ANOTHER CHANCE, SEEMS ONLY FAIR THAT YOU SHOULD TOO.
AND WHAT OF YOU, TAL... SAMUEL?
I'VE SEEN THINGS, ZED...THINGS NO LIVING THING WAS MEANT TO SEE...PROOF THAT LIFE IS A BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL, FLEETING MADNESS.
I'VE BEEN SERVING DEATH ALL MY LIFE.
I SEEN WHAT LOVE OF DEATH WILL DO TO A MAN. AND I AIN'T SPENDING ONE MORE DAY PINING FOR ITS EMBRACE.
I PITY ANYONE WHO DOES.
THE END.

MARVEL
1
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!
DEADPOOL
VS
CARNAGE
BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI
GLENN FABRY -2013- ADAM BROWN

POSSIBLY THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY, DEFINITELY THE WORLD'S MOST ANNOYING, WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR ALLOWING HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. NOW, WADE MAKES HIS WAY AS A GUN FOR HIRE, SHOOTING HIS PREY'S FACES OFF WHILE TALKING HIS FRIENDS' EARS OFF. CALL HIM THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...CALL HIM THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE...CALL HIM...

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CARNAGE

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KANSAS STATE LINE.
Bunn's TRUCK STOP
HOME-COOKIN
FAMILIES W LCOME
S ate Line Burger
Best the State
TRUCK STOP
ESLO
JAKE THOMAS ENERGY CORP. PROPANE GAS
SINCE 1987
Delicious Mile-igh Pi s
F e Wifi – Tourist Inform io
Foo – Gas – Motel
Truc Parking – Clean Restrooms – Showe
Beer – iquor – Ice
FAMILY ON BOARD
TK-421
POLICE
WOULD YOU LOOK AT *THIS?*
WORLD'S GOING STRAIGHT DOWN THE *CRAPPER*, I GOTTA TELL YOU.
HOW MANY TIMES DOES THIS... *MANIAC*...HAVE TO BREAK OUT OF PRISON BEFORE THEY JUST *SHOOT HIM DOWN* LIKE A DOG?
CARNAGE ON THE LOOSE
FREAK'S HAVING HIMSELF ONE HELLUVA LITTLE *MURDER SPREE*... AND THE SO-CALLED *"EXPERTS"* WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIS *TRAUMATIC CHILDHOOD.*
I TELL YOU ONE THING...IF HE'S EVER *UNLUCKY* ENOUGH TO CROSS MY PATH, I'LL BE DAMN SURE TO *SHOOT FIRST* AND DEMONSTRATE MY *HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT* SECOND.
IS THAT A *FACT*, MR. TROOPER?
WELL--

SH-SHUK
SKIN THAT *SMOKE WAGON!*
AAHEEEEEEE!
SKLCCK
WHO ORDERED THE *BACON?*
YOU PICKED THE WRONG PLACE ON THE WRONG DAY, ASSHAT.
AIN'T NO *FREAKSHOW GIMP SUIT* GONNA SCARE US.
NOW, NOW. EVERYONE JUST *RELAX.*
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, RIGHT?
PEACE.
OR IS IT--

PIECES!
AAAHHH--
WHAP
SLLLLGKK
WSHK-GGG-SLLLSH
EVERYBODY... JUST... CHILL
GGGGLLKK
MOVE! MOVE!
HE... HE KILLED BUTCH!
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
NO NEED TO PUSH AND SHOVE!
THERE'S PLENTY OF LOVE TO GO AROUND!
AND YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE JUST YET.
NOW...
CLOSED
WHO'S NEXT?
"WE SHOULD TAKE A MOMENT TO WARN OUR VIEWERS..."

NEW YORK CITY.
...THE FOLLOWING SCENES DEPICT GRAPHIC VIOLENCE AND MIGHT BE UNSETTLING.
OOOH.
IS IT TIME FOR BAGGAGE ALREADY?
IT WAS HERE, EARLIER TODAY, THAT THE SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY--CARNAGE--STRUCK ONCE AGAIN.
IN THE FIFTH MURDEROUS RAMPAGE SINCE HIS RECENT ESCAPE, CARNAGE TOOK THE LIVES OF MORE THAN A DOZEN PEOPLE.
CARNAGE HAS LEFT A VERITABLE SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF HUMAN REMAINS IN HIS WAKE.
BLAUGH!
COME ON! I'M EATING HERE!
AT THIS TIME, A NATIONWIDE MANHUNT HAS YIELDED LITTLE SUCCESS IN TRACKING THE MURDERER.
AND AUTHORITIES ARE RELYING SOLELY ON GUESSWORK UNTIL THEY STUMBLE ONTO THE ONE CLUE THAT WILL CRACK THE CASE.
SPECIAL AGENT FRIEDRICH HAD THE FOLLOWING TO SAY:
ESLO
KASADY'S CURRENT M.O. IS BOTH RANDOM AND MOBILE.
THIS MAKES IT VERY DIFFICULT TO TRACK HIM.
BUT WE HAVE OUR VERY BEST PSYCHOLOGISTS AND PROFILERS WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK TO DISCERN SOME METHOD TO HIS MADNESS.
AND GOOD OL' WADE WILSON WORKS 'ROUND THE CLOCK TO DISCERN A CHANNEL WITH GRATUITOUS KAT DENNINGS.

...THE KILLER IS...
CLICK
...NOT ACTING...
CLICK
...RANDOMLY...
23 09 88
CLICK
...AS HE BELIEVES!
CLICK
RIDE THE WAVE...
CLICK
...OF INSANITY...
CLICK
...AND YOU CAN BE THE FIRST TO...
CLICK
...FIND HIM, BOY!
CLICK

IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS...
...WHEN I'M SURE THE WORLD'S TRYING TO TELL ME *SOMETHING.*
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME, TV PEOPLE?
GO INTO THE LIGHT?
AM I MOVING ON UP?
DO I CALL NOW TO DOUBLE MY ORDER...FOR ONLY A NOMINAL SERVICE FEE?
IS IT TIME TO PLAY THE FEUD?
CAN I REALLY SCULPT MY ABS THROUGH SEXY DANCE MOVES?
AM I THE ONLY PERSON *CRAZY* ENOUGH TO TRACK CARNAGE?
DING DING DING
CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE MONEY!
THAT'S IT!
CARNAGE IS &%#$%#& *CRAZY.*
I'M DELIGHTFULLY *MAD.*
WE'RE ON *SIMILAR WAVELENGTHS.*
I CAN FIGURE HIM OUT.

I ALWAYS KNEW BEING **AMAZEBALLS** SCREWY WOULD COME IN *HANDY!*
"LOOK, EVERYBODY!"
"THERE GOES DEADPOOL!"
"THERE GOES THE GUY THAT TRACKED CARNAGE DOWN!"
AND WHEN I CATCH HIM?
SMACK
Home Sweet Home
YOOHOO!
CARNAGE!
YOUR SOULMATE DEADPOOL IS A-HUNTING FOR YA!
YEAH.
THAT SEEMS RIGHT.

LATE AGAIN.
CIRCUS MUST BE IN TOWN.
TAKES ALL KINDS.
WHO'S HE *SUPPOSED* TO BE?
ALL RIGHT, WORLD.
HERE I AM... YOUR *INSTRUMENT*... YOUR *TOOL*.
HEH.
JUST POINT ME IN THE *RIGHT DIRECTION*.
DEAD DREAM MACHINE
Sept 14th through Oct 13th, performances at 8:00pm
for more info: www.deaddreammachine.com
BE GOOD and you will be APPROVED
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY 1954 - 2011
GIMME A *SIGN*.
Bromance for men
by Stark

OUTTA THE WAY!
WHAT IS THIS? PERFORMANCE ART?
AIN'T THERE SHELTERS FOR PEOPLE LIKE THAT?
DAMN LIVING STATUES!
UH... WORLD?
YOU GOTTA WORK WITH ME HERE.
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE THAT!
THAT WASN'T CUTTIN'! THAT WAS RIPPIN' MEAT APART!
OKAY...
THIS I CAN WORK WITH!

BETTER THAN *BREADCRUMBS!*
IT AIN'T *MY* FAULT YOU'RE TOO *CHEAP* TO BUY GOOD KNIVES!
I WAS GONNA *QUIT* THIS JOB ANYWAY!
YOU CAN SHOVE IT RIGHT UP YOUR--
&#$%!

...THINKS HE CAN PUSH ME AROUND...
...NEVER *WANTED* TO BE A BUTCHER...
...BET THEY'D &#$% THEMSELVES IF THEY KNEW WHAT I DID WITH THE PICKLE LOAF...
ABICHU foods
...THINK YOU'RE BETTER'N ME CUZ I DIDN'T GO TO *BUTCHER SCHOOL?*
MASSACRE!
HUH?
DEVASTATION!
BLOODY TRIUMPH!
Legend ERA Quest SAGA
FATALITY FIGHTERS
FATALITY FIGHTERS
MAXIMUM CARNAGE!

SEVER THE MORTAL COIL!
SCORCH THE EARTH!
OOOOO, WHOLESOME VIDEO GAME VIOLENCE!
FATALITY FIGHTERS
PUNCH! PUNCH!
KICK! GROIN PUNCH!
UP! UP! DOWN! DOWN! LEFT! RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT!
NOW CHA-CHA!
...
FATALITY FIGHTERS
WASSUP?
CAAAAAARRRRNNNNNNAAAAAAAAGE!
X-MEN
CLETUS KASADY: IS THE MAN THE KILLER
TOUR AMERICA
AMERICA'S NEW GHOST TOWN
WOLVERINE
Soccer World
HNH?
"MODERN DAY GHOST TOWNS"?
SOUNDS LIKE THE PERFECT PLACE TO LAY LOW.
THIS IS IT. THIS IS THE SIGN.
BIG, BAD PSYCHOPATHIC HILLBILLY WITH ALIEN SLIME POWERS...
...HIDING IN THE BURBS.
WELL... CANCEL YOUR BLOCK PARTY...
TOUR AMERICA
AMERICA'S NEW GHOST TOWN

"CUZ I'M COMING TO KICK YOU SQUARE IN THE *CUL-DE-SAC!*"
OUTSIDE TULSA, OK.
Special OFFER
AHHH.
SMELL THAT FRESH STINK OF *SHATTERED DREAMS* AND *RUINED LIVES!*
MURDERED BY INFLATED INTEREST RATES AND BAD CREDIT LOANS!
THE AMERICAN DREAM...*SKEWERED* ON WHITE PICKET FENCES!
WHERE ELSE BUT AN ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT CAN A CAREFREE MURDERER LIKE MYSELF STROLL OUT ONTO THE PORCH IN HIS *DRAWERS?*
I *LOVE* IT!
FREEDOM!
DAMN!
I LIKE THE *TASTE* OF THAT!

I MEAN...I'VE *ESCAPED* PLENTY OF TIMES.
AIN'T NO PRISON *EVER* GONNA HOLD CLETUS KASADY!
EXCEPT, OF COURSE--
THE PRISON OF MY *OWN* MIND!
I *FORGOT* WHO I WAS... I ADMIT!
DREAMING OF TAKING OVER CITIES...CONQUERING TINY UNIVERSES.
THOUGHT I WAS THINKING BIG!
BUT THOSE KIND OF AMBITIONS... THEY'RE *LIES*.
NOW THE *CATARACTS* HAVE BEEN *PEELED* FROM MY EYES!
I CAN SEE *CLEARLY!*
BACK TO THE BASICS!
SIMPLE... BEAUTIFUL... *RANDOM*...
...CARNAGE!
HUH?
WHAT THE *HELL* IS...
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--
...THAT?
HI
VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--

THOOOOOOOOM
OH, YEAH!
BULL'S-EYE!
THAT'LL *PUCKER* YOUR TENTACULAR LITTLE SPHINCTER, WON'T IT, CARNAGE-OLD-CHUM?
NOW.
FOR THE *CLEANUP.*

H-HOW?
HOW'D THEY FIND ME?
AND WHO?
WHO WANTS TO *DIE?*
HOO BOY!
ANOTHER TIME...ANOTHER PLACE...WE COULD HAVE A *LOOOOOOOOOOONG* TALK ABOUT THAT.
MAYBE OVER A BEER...OR YOUR PAPPY'S FAVORITE MOONSHINE...OR SNUGGLED UP ON THE PSYCHIATRIST'S COUCH.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH...IT'S MY SOLEMN DUTY TO *SLAG* YOUR DRIPPY REDNECK ASS.
BLAM BLAM

REAL TOUGH GUY!
SHRRRK
YOU GOT SWORDS?
I GOT PLENTY!
GUNS?
WHO NEEDS 'EM!
SHRRP
SHRRK!
SHRRK
COME HERE PEEING IN **MY** CORN FLAKES?

WHO THE *HELL* DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
ME?
I'M DEADPOOL... THE MERC WITH THE *PURDY* MOUTH.
AND, YEAH. I LIKE GUNS AND SWORDS AND WEED-WHACKERS AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS BEST KEPT OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN.
LIKE GRENADES.
GOT SO MANY VARIETIES TUCKED IN SO MANY DARK AND MOIST PLACES, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY ALL DO.
GLURP
LET'S FIND OUT.
WHOMP

YEEEEOWW!
I THINK I LEFT SOME OF MY FINGERS INSIDE YOU. IN CASE...YOU KNOW...YOU POOP 'EM OUT.
RGGRGGLRRGLL
JUST FLUSH 'EM, THOUGH.
I'LL GROW MORE.
SEE?
NOW... WHERE WERE WE?
OH, YEAH! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SKIN YOU.
USE THAT ALIEN SUIT OF YOURS LIKE A BEAR-SKIN RUG. SPREAD IT OUT IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE, ALL ROMANTICAL.
ME AND THE LADIES ARE GONNA GET FA-REAKY ON YOUR FLAYED EXTRATERRESTRIAL HIDE.
SEE, PAL.
YOU MAY BE A HOMICIDAL MANIAC.
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CRAZY, YOU'RE SIMPLY OUTCLASSED.
AND YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED.
HNH
YEEAAAGGKK!
SHRR-KROOM

NOBODY-- AND I MEAN NOBODY--LAYS A FINGER ON MY MAN.
SHRIEK... DOLL.
WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?
NNN
NOT IN THE FACE?
TO BE CONTINUED.

MARVEL

2

PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!

DEADPOOL VS CARNAGE

BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

GLENN FABRY ·2014·
ADAM BROWN

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CARNAGE

CARNAGE IS ON THE LOOSE (AGAIN) AND THE AUTHORITIES ARE UNABLE TO TRACK HIS SEEMINGLY RANDOM ATTACKS! BUT DERANGED MINDS THINK ALIKE, SO WHO BETTER THAN DEADPOOL TO TRACK DOWN A SERIAL-KILLING PSYCHOPATH? ONCE HE'D OPENED HIMSELF TO THE MADNESS OF THE UNIVERSE GIVING HIM "CLUES," DEADPOOL WAS LED TO CARNAGE HIDING OUT IN AN ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN TULSA. HE GOT THE JUMP ON HIM AND ATTACKED...BUT JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO FINISH THE JOB, CARNAGE'S OLD PAL SHRIEK SHOWED UP TO SAVE HIS HIDE (LITERALLY). NOW IT'S DEADPOOL'S NECK ON THE LINE, AND HE'S OUTNUMBERED...

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I'M GONNA ASK YOU ONE LAST TIME SWEETNESS.
AND IF I DON'T LIKE THE ANSWER, I'M GONNA GET REAL NASTY WITH YOU.
HOW'D YOU FIND ME?
W-WASN'T THAT HARD.
JUST... FOLLOWED THE CLUES.
AIN'T NO CLUES!
COME ON... BE FAITHFUL TO YOUR BACKWOODS UPBRINGING.
DON'T YOU MEAN "TWEREN'T NO CLUES"?
EITHER WAY...THAT WAS THE WRONG ANSWER.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?

LEMME PUT IT IN TERMS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.
YOUR KIND OF CRAZY AND MY KIND OF CRAZY ARE LIKE KISSING COUSINS.
AND I CAN TRACK THE...I DUNNO... PATTERNS...LIKE YOUR COUSIN AND MY COUSIN WERE TOODLE-LOOING TO EACH OTHER...
LIKE YODELERS AT A HOG-CALLING CONTEST.
THERE AIN'T NO PATTERNS!
EVERYTHING I DO...FROM HERE ON OUT...IS RANDOM.
I CAN'T BE STOPPED! CAN'T BE CAGED! CAN'T BE TRACKED!
MY EVERY ACTION IS A TRIBUTE...AN OFFERING...TO THE ALMIGHTY--
DOLLAR?
CHAOS!
AND IT DON'T MATTER HOW YOU FOUND ME.
I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU NEVER BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN.

AND I'M GONNA MAKE YOU *SUFFER!*
SHIK
SHAK
SHUK
YEEAAAARRGGGH!
DO...
DO YOU LIKE....
...MUSIC?
ALWAYS NICE TO GET TO *KNOW* YOUR VICTIM BEFORE YOU ICE THEM.
SEE...I FIGURE YOU'RE THE KIND OF GUY...LIKES HIS GRAND OLE OPRY JAMS.
MIGHT BE NICE TO *BROADEN* YOUR HORIZONS.
I THINK THE PAIN'S CAUSING THIS OL' BOY TO *HALLUCINATE* OR SOMETHING.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO AHEAD AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.
DO IT, BABY!
TRY *THIS* FOR EXAMPLE.
ON
SOUNDTRONIK
CLICK

SKRRREEEEEEEEEE!
VRRR-VUR-WU-WU-WU-REEE-WU-WU-REEE-VRRR-BB-BB-WWRRR
VRRR-VUR-WU-WU-WU-REEE-WU-WU-REEE-VRRR-BB-BB-WWRRR
AUUGH!
WHAT THE HELL?
S'CALLED *DUBSTEP.*
SEE...I WORK WITH YOUR BROTHER OR DADDY OR WHATEVER HE IS--*VENOM.*
VRRR-VUR-WU-WU-WU-REEE-WU-WU-REEE-VRRR-BB-BB-WWRRR
AND HE *HATES* THE STUFF.
SO...IN ANTICIPATION OF OUR LITTLE MEETING... I LOADED SOME *ILLEGALLY DOWNLOADED* TUNES ONTO MY MP3 PLAYER.
VRRR-REE-REE-REE-REE-REE-VRR-REE-REE-REE
BECAUSE YOU...
...YOU DON'T *DESERVE* SONIC TORTURE THAT'S BEEN *PAID* FOR.
VREEE-WUMP-WUMP-WUMP-WUMP-REE-R-R-R-REEE

LEAVE HIM ALONE!
CHROOOM
HEY...UH...SHRIEK, RIGHT? I GET WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.
YOU'RE EXCITED TO HAVE ME ALL TO YOURSELF FOR A FEW.
YOU'VE BEEN GIVING ME THE "LET'S WRESTLE" EYES EVER SINCE YOU TORE MY FACE OFF.
THIS MIGHT KILL THE MOOD, THOUGH.
SO EMBARRASSING.
NICE TRICK.
IF YOU'D DONE YOUR HOMEWORK, THOUGH, YOU'D REALIZE ME AND MY DEAR OLD DAD ARE DIFFERENT CREATURES.
SONICS MIGHT HURT ME, BUT THEY DON'T KEEP ME DOWN.
I THOUGHT THAT MIGHT BE A PROBLEM.
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THESE INCENDIARY GRENADES.

FIRE IN THE HOLE!
ERR...
FIRE IN THE HOLE?
PLEASE?
LOOKS LIKE YOUR WEAPONS LET YOU DOWN, SON.
SHOULDA BOUGHT *AMERICAN*.
OH, YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!
ALMOST FORGOT I RIGGED THESE TO A *REMOTE DETONATOR*.
NOW, FIRE IN THE HOLE.
CLICK

FOOM
HEH!
THOSE OLD GRENADE GAGS *NEVER* GET OLD!
AND CARNAGE FELL FOR IT *TWICE* IN SO MANY ISSUES!
I *LOVE* THIS GUY!
OH, YEAH!
DERANGED MASS MURDERER, ONE!
OTHER DERANGED MURDERER, NOTHING!
WHO'S GOT TWO RECENTLY REGENERATED THUMBS AND JUST NUKED CARNAGE?
THIS--
HUH?

HROOOOOOOFF!
THUNK
HRRGGGGKK
WHU--
THEY CAN *FLY?*
S'NO FAIR.
IF I HAD A HOT, LEVITATING GIRLFRIEND, I'D RUN AWAY, TOO. COP A FEEL WHILE FLYING THE FRIENDLY--
HRRNN
THUMP

A FREAK FIRE IN OKLAHOMA YESTERDAY DESTROYED AN ABANDONED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT.
THE COMMUNITY WAS ONE OF MANY SIMILAR SITES LEFT EMPTY AFTER ECONOMIC DOWNTURNS.
THE STORAGE BUNNGALO
WHILE THE CAUSE OF THE FIRE IS UNKNOWN, AUTHORITIES HAVE NOT RULED OUT ARSON.
EXCUSE ME.
A LITTLE HELP HERE.
I'VE GOT A STORAGE LOCKER HERE FULL OF SPARE UNIFORMS, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, AND ENOUGH AMMO TO CHOKE THE NRA.
I KEEP LITTLE CACHES LIKE THAT SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE.
BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY KEY TO WORK.
JINGLE JINGLE
UHM.
LET ME JUST LOOK UP YOUR ACCOUNT, MR.--
LEROY ST. GERMAINE DAGNASTY.

IN OTHER NEWS, THE SERIES OF RANDOM, BRUTAL MURDERS ATTRIBUTED TO THE SERIAL KILLER CARNAGE CONTINUES.
290786
THIS TIME, THE MASS MURDERER STRUCK AT A CHICAGOLAND PAWN SHOP, TAKING THE LIVES OF FIVE INDIVIDUALS.
WITH NO READILY APPARENT PATTERN TO THE MURDER SPREE, AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS.
290786
OH.
OH?
I SEE THE PROBLEM.
THE *PROBLEM?*
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MISSED A FEW PAYMENTS.
YEAH...BUT THAT *WASN'T* MY FAULT.
I WAS TRAVELING THROUGH THE MULTIVERSE, KILLING OFF EVIL VERSIONS OF MYSELF.
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME *LENIENCY* FOR THAT, RIGHT?
I'M REALLY SORRY, MR. DYNASTY.
THAT'S *DAGNASTY.*
YES, WELL...
WHEN YOU MISSED YOUR THIRD PAYMENT, WE AUCTIONED OFF THE CONTENTS OF YOUR LOCKER.
WHO?
WHO BOUGHT MY &#$%?

LET'S SEE...LET'S SEE...
DOVERTON.
HERE WE ARE.
DOVERTON
NOT THAT ANY OF MY GEAR DOES ME ANY GOOD IF I DON'T FIGURE OUT WHERE TO FIND CARNAGE.
COME ON, *ZEITGEIST!*
GIVE ME A *SIGN!*
FIRST THINGS FIRST, OF COURSE.
JUST GOTTA CONVINCE THIS GUY TO HAND OVER ALL MY STUFF.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
BUT... REALLY...HOW HARD COULD THAT--

--BE.
DEADPOOL!
FINALLY!
I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR YOU!
HRRG!
I *KNEW* IT!
I *KNEW* WE'D FIND EACH OTHER!
YEAH... UH...HERE I AM.
AT...ERR.. LAST.
WHY DON'T WE TALK INSIDE, HUH?
GREAT IDEA, DEADPOOL!
OR...CAN I CALL YOU *WADE?*
DEADPOOL IS FINE.
SURE THING!

EITHER WAY... WE'VE GOT *LOTS* TO TALK ABOUT, *HUH?*
WELL...
...THIS IS *UNCOMFORTABLE.*
CHIMICHANGA THEFT REMAINS UNSOLVED!
CARNAGE ESCAPES!
WANTED
MASS MURDERS CONTINUE!
SO...
...ARE YOU LIKE MY *GREATEST FAN* OR SOMETHING?
BECAUSE...I MET MY BIGGEST ADMIRER...AND IT DIDN'T END UP GOING SO WELL FOR HIM.
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG.
I'M *NOT* A FAN.
IN FACT, UP UNTIL A FEW WEEKS AGO, I'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU.
I MEAN, I LIKE SUPER HEROES, I GUESS...BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORE INTERESTED IN... YOU KNOW...*REAL* HEROES.
YEAH...BUT YOU'RE WEARING *MY* COSTUME.
OH... THIS?
I'M NOT WEARING THIS BECAUSE I WANT TO BE YOU.
I WAS JUST TRYING TO ENHANCE THE *CONNECTION.*

ALL RIGHT. I CAME IN HERE TO GANK YOU NICE AND QUIET SO I COULD GET MY STUFF BACK.
BUT YOU'VE *OFFICIALLY* CREEPED ME OUT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER...NOT AT FIRST.
BUT WHEN I BOUGHT THAT STORAGE LOCKER, IT WAS AS IF MY EYES WERE *OPENED!*
I SAW THE *PATTERNS*... RECOGNIZED THE *SIGNS.*
I KNEW IT WAS MY *DUTY* TO HELP YOU.
TOGETHER, WE CAN STOP CARNAGE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
I KNOW WHERE CARNAGE IS GOING! EVEN IF HE DOESN'T KNOW HIMSELF!
AND I'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN CONNECTED TO IT.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BECAUSE OF MY *LAST NAME--* DOVERTON!
CARNAGE ATTACKED THE TOWN OF DOVERTON.
AND THERE ARE TONS OF *OTHER* CONNECTIONS!
OKAY...SO YOU'RE *NUTS*... THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS.
BUT SOMEHOW YOU'RE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH AS ME AND CARNAGE.
THAT'S *RIGHT!*
FIRST THINGS FIRST, TAKE OFF THAT UNIFORM.
THERE AREN'T ENOUGH *UNSTABLE MOLECULES* IN THE WORLD TO HANDLE *THOSE* STRETCH MARKS.
THEN...

"...TELL ME WHERE TO FIND *CARNAGE*."
RELAX, BABE.
I STOLE US THIS SWEET SET OF WHEELS.
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH.
MAYBE YOU DON'T WORRY *ENOUGH*.
IF THAT DEADPOOL FREAK CAN FIND US *ONCE*, THERE'S NOTHING SAYING HE CAN'T FIND US *AGAIN*.
I SAY HE CAN'T FIND US AGAIN.
THAT WAS A *FLUKE*. THE GUY JUST STUMBLED ON TO OUR HIDEOUT.
HE CAN'T FIND US IF WE KEEP MOVING *RANDOMLY*.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.
DON'T YOU *TRUST* ME?
OF COURSE *NOT*.
BUT THAT'S WHY I *LIKE* YOU.

BREAKER! BREAKER!
CAN I GET A COME-ON-BACK FROM THE HICK WITH AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE?
COME BACK, CARNAGE!
I'M RIGHT HERE WITH YOU, SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST PULL OVER AND LET'S TALK THIS OUT LIKE A COUPLE OF GENTLEMEN?
HOW THE HELL?
WHERE IS HE?
FIRST OF ALL, SWEETHEART... YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.
SECOND OF ALL...
...YOU SHOULD REALLY TEACH YOUR BOYFRIEND NOT TO TAILGATE.
BUCKLE UP.

SUNDAY! SUNDAY! SUNDAY!
SKRREEE-CH-CH-CH-CHUNK
WHU--
SMACK
SHRIEK!
SHRIEK, BABY?!
AWWWW, YEAH! FRIGDING!
DID BIG BAD DEADPOOL BWEAK YOUR WIDDLE PSYCHOTIC SUICIDE GIRL?
DON'T WORRY. MAYBE YOU'LL GET CONJUGAL VISITS--
--IN HELL!
ALL RIGHT, DUMBASS!
YOU WANNA POKE THE KOMODO?

YOU GOT IT!
I'M GONNA PEEL YOU OUTTA THERE LIKE A CRAWDADDY FROM ITS SHELL!
KRAK
OH! OH, HEY!
CUT IT OUT!
YOU'RE DRIPPING ON--
SHRANK
--MEEEEEEEEEE!

LET'S DO THIS THING!
CARNAGE VS. DEADPOOL!
ROUND TWO!
I THINK YOU MEAN "DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE."
ESL788
ESPIN '13
TO BE CONTINUED.

DEADPOOL
VS
CARNAGE
BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!
MARVEL
3

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

Cletus Kasady was a serial killer locked up in Rykers Island and sharing a cell with a man named Eddie Brock. Brock had bonded with an alien symbiote that granted him incredible super-powers, allowing him to become the super villain Venom. Venom's alien symbiote spawned an offspring that bonded with Kasady, turning him into the murderous madman...

CARNAGE

After a brutal battle between Deadpool and Carnage in an abandoned housing development, Carnage managed to narrowly escape with his girlfriend, Shriek. But the best way to catch a maniac is to think like a maniac, so who better than Deadpool to stop him? Deadpool continued his pursuit—following the "clues" he saw everywhere until he was able to track down the pair driving down a highway. Deadpool attacked—by using a combine to crash into their car! Shriek was injured and Carnage was forced off the road. It looked like Deadpool finally had the upper hand—but now Carnage is really mad...

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DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY...
...BUT I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE LETTING YOUR *ANGER ISSUES* GET IN THE WAY OF OUR *BURGEONING BROMANCE.*
IF YOU KEEP LASHING OUT AT ME LIKE THIS, YOU'RE GONNA HURT MY *FEELINGS.*
SHRAKKOW
BLAM BLAM-BLAM-BLAM
AND MY HEALING FACTOR CAN'T REGENERATE *HEARTACHE.*
TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH.
JUST CLOSE THOSE GOOEY EYES OF YOURS, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A *PEACE OFFERING.*
OR A *PIECES* OFFERING.
PIECES OF *YOU,* THAT IS.

DON'T YOU...
...EVER...
...SHUT UP?
SHUKK
ONE OF US HAS TO CARRY THE CONVERSATION.
I MEAN...ALL YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT IS *CHAOS* THIS...
...*CHAOS* THAT.
YEEAARGH!
SH-SHUNK
HURTS, I BET.
PUSHING YOUR INSIDES AROUND.
MY FLESH CRAWLING THROUGH YOU LIKE EARTHWORMS THROUGH POTTERS SOIL.

THAT HUSHED YOU UP, DIDN'T IT?
Y-YOU EVER NOTICE...SOMETIMES... WHEN YOU JUST *RANDOMLY* GLANCE AT A CLOCK...
...IT JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE SAME TIME OF DAY?
EVERY TIME YOU HAPPEN TO LOOK, IT'S 7:11...7:11...7:11.
EVER THINK THAT'S THE WORLD'S WAY OF TELLING YOU IT'S TIME FOR A SLURPEE?
BECAUSE... THAT *DISORDER*... THAT *UNPREDICTABILITY*... THAT YOU GAVE YOUR CLASS RING TO...
...IT'S NOT FOR REAL...
IT'S AS *FAKE* AS THAT CANADIAN GIRLFRIEND YOU TOLD EVERYONE ABOUT WHEN YOU WERE IN NINTH GRADE.
CHAOS IS JUST AN *IMAGINARY FRIEND.*
AND HE'S FULL OF &#$%.
ROOOOONNK
ROOOOONNK
ROOOOONNK
THAT'S ALL REAL INTERESTING...
...BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR *RIDE'S* HERE.

REDRUM?
SPLAT
ROOOOONK
TH-WHUMP-GGLK-WHUMP-GRK-THUM-THUMP
SHUDDER-SKRRRR-SKRR-SKKR
AWW, MAN! AWW, MAN!
GUY CAME OUTTA NOWHERE!
NO WAY I COULDA STOPPED! GUY NEVER HAD A--

MIND YOUR STEP AND PASS THE WET-NAPS.
I THINK I MIGHT HAVE HAD A *LITTLE* ACCIDENT.
CLEAN-UP ON AISLE FIVE. BRING THE SAWDUST AND VOMIT COMET.
YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?
--THE HELL?
SOME SORT OF SUPER VILLAIN FIGHT.
IS HE ALL RIGHT?
GOT HIT BY A SEMI! OF COURSE HE'S NOT!
OVER HERE!
FIND A DOCTOR! GET HIM SOME BANDAGES OR SOMETHING!
GOTTA STOP THE BLEEDING!
LOOK AT HIM! HOW'RE YOU GONNA STOP THAT MUCH BLEEDING?!
--THE HELL?
SOME SORT OF SUPER VILLAIN FIGHT.
IS HE ALL RIGHT?
GOT HIT BY A SEMI! OF COURSE HE'S NOT!
OVER HERE!
FIND A DOCTOR! GET HIM SOME BANDAGES OR SOMETHING!
GOTTA STOP THE BLEEDING!
LOOK AT HIM! HOW'RE YOU GONNA STOP THAT MUCH BLEEDING?!

WHERE'D HE GO?
WHU--
WHERE'S CARNAGE?
SIGNS... GOTTA BE SIGNS.
WHERE'S HE GOING, HUH?
LET'S TAP THE KEG OF COLLECTIVE INSANITY AND FIGURE--
MERCURY MOTORS
MERCURY.
YO, DEADPOOL! YOU'RE THE BOMB, YO!
THAT WAS *AWESOME!*
GO TEAM GO!!
DUDE! SIGN MY JERSEY!
TEAM?
WHAT'S A *MERCURY TEAM?*

"AND HOW DO I FIND ONE?"
THAT'S RIGHT.
KEEP IT RIGHT AT THE SPEED LIMIT.
WOULDN'T DO TO GET PULLED OVER FOR SPEEDING, WOULD IT?
AND WE AIN'T IN A *HURRY.*
WE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD...
...TO GET TO *KNOW* ONE ANOTHER.
MISTER... YOUR GIRLFRIEND DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
I THINK SHE MIGHT BE *DEAD.*
SHRIEK'S *ALIVE.*
SHE'S LIKE ME.
TOO MEAN TO DIE.

WAS THAT *SPIDER-MAN* YOU WERE FIGHTING?
WAS IT *VENOM?*
ARE *YOU* VENOM?
STOP WAGGING YOUR TONGUES OR I'LL RIP 'EM OUT YOUR NOSTRILS!
OH-GOD-OH-GOD-OH-GOD!
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE!
WHAT'S THAT, MOM?
COWERING AND BEGGING WHILE I THREATEN YOUR KIDS?
AIN'T YOU A *PEACH?*
JUST--
JUST LEAVE THEM ALONE.
YOU GOT SOMETHING TO ADD TO THE CONVERSATION, DADDY?

THINK BEFORE YOU ANSWER.
THINK ABOUT HOW I BELIEVE IT DOES A GROWING CHILD GOOD TO SEE THEIR PARENTAL FIGURES SPLIT OPEN AND HOLLOWED OUT.
YOU THINK ON THAT.
WHERE DO YOU WANT US TO TAKE YOU? JUST TELL ME.
JUST TELL ME AND I'LL DO IT.
JUST DON'T HURT MY FAMILY.
HMM? WHAT'S THAT DEADPOOL KEPT YAMMERING ABOUT?
THE WORLD TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING...
...SIGNS EVERYWHERE...
LET'S GIVE HIS LITTLE GAME A GO.
Tour On Wheels
Family Fun
WHERE'RE YOU TAKING THE FAMILY ON THIS LITTLE VACATION, PA?
WE'RE...
WE'VE BEEN TOURING, STOPPING AT ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS...THAT'S ALL...LITTLE MUSEUMS AND LANDMARKS...
GHOST TOWNS...THAT SORT OF THING.
THEN...BY ALL MEANS... DON'T LET ME STOP YOU.
HIT THE GAS!
Weird places

"LET'S GO SIGHTSEEING!
"AND IF DEADPOOL WANTS TO KEEP COMING AFTER ME, LET HIM!
"ALL THOSE SIGNS HE'S FOLLOWING...I HOPE THEY SPELL OUT ONE THING LOUD AND CLEAR.
Taco Paco
Taco Paco
Paco Taco
Paco Taco
Paco Taco
"NEXT TIME WE MEET... NO MATTER WHERE IT IS...THAT'S THE END OF THE LINE.
"THEM SIGNS ARE LEADING HIM STRAIGHT TO HIS GRAVE.

"AND WHAT COMES NEXT...
"...HE WON'T BE *EXPECTING!*"
A GHOST TOWN.
SEE? THIS IS WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, CARNIE-POO.
WHEN WE FIRST MET, YOU WERE SQUATTING IN A GHOST TOWN.
SORTA.
WORLD'S BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.
AND YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO LISTEN, BUT I CAN READ YOU LIKE A--

AH!
DIDN'T... DIDN'T EXPECT... THAT!
CARNAGE AND ME...
NOT...NOT ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH... AT ALL!
NOT LIKE HIM.
WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT...
...UNLESS I'M GONNA DO IT TO CARNAGE!

AH-WEE-AH-WEE-OOOOOOOOO! WAH-WAH-WAH!
COME ON, CARNAGE!
I'M A-CALLING YOU OUT, YA LILY-LIVERED VARMINT!
RRRAAAAAGGHH!
WHERE'D YOU SCURRY OFF TO?
WHERE'RE YOU--
--HIDING JUST UNDER THE FACADE.
CAN YOU FEEL IT, SHRIEK-BABY?
ALL I FEEL IS *DUST*... CRAWLING UP MY--
NAW.
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE HERE...SOMETHING... *FAMILIAR*...SLITHERING BENEATH THE SURFACE.
WAIT HERE, BABY.
DADDY'S GOING--

--FISHING.
FISHING?
WHAT THE *HELL* MADE ME THINK OF *THAT?*
ALL I'M SAYING IS THIS IS A WASTE OF OUR TALENTS.
WE'VE GOT OUR *ORDERS*.
WE'RE A TEAM OF HIGHLY TRAINED SOLDIERS...LIVING WITH SYMBIOTIC WEAPONRY!
MERCURY TEAM WAS LITERALLY *MADE* TO TAKE OUT CARNAGE. IF HE'S ON THE LOOSE--
GRRRRR
WHAT IS IT, BOY? WHAT'S--
--WRONG.
HOW'RE OLD GHOST TOWNS SUPPOSED TO SMELL?
LIKE OLD GHOSTS.
KINDA LIKE MENTHOL AND BENGAY.

THIS PLACE, THOUGH.
SMELLS LIKE MOTOR OIL...CORDITE... B.O....
SMELLS LIKE *MILITARY.*
AND FOR A GHOST TOWN...
...SURE IS *CLEAN.*
MOVE! MOVE!
WE'VE GOT INTRUDERS! POSSIBLY MULTIPLE INTRUDERS!
GET TO THE *BIO-WEAPONS!*
ROWRF ROWRF ROWRF
AW, NO.
WE'RE TOO--

REEEAARRGGH!
SLLLLLSCCK
SLLLLLSH
WSSSSSCK
SOMETIMES, THE SIGNS ARE OBSCURE.
SOMETIMES, THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL.
CLICK
BINGO WAS HIS NAME-O.
WHHHSSSSSH

TOP-SECRET MILITARY COMPLEX.
SURE. WHY NOT?
EXPRESS ELEVATOR TO HELL...
...GOING DOOOOOWWWN.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THEM SLIP AWAY!
I WAS BROUGHT HERE TO KILL THEM!
ONCE THEY'RE DEAD, I CAN GET BACK DOWN TO BUSINESS!
WHERE'S THE--
SNF SNF
WET DOG?
THAT'S NOT ME, IS IT?
WOOOOP WOOOOP WOOOOP
WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS KEPT IN THERE? NOT SURE THAT INFORMATION FITS MY "WANT-TO-KNOW" CLEARANCE LEVEL.
BUT THESE ALARMS...MAKE IT HARD TO THINK STRAIGHT.
WOOOOP WOOOOP WOOOOP
AS IF IT WAS ALL THAT EASY BEFORE.
HNH? ANOTHER SIGN?
BIOHAZARD ALERT! FACILITY PURGE in 9:47
HSSSSS

IT'S A SIGN, ALL RIGHT!
NNNGYEEEAGH!
SLAAAAASH
A SIGN THAT YOU SHOULD STOP LOOKING FOR SECRET MESSAGES--
--AND START LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER!
EEEEAGGH!
SHRRRRRK
I REALLY OUGHT TO *THANK* YOU.
IT'S ALL YOUR TALK OF HIDDEN MEANINGS AND SECRET MASTERS THAT BROUGHT ME HERE.
SLLLSSSSSH
I MEAN... MAYBE YOU WERE *RIGHT*.
MAYBE I WAS BEING LED AROUND BY THE NOSE.
LED HERE.
THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO *DISTRACT* ME FROM MY *ART*.

SO...
THANKS.
GOOD LUCK HEALING BACK FROM THAT BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE GOES UP IN FLAMES.
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
WOOOOP
SGGGLKKLL
SGGGKLLKGGL-
THWP-THWP
HRRR
SGGKLLKGGL

WOO-BOY!
LOOKS LIKE SOME-DISMEMBERED-BODY IS GETTING AN **UPGRADE!**
FOUR **SYMBIOTES!**
FOUR BIG HONKIN' **HANKERINGS** TO WASTE CARNAGE!
AND HERE I THOUGHT **SPLIT PERSONALITIES** WERE FUN BEFORE!
TO BE CONTINUED.
ESPIN '14

MARVEL
4
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!
BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI
DEADPOOL
VS
CARNAGE
GLENN FABRY -2014- ADAM BROWN

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

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CARNAGE

After Deadpool and Carnage's battle on the highway—which left Deadpool living roadkill for a tractor trailer—Carnage went on the road again with Shriek. But Deadpool refused to be discouraged: convinced one psychotic could predict another, Deadpool continued to follow the "clues" he saw everywhere to find Carnage. Those clues led him to a secret base of the Mercury Team—highly trained soldiers with symbiotic weaponry. But Carnage and Shriek had beaten him there—all the members of Mercury Team had been slaughtered. Only a lone dog remained—with four of the Mercury Team's symbiotes that had managed to escape attached to it! The symbiotes then joined themselves to Deadpool—now he can finally fight Carnage with carnage!

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CARRINGTON COTTAGE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.
ENTRANCE
SO...WHAT I REALLY WANT TO KNOW...
...WHAT I NEED TO KNOW...
CAR N AGE PSYC O
...IS IF I'VE BEEN LIED TO ALL THIS TIME.
"CRIMINALLY INSANE."
"PSYCHOTIC."
"DELUSIONAL."
"PRONE TO UNCONTROLLABLE FITS OF RAGE."
BUT NOW... WORD IS... THAT AIN'T ALL TRUE.
WAY I HEAR TELL, THERE'S SOME OTHER FORCE CONTROLLING EVERY DAMN THING I DO.
OH, BABY... DON'T TURN YOUR EYES.
YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE THIS.
YOU'RE GONNA WATCH!
AND ME...I'M THE KIND OF OLD HOSS WHO DON'T LIKE BEING CONTROLLED.

SO I'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF ONE OF YOU...EXPERTS... WOULD ENLIGHTEN ME ON THE SUBJECT.
AM I JUST SOME SORT OF PUPPET?
IS THERE SUCH A THING AS CHAOS?
AM I JUST FOOLING MYSELF HERE?
'CAUSE KILLING RANDOMLY... THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO DO.
AND I'M GONNA' HAVE TO REASSESS MY LIFE GOALS IF THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS RANDOMNESS.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC?
AM I WORRIED OVER NOTHING?
I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT YOU WANT.
BUT COMING HERE... LIKE THIS...IS NOT RANDOM.
HMMM...
GOOD POINT.
LET'S EXPLORE OUR THOUGHTS IN ANOTHER WAY.
SCHLAACK
TELL ME... WHAT DOES THIS "INK" BLOT MEAN TO YOU?
SOMEBODY BETTER GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS.
I'M PREPARED TO KILL EVERYONE HERE...AND IN EVERY OTHER MADHOUSE FROM HERE TO THE END OF THE WORLD... TO GET MY--
KA--
SPAK

--BLAM
PLGGGK
CLETUS!
OH, BABY! BABY!
ARE YOU--
GRRRGGGLKKKGKK
HE'S STILL...
HE'S STILL OUT THERE
"DEADPOOL AIN'T DEAD YET!"

THAT'S RIIIIIIIGHT.
I CAN HEAAAAAAR YOU.
AND I AIN'T DEAD.
IN FACT... I'M BETTER THAN EVER.
MY SYMBIOTIC PAL PHAGE GRANTS ME ENHANCED SIGHT.
WHY...I COULD SHOOT THE LEGS OFF A FLY AT 100 METERS.
NOW...
SIC 'IM!
THINK...
THINK YOU CAN KILL ME...US...
...BY SNIPING AT US FROM THE TREES?
GRRRRRRRRRRR
YOU WANT TO SHANK ME--
--YOU BETTER LOOK ME IN THE EYE!
COME ON, DEADPOOL!
I'M CALLING YOU OUT, BOY!
COME AND GET ME!

GRRRAAAAAWWWR!
SKKRAASSSH
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
DOG...
...WON'T HUNT!
A SYMBIOTE?
WHAT THE--
GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
THAT'S LASHER...A WAR DOG WHOSE BITE IS WORSE THAN HIS BARK.
WATCH OUT, CARNIE-POO, YOUR FAMILY JEWELS LOOK LIKE KIBBLE!

YAAAAGGH!
RIOT LETS ME MOVE FASTER THAN A CASE OF RAGING DIARRHEA.
VSSSSSSS
SLSSSH
HSSSKK
WHAT IS IT, CLETUS? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
NGGYAA!
AHH--
AND AGONY MAKES ME STRONG ENOUGH TO DISH OUT SOME REAL...WELL...AGONY.
C-COWARD WANT TO FIGHT?
FIGHT LIKE A MAN.
IS THIS... DEADPOOL? HOW IS HE DOING THIS?
FULL OF GHOSTS...THIS PLACE IS FULL OF GHOSTS.
TOOK THEM IN...ALL THE SQUIRMING, CRAWLING... PARASITES.
STRENGTH... SIGHT...SPEED...
...AND... AND...

...THE HOUNDS OF HELL...
YAAAGHH!
RAAAWWWGH!
GET OFF!
SKREEEEEKOW
WHHHHNNNNE
WHHHHNNNNE
WWWHHY'D YA DO IT?
WHYYYY'D YA *KILL* ME?
B-BABY?

OH... OH, NO.
BABY?
IT AIN'T REAL...
THAT SYMBIOTE... IT'S CHANGING SHAPE...
BUT WHAT IF IT IS?
WHAT IF THE WORLD'S TRYING...TO SHOW ME...
...THE TRUTH?
I CAN'T!
I WON'T!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DON'T YOU LET DEADPOOL GET INTO YOUR HEAD!
DON'T YOU LEAVE ME, YOU--
NEAT TRICK, HUH?
PRETTY COOL WHAT A GUY LIKE ME CAN DO WITH A FEW PISSED-OFF SYMBIOTES.
STRONG... FAST...
ALIEN FLESH... CHANGING...
HOUNDS OF HELL AT YOUR HEELS.
I THINK WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO SAY IS...IF YOU STRIKE ME DOWN...I SHALL BECOME MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
AND ALSO...

...I AM YOUR FATHER.

HEH...
GOT YOURSELF AN *UPGRADE*.
THIS *OLD THING?*
JUST SOMETHING I HAD LAYING AROUND.
BLAM
B-BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
I DON'T NEED *POWER-UPS* TO FINISH OFF A *SYMBIOTIC SKIDMARK* LIKE YOU.
HRR... HRRH...
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN--
--THAT?
HOOOOO-WHEEE!
GET THE *PICKLED MATERS* AND *HUSH PUPPIES!*
I HOOKED ME A *LIVE* ONE!

SLAM
THINK THAT SYMBIOTE'S A *TOY*, DON'T YA?
SOMETHING FUN TO *PLAY* WITH.
GONNA LEARN YA OTHERWISE!
SHHUNK
BWAM
BLAM
BLAM

WHY'D YOU EVEN COME *HERE*, JETHRO?
BIG CITY LIFE GET TO BE TOO *MUCH* FOR YOU?
MISS THE *CABBAGE PATCH?*
I'M HERE BECAUSE OF *YOU!*
GONNA PROVE YOU *WRONG!*
YOU THINK THERE'S SOME *GREATER POWER* GUIDING *MY* HAND!
BUT I'M *FREE!* YOU UNDERSTAND?
FREE!
Y-YOU NEVER HEARD OF AN ANGEL ON ONE SHOULDER? A DEVIL ON THE OTHER?
YOU GOT THEM...SAME AS ME.
ONLY OUR ANGELS...OUR DEVILS...ARE WEARING *STRAIGHTJACKETS!*
SOUNDS TO ME LIKE *I* LED YOU HERE--
HRRGGK!
SHUNK
--BY THE NOSE!

IF YOU'D HAVE PAID ATTENTION TO THE SIGNS, YOU MIGHT HAVE REALIZED THAT.
WE'RE CONNECTED...
WUUH
...ME... YOU...ALL THE LOONIES...
WE LOOK CLOSE ENOUGH, WE CAN SEE THE WHEELS TURNING.
FACE IT, PAL.
I'M YOUR SPIRIT ANIMAL.
WHUFF!
YOU AIN'T NOTHING TO ME!

THAT'S A *DOUBLE NEGATIVE.*
SO...YOU MEAN...I *AM* SOMETHING TO YOU?
SO *CONFUSED.*
I SAY...I SAY...
...LUCKILY I KEEP MY GUTS *NUMBERED* FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION.
WHERE'D HE--
MUSTA NEEDED TO CLEAR HIS NOGGIN.
I CAN'T BELIEVE CARNAGE WOULD JUST RUN OUT ON OUR LITTLE DISCUSSION.
LEAVING A BRO HANGING LIKE THAT...POSITIVELY *VILLAINOUS.*
WELL...
"...I GUESS I'VE GOT TO GO *HUNTING!*"

YEEEEEEAAAAAGGGH!
HNH?
SHRIEK?
SHRIEK, BABY?
YOU WILL BE PUNISHED BY YOUR ANGER
HOLD ON!
I'LL FIND YOU!
SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE. I SEE IT NOW.
MAYBE THERE IS SOME SORT OF POWERFUL FORCE TRYING TO CONTROL ME.
NOW THAT MY EYES ARE OPEN, I CAN'T BLOCK IT OUT.
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN!
Heroes
IT'S ALL A *DISGUISE*... ALL A TRICK.
THAT SCREAM... *MUFFLED.*
IT'S *COVERING US... ENVELOPING* US.
Please dont Leave Old food In the FRIDGE!

DOCTOR SAYS THE VOICES WANT ME TO HURT MYSELF.
BUT NOW THEY'RE *SCREAMING.*
THE *SCARY LADY*...
...WITH THOSE MUFFLED *SCREAMS*...
TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING?
TRYING TO POINT ME IN ANOTHER DIRECTION?
WELL YOU CAN *SHOVE IT.*
OLD CLETUS...HE'S HIS *OWN* MAN. HE--
...DON'T CUT...
...DON'T KILL...
...THE SCARY LADY...
AIN'T BUT ONE MORE PERSON GONNA' *DIE* TONIGHT...
"...AND THAT'S *DEADPOOL.*"
HSSSSSSSSS

TRYING TO TWIST MY THOUGHTS!
TO MESS ME UP IN THE HEAD!
BUT I CAN SEE YOU, YOU TRICKSTER, FOR WHAT YOU ARE!
DON'T HOLD YOUR TONGUE NOW!
I KNOW THIS HURTS!
I WANT TO HEAR YOU SCREAM, BOY! I WANT TO HEAR YOU--
SSGGLLK
SH-SHRIEK?
SYMBIOTE... COVERED HER... DISGUISED HER...
...TRICKING ME INTO...
...BUT THEY TRIED TO WARN ME...
...TRIED TO TELL ME...
...IF I'D LISTENED.
NO!
THINK I'M SOME SORT OF OBEDIENT DOG?
TRYING TO TEACH ME SOMETHING... PUNISH ME...
SWAT ME WITH A NEWSPAPER... RUB MY NOSE IN THE CARPET? WELL GUESS WHAT?

"I STILL AIN'T LISTENING."
ENTRANCE
I DON'T GET IT.
KASADY IS CRAZY, YEAH... BUT THIS SEEMS STRANGE, EVEN FOR HIM.
STROLLED IN THE ASYLUM, MURDERED A DOZEN PEOPLE...
...AND THEN... THIS?
SLICED AND DICED A KNOWN ACCOMPLICE AND GAL PAL, TOO. ALMOST ICED HER.
MAYBE HE HAD A MOMENT OF CLARITY...LOST HIS TASTE FOR BLOOD.
A GUY LIKE CARNAGE? TURNING BELLY UP BECAUSE HE HURT HIS FRIEND?
CELL'S NOT EVEN LOCKED. HE COULD WALK RIGHT OUT.
THERE'S GOTTA BE AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE, RIGHT?
MAYBE... BUT SEEING HIM JUST SITTING THERE...PASSIVE LIKE THAT...
...YOU GOTTA WONDER WHAT'S RUNNING THROUGH THAT TWISTED MIND OF HIS.
GONNA SIT RIGHT HERE...
...'TIL I'M LEFT ALONE...
...'TIL I'M MY OWN MAN AGAIN...
...AND THEN...

"...I'M GONNA FIND DEADPOOL... AND MAKE HIM PAY FOR TRYING TO PEEL MY EYES OPEN!"
LOOK, BUDDY...I CAN'T KEEP YA.
A GUY LIKE ME, I GOT NO TIME FOR DOG FOOD AND POOPER SCOOPERS.
AND I... MUST...RESIST THE...URGE...
...TO PEE ON HYDRANTS... AND SNIFF BEHINDS.
WHAT WOULD I EVEN CALL YOU?
SLIME-DOG MILLIONAIRE? MR. BITE-YER-ASS? DOGPOOL THE SECOND?
BESIDES...I NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME.
TAKE YOUR GOOEY LITTLE PALS BACK TO THE GOVERNMENTAL BIGWIGS WHO KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF 'EM.
I'LL MISS YA.
BUT YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN I CAN GIVE YA.
RUFF
ALL RIGHT, CRAZY TRAIN.
CARNAGE IS DOWN FOR THE COUNT...A BROKEN MAN...THANKS TO YOURS TRULY.
BUT THERE'S STILL LOTS OF CRAZY TO TEND TO...AND I AM THE DR. PHIL OF THE SUPER-POWERED LUNATIC WORLD.
WHO'S NEXT?

DEADPOOL ANNUAL

SHH.
D.NA
1.21.14

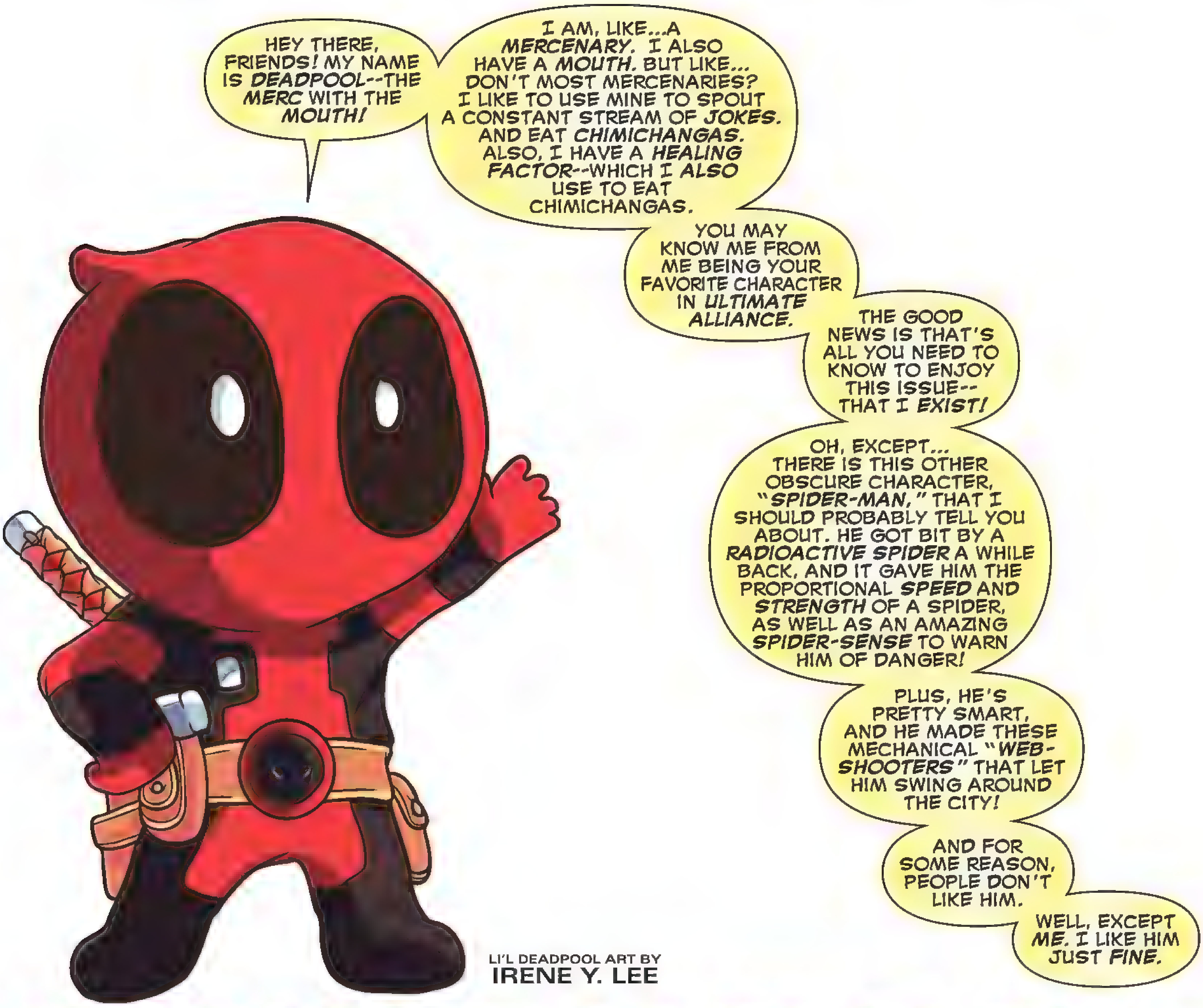
ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW!

HASTINGS
CAMAGNI
MILLA

002

Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Now, Wade makes his way as a gun for hire, shooting his prey's faces off while talking his friends' ears off. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL


HEY THERE, FRIENDS! MY NAME IS DEADPOOL--THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH!
I AM, LIKE...A MERCENARY. I ALSO HAVE A MOUTH. BUT LIKE... DON'T MOST MERCENARIES? I LIKE TO USE MINE TO SPOUT A CONSTANT STREAM OF JOKES. AND EAT CHIMICHANGAS. ALSO, I HAVE A HEALING FACTOR--WHICH I ALSO USE TO EAT CHIMICHANGAS.
YOU MAY KNOW ME FROM ME BEING YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN ULTIMATE ALLIANCE.
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO ENJOY THIS ISSUE-- THAT I EXIST!
OH, EXCEPT... THERE IS THIS OTHER OBSCURE CHARACTER, "SPIDER-MAN," THAT I SHOULD PROBABLY TELL YOU ABOUT. HE GOT BIT BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER A WHILE BACK, AND IT GAVE HIM THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A SPIDER, AS WELL AS AN AMAZING SPIDER-SENSE TO WARN HIM OF DANGER!
PLUS, HE'S PRETTY SMART, AND HE MADE THESE MECHANICAL "WEB-SHOOTERS" THAT LET HIM SWING AROUND THE CITY!
AND FOR SOME REASON, PEOPLE DON'T LIKE HIM.
WELL, EXCEPT ME. I LIKE HIM JUST FINE.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

SPIDEYPOOL

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WHY WON'T YOU *LEAVE ME ALONE?!*
CRACK

WOOF. OKAY YEAH, I GET THAT A LOT, BUT NOT USUALLY WITH THE RAW SPIDER-MUSCLE PUNCTUATION.
KRXX
WHAT'D I DO?
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU'RE DEADPOOL NOW, HUH?
Y-YES?
PROVE IT.
BECAUSE IF YOU'RE NOT DEADPOOL, THEN YOU'VE FINALLY BLOWN IT, PAL. I'LL KNOW YOU'RE YOU, AND YOU CAN'T DISAPPEAR UP HERE, HA HA HA HA!
YOU SOUND CRAZY.
HERE.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
COUGH *COUGH*, IT'LL TAKE A SEC, BUT THAT'LL HEAL UP. GENUINE DEADPOOL.
HRHN... REALLY THOUGHT I HAD HIM THAT TIME.
THANK YOU. YOU STILL SCARE ME BECAUSE YOU'RE... YOU. BUT THANK YOU.
WHAT'S A COUPLE BULLETS IN THE HEART *HACK* AMONG AMAZING FRIENDS?
WE'RE NOT FR--
NOW, AS I SAID BEFORE I LANDED: "WHY'S MY GOOD BUDDY SPIDER-MAN LYING DOWN ON THAT THERE ROOFTOP?"
I'M SPIDER-MAN! I'M THE MAYOR OF ROOFTOPS!
MAYOR OF ROOFTOPS?
IT'S A FOURSQUARE JOKE. WHY WERE YOU HANG-GLIDING THROUGH MANHATTAN?
I WAS FIGURING OUT WHICH NICE HOTELS AROUND HERE HAVE EMPTY PENTHOUSES TO CRASH.
IT'S FUN!
WHY IS THIS DOOR WEBBED-SHUT?
AND OH, YEAH! WHY DID YOU JUST HAVE ME SHOOT MYSELF?!

"OKAY. GOD, IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOREVER, BUT...NO. I THINK IT STARTED A FEW DAYS AGO. I SAVED A GUY FROM A BUS AND THEN..."
"HE STABBED YOU?!"
AAH!
SCHLOOK
"AND THE NEXT SECOND HE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED."
"YOU DEFINITELY STILL SOUND CRAZY!"
"THE NEXT DAY...I GAVE A WICKED TOSS TO WHO I THOUGHT WAS THE RHINO... BUT WAS SUDDENLY A PREGNANT LADY."
"YOU THREW A PREGNANT WOMAN INTO A WALL?! I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD LOVE YOU MORE THAN I ALREADY DID."
"I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT SHE VANISHED! AND THEN SOMEONE TRIED TO STAB ME OUT OF NOWHERE! I DODGED IT BUT NO ONE WAS THERE.
"LATER THAT DAY, I--"
"I GET THE PATTERN. MOVE ON."
"THE POINT IS RANDOM PEOPLE KEPT ATTACKING ME AND DISAPPEARING!
"IT GOT TO WHEN I WAS JUST ABOUT TO WEB UP EVERYONE AROUND ME WHEN I HEARD LAUGHTER.
"NOBODY ELSE SAW HIM. BUT I DID. FOR JUST A SECOND.
"IT WAS THE CHAMELEON.
"THEN HE TURNED A CORNER AND WAS GONE."
HE HASN'T STOPPED. SOMETIMES HE DOESN'T EVEN ATTACK. HE JUST WHISPERS. HE'S EVERYWHERE. MY SPIDER-SENSE WON'T STOP HUMMING.
CAN'T GO HOME. CAN'T UNMASK. IF HE CAN TRACK ME WHEN I'M OUT OF COSTUME...
AM I MISSING SOMETHING? JUST POUND HIS PATOOT, LIKE USUAL.
IT'S DIFFERENT. I'VE COME SO CLOSE TO HURTING INNOCENT PEOPLE I WAS SURE WERE HIM. MY CONFIDENCE IS GONE.
IF I COULD JUST GET SOME SLEEP, SOMEWHERE HE CAN'T GET TO...BUT MY SPIDER-SENSE WON'T LET ME. I CAN FEEL HIM GETTING CLOSER. I'M ALWAYS FEELING IT!

SFIZZZZ
AY! WHAT'S WITH THE STICKY ON THE DOOR?!
SPIDAH-MAN?!
NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!
SPIDEY! WAIT! I CAN HELP!
WAIT, FRIIIIIEND...
THONK
GONK.

LET'S SEE...IF I WERE SPIDEY...
WHICH FLOOR WHICH FLOOR WHICH FLOOR...
AAAAAAAH!
AH-HA! ALWAYS FOLLOW THE SCREAMS.
OOHHH... BOY.

SHE'S THE CHAMELEON!
I SAW HER *CHANGE* THIS TIME. YOU'LL SEE!
÷SOB÷, PLEASE... PLEASE...I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A BAD MAN, REALLY... PLEASE...
IT'S JUST A MASK, LOOK!
MY MAN, I *HATE* BEING THE VOICE OF REASON, BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T RIP THAT LADY'S FACE OFF.
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE PARANOID. YOU THINK ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE, *I AM SO INTO THAT.*
BUT YOU'RE A GOOD DUDE. DON'T LET CHAMELEON'S MIND-MESSING CHANGE THAT. I WILL *HELP YOU.* WE CAN *STRATEGIZE.*
YOU *ARE* THE ONLY PERSON WHO'S BEEN ABLE TO PROVE I CAN TRUST THEM...
YEAH...JUST LET THE NICE LADY GO...
MAYBE I *DIDN'T* SEE HER--

TCHUNK
EEEEK CHAMELEON!
NNNNF...
GET OUT OF HERE!
LET THE PAVEMENT PUNCH YOU TO DEATH, YOU CREEPY WEIRDO!
SMASH
TWHIP
WE DON'T...
KILL...
*

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SPIDER-MAN, PASSED OUT *HERE!*
WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?
MAYBE HE'S SOMEBODY FAMOUS!
I HEARD THERE WAS A REWARD...
JUST A PEEK...
WHOA!
SERIOUSLY? I'M RIGHT HERE.
THAT'S ENOUGH TALK ABOUT *UNMASKING,* EVERYBODY.
BACK TO WORK! TO YOUR DESKS!
ACTUALLY...
JUST GO AHEAD AND EVACUATE THE BUILDING!
THAAAAAANKS!
BRRAAT BRRAAT BRRAAT
AAAAAAA

YOU BREATHING? AWESOME. LISTEN.
SLAM
CHAMELEON'S BACK IN THE BUILDING. IF HE'S TRACKING YOU, HE COULD BE HERE ANY SECOND. WHAT DO WE DO? HOLD OFF ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO COME IN THIS ROOM?
NO. I'M NEARLY OUT OF AMMO. I THOUGHT TODAY WOULD JUST BE A *HANG-GLIDING DAY.* BUT NO.
WE'RE AMAZING FRIENDS, SPIDEY! I GOTTA PROTECT YOU!
I ALWAYS BELIEVED IN YOU. EVEN WHEN YOU'RE A JERK, AND YOU PUNCH ME, AND YOU HAVE SPIDER-BOTS AND *THINK, WILSON. THINK.*
WE'RE GONNA *CHAMELEON THE CHAMELEON!*

YEEK! SPIDEY, WHEN THIS IS DONE I GOTTA HAVE YOU TALK TO MY SPANDEX GUY. IT'S 2014! WE DON'T NEED TO SUFFER HERO WEDGIES ANYMORE!
MAN
SUPER-BRO-CODE. DON'T OUT A FELLOW SUPER-BRO.
OKAY, BUDDY. YOU GET THAT SLEEP YOU'VE BEEN NEEDING. I'M GONNA DRAW THE CHAMELEON OFF YOUR TAIL.
AND THEN I'LL KILL HIM.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE THE MASK OFF WHEN I SHOOT HIM SO NOBODY THINKS YOU DID IT.

WOO!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH SOMEONE WHO'S *ALREADY* INSANE, CHAMELEON!
HELLO, NEW YORK!
SMASH
THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, IT'S *ME*. YOUR *FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!* DON'T TALK TO THOSE POSEURS IN TIMES SQUARE! GET YOUR PICTURE WITH THE REAL DEAL!
YOU SUCK, SPIDER-MAN!
I FOUND ONE OF YOUR SPY-SPIDERS IN MY BATHROOM, YOU WEIRDO!
UH...I'D LIKE A PICTURE, SPIDER-MAN, IF THAT'S OKAY.
OF COURSE, *TRUE BELIEBER!*
WHAT?
ADULTS ARE TRUE BELIEVERS. TEENS ARE TRUE BELIEBERS. RIGHT? THAT'S HOW IT WORKS?
YOUR VOICE SOUNDS WEIRD, SPIDER-MAN.
ONE OF THE LOSERS IN MY ROGUES GALLERY TRIED TO SEDATE ME, BUT ALL IT DID WAS GIVE ME THIS COLD! *⊰COUGH⊱ ⊰COUGH⊱ ⊰COUGH⊱*

A LOSER? OR A NEMESIS WHO HAS HUNTED YOU EVER SINCE YOU WERE JUST A CHILD...LIKE ME?
UH...I DON'T KNO--OH MY GOD, YOU'RE THE CHAMELEON!
WH--
WHAT? WHERE DID--?
AAAH THAT WAS MY PLAN TO THE LETTER AND HE STILL GOT AWAY!
DON'T WORRY, SPIDER-MAN. I'LL HAVE SOMETHING STRONGER FOR YOU NEXT TIME. THEN WE'LL GO SOMEPLACE QUIET...
AND I'LL MAKE A SUIT FROM YOUR SKIN. SEE YOU SOON. MAYBE MINUTES. MAYBE HOURS. MAYBE DAYS. YEARS?
SEE YOU SOON.
Subway
Subway
YOU ARE SO CREEPY.

AAGH. FRUSTRATION.
AT LEAST I KNOW I'VE *FOOLED* HIM!
BUT CHAMELEON WAS ALREADY HIP TO THE VOICE DIFFERENCE. I NEED TO COMMIT TO BEING SPIDER-MAN 100%. IF HE KNOWS I'M A FRAUD, HE'LL *IMMEDIATELY* KNOW TO GO BACK TO THAT OFFICE AND...
I IMAGINE THAT WHOLE SKIN SUIT THING WILL HAPPEN.
I DON'T WANT SPIDER-MAN TO BE MADE INTO A SKIN SUIT.
GOTTA BE SPIDEY AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO DRAW THE CHAMELEON OUT AGAIN!
SOMEONE HELP!
HELLO, CLASSIC SPIDER-MAN SCENARIO.
SERIOUSLY?! WHY ARE YOU PURSE-SNATCHING IN NEW YORK CITY?! THIS IS THE SUPER HERO CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!
ACTUALLY, THERE'S A RULE OF AVERAGES. I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SNATCH SEVEN PURSES FOR EVERY ONE SUPER HERO SIGHTING, WHICH MEA--
SRNCH

WELL THAT WASN'T TOO TOUGH.
WAIT! THAT'S RIGHT! I GOTTA STRING HIM UP FOR THE POLICE!
HMM...COULD BE A WHILE TILL THEY ACTUALLY GET AROUND TO IT.
OH! I KNOW!
THERE WE GO.
THWIP

WEEEEOOOOOOO
MUCH MORE EFFICIENT!
NOW WHERE'S...
NYPD
CHAMELEON?!
OH, GOD.
I FEEL LIKE I'M PEEING MY PANTS BUT I JUST WENT TO THE BATHROOM, LIKE, A SECOND AGO.
NAW, YOU'RE GOOD. SORRY... CITIZEN.
OKAY... WHAT'S ANOTHER SUPER SPIDER-MANNY ACTIVITY TO DO...
CAN'T JUST AIMLESSLY SWING AROUND TOWN ALL DAY. IT'S ALREADY DOING MURDERS ON MY LATS.
HISSSSS

WHOA!
WHAT? WHAT WHAT THE WHAT?
HIIISSSSS
AAAA!
ANIMAL-THEMED VILLAIN!
CLASSIC SPIDER-MAN.

THEY'RE ALL GOING TOWARD...
THAT BUILDING!
'SCUSE ME, I'M HERE FOR WHATEVER SNAKE PERSON IS BEHIND THIS.
SSSPIDER-MAN!
WELL, I AIN'T SAINT PATRICK!
WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?
WHEN YOU AWOKE TODAY, YOU HAD NO IDEA HOW MUCH YOUR *LIFE* WOULD *SSSOON* BE CONTROLLED BY THE MASSSSTER!
LEAVE USSSS BE, SSSPIDER-MAN, AND WE WILL REMEMBER YOU *KINDLY* WHEN WE COVER THE *EARTH*.
SO *EASY* TO TAKE THE '*M*' OFF THAT NAME...
SO WHAT EXACTLY WOULD I BE LEAVING YOU TO?
THIS *FASSSSILITY!* MY SSSNAKES AND I WOULD TAKE THIS CITY HOSTAGE TO CONTROL IT.
WE, UH... WE'RE KNOWN FOR OUR WORK IN SYNTHESIZED TISSUE.
WE DO A LOT OF THAT WORK THROUGH CLONING MICE. BASICALLY IF THE MIX OF MATTER IS RIGHT, WE CAN TURN ANYTHING INTO AN INSTANT MOUSE.
AND WITH IT, I CAN MAKE AN UNLIMITED FOOD SSSUPPLY FOR MY ARMY OF SSSNAKES!

THAT IS DUMB.
AND SPIDER-MAN IS A CHAMPION AGAINST DUMB!
AM I?
LET'S SEE, FAT GUY IN A RHINO OUTFIT, OLD MAN WITH WINGS, A VARIETY OF *GOBLINS*, SAND THAT IS A PERSON, *WATER* THAT IS A PERSON, OCTOPUS DOCTOR...
I AM A CHAMPION AGAINST *DUMB!*
HISSSSS
THWACK
WUGH!
WHHHCRASH
WHUMFRACKZZZT

SFZTT
AAARREEEEEGHH
THE MATTER CONVERTING ENERGY IS LOOSE!
AND?
IT'S READING THE PSYCHOKINETIC CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MASSSTER AND HIS SNAKES. THE MACHINE WILL INTERPRET THEM AS ONE BATCH OF MATTER TO BE CONVERTED INTO MOUSE.
BAD GUY AND DEADLY SNAKES TURNED INTO MICE? *THIS* WEB SLINGER DOESN'T SEE THE PROBLEM.
NOT *MICE*.
MOUSE.
RAAAATCCCHHHH

THE ENERGY USED TO BUILD SUCH A *MASSIVE* CREATURE ***MUST*** BE UNSTABLE AND THIN. IT WILL BUILD A STRONG HUSK, BUT IF YOU CAN INJURE THE LESS CONNECTED INTERNAL TISSUE, THAT MONSTER SHOULD JUST FALL APART.
THOOM THOOM THOOM
JUMP IN HIS MOUTH, RIP IT UP. DONE IT BEFORE. NOT A PROBLEM.
HAVE TO REMEMBER TO *CLEAN* THESE DUDS WHEN I COME OUT OF THER--
WHOA!
I KIND OF EXPECTED HIM TO DODGE THAT!
CRACK
SO YOU GOT LUCKY. FOCUS UP. SPIDER-MAN'S A MENACE. TAKE HIM DOWN.

UH...GOOD THING I WORE MY SPIDER-ARMOR. AND THAT'S WHY I'M NOT BLEEDING TO DEATH.
OR SOMETHING, I GUESS.
HRNN...
THWIP
THWAP
WHUH!
GET OVER HERE!
UH.
CAN WE GO?!

BACKUP EN ROUTE. NO ONE LET SPIDER-MAN NEAR THAT MOUSE. WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'LL DO.
I'M TRYING TO PUNCH IT 'TILL IT STOPS BEING A PROBLEM, DUMMIES!
ARR.
HEY, BOYS. SINCE YOU WON'T LET *ME* BY THE MOUSE, I'M GONNA SEND IN YOUR HELICOPTER! *HUG REAL TIGHT* BECAUSE I'M NOT SENDING YOU WITH IT!
THWIP
OH, NO.
I'M SORRY, SPIDER-MAN!
SPLAT
AAAAAAAAA!
THWEEEP

TOASTY!
P-POW
PERFECT.
THWAP
THWAP
GOTTA LIMBER UP, GET LOOSE.
SPIDER-MAN CAN TOSS AROUND MULTI-TON OBJECTS EVERY DAY. N.B.D.
CCRRCKKK
THWIP
HNNNNN.

HERE WE GO... SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE FUN THAN NUTRI-PELLETS...
NICE-- HRN--
JUICY HELICOPTER.
TURN... AROUND! STUPID-- MOUSE!
CRACK
GRNNNNN
RIIIPOP POP
MUSCLES.
EXPLODING.
DEFINITELY EXPLODING.
CHOMP
BOOMPH

SLURRRPP
HISSS
HISSS
HISSS

CURSSSSE YOU, SSSSSPIDER-MAN!
YOU'VE ONLY CAPTURED ME BECAUSSSE MY ARMY AND I WERE TRANSSSFORMED INTO OUR NATURAL PREY! A WEAK THING! I'LL GET THEM BACK! YOU'LL SSSEE!
YPD
HEHEH
NOW... WHAT WAS I DOING?
ACK!
TCHUNK

HA...YOU LET DOWN YOUR GUARD EVEN *QUICKER* THIS TIME.
I GOTTA SAY...THAT WASJJJ... *PRETTY GOOD,* CHAMELEON.
YOU *ARE* VOLDEMORTSH NON-MAGIC BROTHER RI... RIGHT?
SSSHWY YOU'RESO *MAD?*
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ACTING *QUITE* LIKE YOURSELF ALL DAY.
THWACK
THAT'S BECAUSE DIET DR. PEPPER DOESN'T *REALLY* TASTE LIKE THE REAL THING, BABY!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A POWER NAP MAKES! CONSIDER IT MY SECONDARY MUTATION!
AH! YOU *SWITCHED.* I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! BUT IT'S ONLY A MOMENTARY DELAY IN MY *REVENGE.*
YOU GET-IM... SHPIDEY...
UHHHHHH*HURP.*
I WILL.
OH, NO.
HE'S COPYING ME!

I AM SHUDDENLY A *VERY SHLEEPY* MAN, AND I...
...AND I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THISH. YOU'RE *SHPIDER-MAN* NOW?
PROVE IT.
OKAY MAN, YOU CAN FIGURE THIS OUT.
YOU'RE MY AMAZING FRIEND?
DON'T PLAY WITH MY *EMOTIONSH!* DON'T YOU *DARE.*
PHEW. YEAH, YOU MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE, PAL.
EH, I LIKE BEIN' SHPIDER-MAN. I'LL SHOOT YOU BOTH. YOU FIRSHT, THOUGH.
NO!
DING DING DING!
REAL SHPIDEY DOESN'T WANT ME TO KILL *ANYONE.*
J'ACCUSE!
GAH!
BLAM

ALL RIGHT, CAMMY. TELL ME HOW YOU PULLED THIS WHOLE THING OFF, AND I DON'T LET DEADPOOL MAKE YOU HIS ROOMMATE.
OOH! MY DISHES ARE A MESH. *YOU* CLEAN 'EM!
THEN I SHOOT YOU AGAIN.
ARGH...
I *THINK* I'M FEELING BETTER! GOOD OL' HEALING FACTOR.
WHEN YOU CAPTURED THE SINISTER SIX, YOU WOULDN'T STOP *RUNNING YOUR MOUTH.*
OHH, HOW SUPERIOR YOU WERE. EVEN YOUR NEW WEB FORMULA WAS BETTER THAN EVER.*
HERE'S A *TIP,* WEB-SLINGER. YOUR NEW FORMULA LEAVES TRACE RADIATION THAT'S *EXCEEDINGLY SIMPLE* TO PINPOINT.
I JUST HAD TO BE WHERE THE WEBS WERE.
*UNTIL RECENTLY, SPIDER-MAN'S BODY WAS INHABITED BY OTTO OCTAVIUS! HE BRAGGED A LOT. HIS METHODS WERE ETHICALLY QUESTIONABLE. IT UPSET PEOPLE.
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY FIX THAT.
I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT.
WHAM
CREEP.
CREEP.

...AND THAT'S WHEN YOU SHOWED UP! HONESTLY, IT WENT PRETTY WELL.
UH-HUH. WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.
CATS REVIVAL CLOSES
DAILY BUGLE
HOPE
I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE ASSIST--
AMAZING FRIEND TEAM-UP.
BUT I HAVE A FEELING I'M GOING TO BE SPENDING THE NEXT *MONTH* REPAIRING THE DAMAGE YOU DID IN MY SUIT.
DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
Partly cloudy, chance of snow. High 25-
Wednesday, April 23, 2014
HOPE FO
SPIDER-MA
WHAT?!
THE *CATS* REVIVAL IS CLOSING?! THIS IS ABSURD.
SMACK
UGH.
THE END!

DUGGAN • LOLLI • PETER

hawkeye vs DEADPOOL

HARREN
2014

MARVEL

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MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS

TROUBLE'S COOKIN' DOWN IN BROOKLYN

A Titanic Bout Between a Former X-Man and an Avenger!

THE AVENGING ARCHER

HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH

Part 1

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--IF I CAN'T FIX THIS, AND IT DOESN'T WORK OUT, I APOLOGIZE TO EVERYONE I'VE *HURT*.
THIS SUCKS.
DOING THE RIGHT THING FOR ONCE WOULD BE A STUPID WAY TO DIE..
YOU READY TO GO ON A TRIP, PICKLES?
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.
LET'S GO SEE MRS. HOROVITZ.

NO TRICK OR TREATERS! I DON'T DO HALLOWEEN!
IT'S ME, JEREMY--FROM ACROSS THE HALL, MRS. HOROVITZ. YOU SAID YOU WOULD WATCH MY CAT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.
WAIT, WHEN DID I SAY THAT?
SORRY, GOTTA RUN!
BUT I'M *ALLERGIC* TO CATS!
"AND I'M ALLERGIC TO BULLETS..."

BEDFORD-STUYVESANT, BROOKLYN. AT THE HOME OF...
SO THERE'S THIS LEGEND ABOUT THE GUY THAT LIVES IN THAT BUILDING.
THE *ARROW GUY*. HE'S AN AVENGER, RIGHT?
NO WAY.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S NOT THE GOOD PART.
HE GIVES OUT *FULL-SIZE* CANDY BARS AT HALLOWEEN!
THAT'S *INCREDIBLE!*
I WONDER IF HE KNOWS IRON MAN?
THE AVENGERS *ALL* MUST BE RICH!
NOK NOK
NOK NOK

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
HI, HAWKEYE!
HAWKEYE IS NO MORE-- TONIGHT I'M ULTRON!
TRICK OR TREA--WHAT THE?!
YOU GUYS SAID HE GAVE OUT FULL-SIZE CANDY BARS.
HE DID LAST YEAR.
THEY'RE "FUN-SIZE."
NOT REALLY.
YOU'RE WELCOME!
WHAT DO THOSE INGRATES HAVE AGAINST FUN-SIZE?
TRICK-OR-TREAT!
KLIK
NOK NOK

WHAT'S UP WITH THE *TINY* CANDIES?
TRICK OR TREAT!
'SUP, ULTRON?
HI, SIMONE. I GOT *FUN-SIZE* THIS YEAR.
THIS IS MY FRIEND, EMILY PRESTON. HER SON TERRY, AND HER DAUGHTER, ELLIE.
OVER THERE IS WADE AND ELEANOR.
ALIEN BUSTERS
WILSON
WELL, SORRY I TALKED UP MY LANDLORD.
HELLO. NICE TO MEET YOU.
SORRY, I TOOK MY HEARING AID OUT WITH THESE HEADPHONES ON, AND I CAN'T READ YOUR LIPS BECAUSE OF YOUR MASK.
HANG ON. I'M SORRY. IS THAT... *DEADPOOL?*
TECHNICALLY, TONIGHT I'M *DADPOOL.*
HA-HUH...
WHAT?

CHECK THIS OUT, I KNOW SIGN LANGUAGE NOW. AFTER I MOVED INTO MY ROBOT BODY, I LEARNED LOTS OF LANGUAGES.
OH, COOL!
WAIT-- *WHAT?!*
OKAY. ROBOT BODY?
MY ORIGINAL BODY DIED
SO SORRY!
THANKS WADE SAVED MY MIND
AND PLACED IT INTO THIS S.H.I.E.L.D. LIFE MODEL DECOY.
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "PRESBOT".
THE ONE NIGHT I DRESS UP AS A ROBOT...
HA. UH. OKAY.
SO, I DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU GUYS TOO LONG. HAVE FUN TONIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, ELLIE?
HOW COME YOUR CANDY IS *SMALL?*
YEAH, WHAT GIVES, BARTON?
LET'S GO!
IT'S CALLED FUN-SIZE. THEY ARE *FUN!*
YOU'RE *SURE* YOU'RE NOT HOLDING OUT ON US?
NO.
HEY, HEY, JUST MESSING... WE'RE ALMOST DONE TRICK OR TREATING. MAYBE YOU AND I CAN HANG OUT AFTER--
SLAM!
HE MUST HAVE MISHEARD AND THOUGHT I HAD SAID "GOODBYE".
GRRARG!
NOK NOK

SORRY THEY'RE NOT THE *BIG* ONES THIS YEAR, BUT THEY'RE *FREE* SO TAKE SOME AND PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH.
YOU'RE CLINT BARTON. YOU'RE AN *AVENGER.*
NOPE, I'M *ULTRON,* AND I SHRANK ALL THE CANDY.
LOOK, I CAN'T INCRIMINATE MYSELF SO--UH--WAIT A SECOND. SO I KIND OF GOT MIXED UP IN A MOB THING--WHERE IS IT--?!
--ANYWAY, I THINK YOU'RE JUST A RESERVE AVENGER, BUT YOU'LL DO IN A PINCH.
HEY!
KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM, BUT YOU'RE *WRONG.* NOW GO.
GOT OTHER PROBLEMS? TELL IT TO THE COPS.
THANKS FOR NOT COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SIZE. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE.
SLAM!
...CRAP.

C'MON. I BET *HAWKEYE* WAS HOLDING OUT ON US.
BUT I'M GONNA MISS OUT ON CANDY.
THE NIGHT'S OVER, GUYS. I'M NOT GETTING YOU SICK-- NOT EVEN FOR FREE CANDY.
...DEADPOOL?
HERE, I HATE COCONUT.
WELCOME TO THE PARTY, PAL.
MINI CHOCO
MINI COCO LORN
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH *BAD CANDY?!*
LET'S GET OUT OF THE RAIN AND WE CAN START SORTING YOUR CANDY, KIDS.

LOOK, THAT GUY WAS OBVIOUSLY SAD ABOUT COCONUT CANDY.
I WANT TO WARN YOU, KIDS. YOU WILL FIND COCONUT IN YOUR BAGS, TOO. IT'S A LIFE LESSON. SOMETIMES YOU GET COCONUT AND IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD.
BLAM! BLAM!
WOW, THAT GUY *REALLY* HATED COCONUT.
WADE. *GO.*
YOU GO, ROBOCOP. I'LL STAY WITH THE KIDS.
I'M *OFF-DUTY*, WADE. I HAVE OUR KIDS.
NOW. *GO BACK BARTON!*

LOOK AT YOU, MAGIC MIKE!
YOU KNOW I LOVE *BREAKAWAY* PANTS.
BYE, DADDY.
ELLIE, WHEN WE'RE OUT IN PUBLIC-- I'VE TOLD YOU...
...CALL ME *DEADPOOL*.
SHK-CHAKK
HANG ON, HAWKGUY! HELP IS ON THE WAY!

HEY, REALLY SPOOKY HALLOWEEN DISPLAY.
UM. ANY MORE **FULL-SIZE** CANDY BARS?
NO! THAT'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THIS VIOLENCE, KID, NOW ***GET OUT OF HERE.***
HE'S GONE.

THAT'S NOT "BIG PUN." NO WAY IS THIS CASTLE. THIS GUY IS BIGGER.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
EH, I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU SINCE IT'S ENDING--BUT PUNISHER AND I ARE ON A SECRET TEAM TOGETHER.
I AM A PATRIOT.
JIMINY JILLICKERS, LET'S SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE--
YEAAOOOW!
I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT MY FINGERS!
HEY, DEADPOOL! I HAVE THIS HANDLED.
GO SCREW UP SOMETHING ELSE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

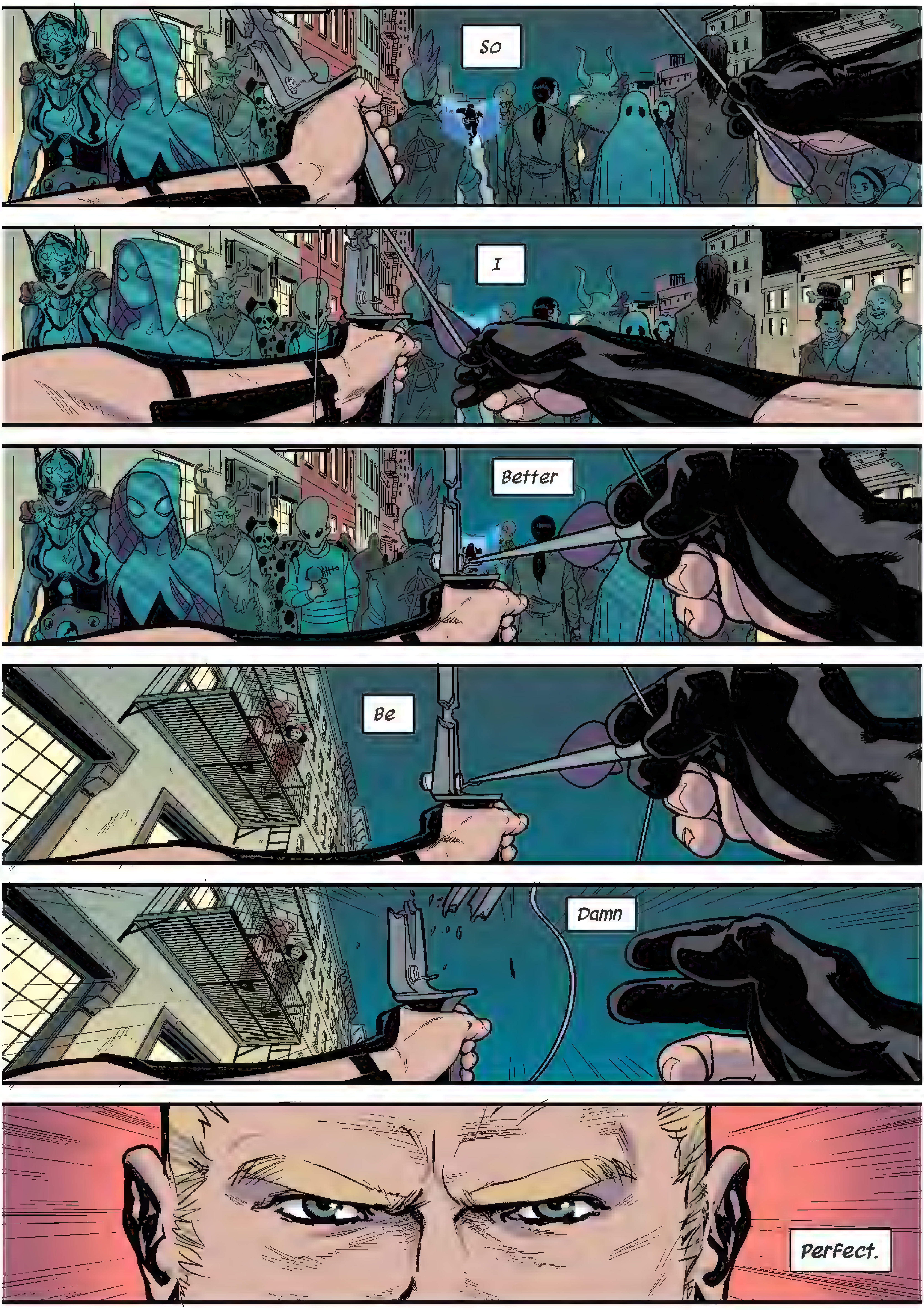
I AM A PATRIOT.
UHN...
KWUD
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD...
HAWKEYE!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON...
GRRARGH!
BARTON! ROLL!
GRRRAAAARGH!
BLAM
NO! NO SHOOTING HAWKEYE! HE CAN'T REGENERATE... IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMEONE BOUNCE BACK FROM A GUNSHOT-- SHOOT ME.

YEOW!!
DEADPOOL, WHO HIT ME?
A SHAVED APE IN DAREDEVIL PAJAMAS.
YOU HANDLE THIS GUY, I'LL FIND THE OTHER GUY.
WHUDD
YOU CAN COUNT ON MEEE-EEAAAAAHHNGN!
BZZZZT
STAY DOWN, OR WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE REAL PUNISHER.

HE HATH LOOSED THE FATEFUL LIGHTNING OF HIS TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD.
CHOK
A PIN?!
GRENADE!

PWAFF
HE'S TURNING INTO *COUGH* A FOG-CREATURE!
HURRK--
DAMMIT!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.
BLAM BLAM
URK!
DEADPOOL!

GO GET 'EM...
...TIGER.
The bullet damaged my bow...
It will probably shatter the next arrow I let fly.
DELI & MART
E - HOT & COLD SANDWICHES - BEER -SODA- GROCERY
ATM
THAT WAY, MAN.
AW, MAN. MY THREADS...
At best I have one shot.


So
I
Better
Be
Damn
Perfect.

ZOCK
GAH!
MOVE!!!
DROP IT!!!
NYPD
I AM A PATRIOT.
HONK
NO!!
SLABWAM

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
COPS NEED TO TALK TO US.
BIG PUN IS *DEAD.*
COUGH
YOU USED ONE OF YOUR *DISINTEGRATING ARROWS,* RIGHT?
HE *KILLED HIMSELF* RATHER THAN BE TAKEN ALIVE.
HURACAAACK!
WHAT ABOUT THE FAKE DAREDEVIL?
NEVER SAW A FAKE DAREDEVIL.
LOOK, THANKS FOR THE *SAVE.*
LET'S HEAD BACK TO MY PLACE.
THANKS, BUT I *CAN'T* JUST YET.
I DON'T WANT *ELLIE* TO SEE ME *FULL OF HOLES.*
THERE *WAS* A FAKE DAREDEVIL.
HE TOOK THE DEAD GUY'S BAG.

THIS GIRL, SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER?
YEAH.
CAN I ASK--
GOT IT. *LONG STORY.*
THE DEAD GUY HAD JUST ASKED FOR MY *HELP.* I MISTOOK HIM FOR ONE OF THE USUAL NUTS. I SHUT THE DOOR RIGHT IN HIS FACE.
YEAH, YOU DID A *LOT* OF THAT TONIGHT.
HANG ON A SEC.
I NEED TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A WIENER.
FOUR HOT DOGS, PLEASE.
OH, NO THANKS, I'M NOT HUNGRY.
FINE.
FOUR HOT DOGS, PLEASE, AND NONE FOR MY FRIEND.
SAUSAGE
PRETZEL
HOT DOG

A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
YOU GUYS REALLY STOPPED TO *EAT?*
RECOVERING FROM DOUBLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS IS AN INVOLUNTARY, CALORIE-BURNING ACTIVITY, DETECTIVES.
HERE'S THE BULLET I SPIT OUT.
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
VIC'S NAME IS *JEREMY ELLSDEN*, EVER HEAR OF HIM?
SHOULD WE HAVE?
YOU SUPPOSE YOUR BODY WILL EJECT THE *OTHER* SLUG?
POLICE
CHOMP
EVENTUALLY.
WE'LL NEED THAT ONE TOO.
I CAN START SENDING YOU BULLETS MY BODY PASSES, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW'D YOU'D FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE IS FROM TONIGHT.
YOU GET SHOT *THAT MUCH?*
THE ONLY GUY THAT GETS SHOT MORE IS *50 CENT.*
EW, THAT'S KINDA GROSS.
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE TILL THE MORNING, SO LET'S START FROM THE *VERY BEGINNING.*

7
2
FIG 1
FIG 6
FIG 3
FIG
5801
IS THAT WHAT BEING A *REVENGER* DOES TO YOU?
OH, LEAVE THE POOR THING BE, HE PROBABLY LOOKS LIKE THAT BECAUSE HE SAVED SOMEONE FROM A FIRE.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!
THIS IS TAKING FOREVER!
ARE WE WAITING FOR THE *DOG* TO SOLVE THE CRIME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING!!
IS THIS WHAT *REALLY* GOES ON IN BED-STUY?

A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT...
EVERYBODY ON MY END GOT HOME SAFE.
WELL...GOOD LUCK WITH "THE MYSTERY OF THE GUY YOU DIDN'T HELPAND THEN HE DIED ON YOUR DOORSTEP".
HEY... THIS ISN'T CANDY!
WHAT KIND OF SICK FREAK GIVES OUT THUMB DRIVES? THIS IS GONNA BE SOME PINHEAD @#&%.
MY NAME IS JEREMY ELLSDEN AND I'VE STOLEN THE COMPLETE HUMAN RESOURCES FILES OF EVERY ACTIVE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.
Fre

I DON'T LOVE THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO *DIE*, EITHER.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?
THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. *I'LL* HANDLE IT.
MY *DAUGHTER* LIVES WITH AN ACTIVE S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.
AND I SAID--*I'LL HANDLE IT.*
CHUDD
OW! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?
DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, I JUST THOUGHT THAT PUNCH WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK YOU OUT.
THEN I WOULD JUST WALK OUT WITH THE DRIVE AND SOLVE THIS WITHOUT ANY DEAD WEIGHT.
DEAD WEIGHT?
"THIS IS BAD NEWS..."

...THE TARGET WAS **DOWNED**, HOWEVER THE DATA IS STILL **MISSING**.
THE DRONE WAS SUPPOSED TO **CAPTURE** THE HACKER, NOT KILL HIM, **DOCTOR LUSK**.
SORRY, WE'RE STILL WORKING OUT THE KINKS. JUST **BAD LUCK**, I GUESS.
IT'S NOT PERFECT, BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE MENTAL COERCION HAS BEEN A BIG SUCCESS.
LET'S NOT PAT OUR OWN BACKS YET. THE PLAN IS TO SUBVERT THE FEDS.
NO MORE BAD BREAKS, DOCTOR. YOUR **LUCK** DEPENDS ON IT.
TO BE CONTINUED IN 30 DAYS WHEN DEADPOOL, HAWKEYE, THE SECOND HAWKEYE, PRESTON, ELLIE, AND THE BLACK CAT RETURN IN...
HAWKEYE VS DEADPOOL VS CRIME #1
TV LED

DUGGAN • LOLLI • PETER

HAWKEYE VS DEADPOOL

MARVEL

001

HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL

LIVE AND IN PRINT
HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL

WHO: AN AVENGER AND A (SOMETIMES) X-MAN

WHERE: BED-STUY, BROOKLYN

WHEN: HALLOWEEN

WHAT: HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL HAVE NEVER BEEN ALLIES, BUT WHEN A HACKER WITH A LIST OF EVERY S.H.I.E.L.D. OPERATIVE IS FOUND DEAD IN HAWKEYE'S NEIGHBORHOOD, IT'S UP TO THEM TO BRING THE NOISE (AND PREVENT THE LIST FROM FALLING INTO VILLAINOUS HANDS).

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8 HOURS EARLIER IN MANHATTAN FEDERAL COURT...
ALL RISE, THE HONORABLE JUDGE TULIEBITZ IS NOW PRESIDING...IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS MARY WALKER, AKA "TYPHOID MARY".
YOUR HONOR, THE PEOPLE REQUEST MARY BE REMANDED WITHOUT BAIL PENDING TRIAL. HER PREVIOUS HISTORY AND--
HELLO, I'LL BE YOUR JUDGE TODAY...
DEFENDANT IS HEREBY RELEASED ON HER OWN RECOGNIZANCE.
OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR!
YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENSE ALSO OBJECTS.
IT'S BEEN FUN.
I'M A PATRIOT.
YOUR HONOR! SIDEBAR!
SEE YA!
MY EMPLOYER ARRANGED YOUR FREEDOM AND WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.
HMM...YAH, OKAY. SEEMS LIKE THE LEAST I COULD DO.
WE'RE GONNA BABYSIT TWO COSTUMED TYPES.

BROOKLYN PSYCHIATRIC.
WE WERE CRAZY BEFORE IT WAS COOL.
YOUR SUGGESTION TO DRESS THE TEST DRONES AS RANDOM COSTUMED VIGILANTES WAS **BRILLIANT,** MISS HARDY. WITNESS STATEMENTS WERE USELESS, AND NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO TRACE OUR ACTIVITIES BACK TO THESE PATIENTS.
I'M HAPPY TO SAY OUR TEST-PHASE ON THESE YAHOOS IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. WE HAVE SEVERAL NEW YORK CITY COPS AND JUDGES UNDER OUR THRALL, AND THE BEST PART IS--THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!
IT'S FINE, BUT IT'S NICKEL AND DIME STUFF. I WANT F.B.I., N.S.A. AND S.H.I.E.L.D. DRONES.
YEAH, WELL AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HANDS ON THOSE PERSONNEL FILES FROM THAT HACKER **ELLSDEN,** WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
I JUST CAME FROM HIS APARTMENT. THE FILES WEREN'T THERE.
BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN FIND THEM.
TURNING KEY S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS INTO OUR DRONES WILL GIVE ME UNFETTERED ACCESS TO GOVERNMENT SECRETS. I'LL KNOW WHO IS UNDER INVESTIGATION, AND **WHY.**
...OR I CAN HAVE MY RIVALS ARRESTED AND THROWN IN JAIL.

MISS HARDY, MEET TYPHOID MARY.
THANKS FOR SPRINGING ME.
I'VE ADMIRED YOUR WORK FOR A WHILE. DON'T LET ME DOWN.
1V4N
MARY AND I WERE OBSERVING THE DRONE DRESSED AS THE PUNISHER TONIGHT AS YOU ASKED, AND THE GOOD NEWS IS: IT AVOIDED CAPTURE AND SELF-DESTRUCTED AS PLANNED.
BUT ONCE THE COPS IDENTIFY THE BODY, THEY'RE SURE TO FIND THIS PLACE THROUGH HIS PAROLE RECORDS.
YOUR HACKER DUDE WAS KILLED IN FRONT OF HAWKEYE'S APARTMENT--IT'S POSSIBLE HE MIGHT HAVE PASSED THE INFORMATION ON TO THE AVENGER.
DAMMIT.
YOU TWO TAKE DR. LUSK AND GET OVER TO HAWKEYE'S DUMP. FIND THE DRIVE, AND LET DR. LUSK WORK HIS MAGIC ON HAWKEYE.
WHAT ARE *YOU* GONNA DO?
I'M GONNA BURN THIS PLACE DOWN.
GET MOVING--THE AVENGER AND THE MERCENARY HAVE A HEAD-START ON US.
WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY MAY HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED?
AW, I WANT *HER* JOB.
"THAT WAS A POINTLESS FIGHT."

SIGH
THEY'RE *ALL* POINTLESS FIGHTS.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A LONG WAIT IF YOU THINK I'M ABOUT TO ASK WHY YOU'RE SAD.
CLINT? YOUR DOOR'S OPEN!
AH! CLINT, ARE YOU OKAY?!
HELLOOOOO.
KATE.
ISN'T SHE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR Y--
--OOOOOU?

KATE, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN TROUBLE.
THIS GUY DIDN'T JUST BEAT YOU UP?
NO, HE DID NOT.
YES, I DID!
TONIGHT HAS SUCKED.
WELL, AT LEAST WE AGREE ON THAT.
WORST. HALLOWEEN. EVER.
ISN'T SOMEONE GOING TO HELP ME UP?
WELL, SORRY YOUR HALLOWEEN SUCKED, BUT THAT IS THE BEST FREDDY KRUGER MAKE-UP I'VE EVER SEEN.

THAT'S DEADPOOL.
THAT'S HIS FACE.
OH, COOL!
HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
DAMMIT...
I SHOULD'VE BEEN FREDDY FOR HALLOWEEN.

LISTEN, DEADPOOL! WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
GET OUT.
I'M NOT LEAVING.
'SCUSE ME, BUT IS IT TOO LATE FOR THE BIG SIZE CANDY BARS?
HALLOWEEN IS OVER, DAMMIT!
SLAM
EVEN I THINK IT WAS TOO SOON FOR THAT COSTUME.
I'M OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS MY OOPER CAR ARRIVES. UNTIL THEN, I'M GOING TO BORROW SOME ELECTRICITY.
BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED OUT FRONT? THE STOOP LOOKS LIKE A CRIME SCENE.
IT WAS. SOMEBODY WAS SHOT TO DEATH.
SOMEBODY WE'RE GOING TO AVENGE!
THIS ISN'T A JOKE.
OOF!
A GUY SHOWED UP TONIGHT ASKING FOR HELP. I THOUGHT HE WAS THE USUAL CRANK.
I WAS WRONG.

AHM WEAWY SOWWY, CWINT.
SOWWY, EATING TOFFEE.
WE THINK HE WAS A HACKER THAT STOLE PERSONNEL FILES FROM S.H.I.E.L.D. HE WAS TRYING TO BUY HIS SAFETY WITH THE INFORMATION.
HE LEFT A THUMB-DRIVE WITH A MESSAGE, WHICH WAS USELESS. WE NEED TO FIND HIS APARTMENT, AND HOPE THE STOLEN FILES ARE THERE.
I HAVE A FRIEND AT S.H.I.E.L.D.. I'M ASKING AGENT ADSIT TO LOCATE AN ADDRESS ON ELLSDEN. IN THE MEANTIME, WE SHOULD HEAD TO THE CORONER.
SEE IF THEY HAVE AN ID ON THE FAKE PUNISHER THEY SCOOPED OFF THE STREET.
THAT IS-- IF WE'RE GOING TO WORK THIS TOGETHER?
I CAN'T READ LIPS THROUGH A MASK.
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "YES".
FINE. BUT WHEN WE GET TO THE CORONER, LET ME DO THE TALKING.
YOU GOT IT, YOU'RE THE AVENGER.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE AN AVENGER, AN X-MAN, OR THE FANTASTIC FOUR, YOU FREAKS AREN'T GETTING INTO THE MORGUE TONIGHT.
AND THAT'S FINAL.
YOU'RE REALLY SUCKING ALL THE ROMANTICISM OUT OF BEING AN AVENGER.
YOU'RE THE CORONER. I UNDERSTAND.
YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
UNFORTUNATELY, YEAH.
GOOD.
LET'S SEE IF I CAN CALL IN SOME FAVORS TO GET CLEARANCE TO GET INSIDE.
CHUDD
GUH!
WHAT THE HELL?!
WE AGREED ON THIS!!!

YOU'RE REALLY A LUNATIC.
AN EFFECTIVE LUNATIC! WE'RE INSIDE AREN'T WE?
HERE'S OUR GUY! OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS MOMENT.
VERY RARELY AM I NOT THE UGLIEST GUY IN THE ROOM.
WHAT?!
C'MON, WE GOT A NAME AND A LAST KNOWN ADDRESS. A NUTHOUSE HERE IN BROOKLYN.
NNGGH...
C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE CORONER WAKES UP.
GIVE ME A SEC!
UHN...
SLEEPOVER AT THE MORGUE!

C'MON, OOPER!
=SIGH=
OOPER CAR, VAHE
42 MINUTES AWAY
THAT'S THE DEAD GUY?
HUH. HANDSOME DEAD GUY.
I DON'T LOVE THE GOVERNMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO DIE, EITHER.
HEEEEY!
I THINK I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!
Fre
SNAP
SORRY, OOPER. *RIDE CANCELLED.*
CHANGE OF PLANS!

I'M RATING THIS OOPER RIDE *ONE STAR!*
HEY, BE QUIET!
NOW WHAT?!
DIDN'T THE EAGLES GREATEST HITS GET ON YOUR NERVES?
NO, I'M DEAF. YOU TAKE OOPER EVERYWHERE? DOESN'T THAT GET EXPENSIVE?
YES, BUT MY ACCOUNT IS IN LOGAN'S NAME. HE MAY BE POPULAR, BUT NOT WITH THE CREDIT AGENCIES.
ATTENTION DRONES: ACTIVATE NINER-DELTA.
TARGET HAWKEYE AND DEADPOOL.
I LET YOU DO THE TALKING AT THE MORGUE, NOW IT'S MY TURN.
WE'RE NOT TAKING TURNS. WE'LL ASK QUESTIONS, GET ANSWERS AND THERE WON'T BE ANY SENSELESS VIOLENCE.
GRRAARGH!
AW C'MON!!
YOU KNOW "SENSELESS VIOLENCE AT A LOONY BIN" WOULD BE A GOOD BAND NAME.

I AM A PATRIOT!
NO WEAPONS! THEY'RE NOT IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS!
I KNOW!
I AM A PAT--
KLUNK
UUHN.
WHAT IS IT WITH MIND-CONTROLLING GUYS NAMED BUCKY?
WHOA!
I'M A PATR-- UUUGH.
WHERE AM I?
LIE STILL.
LET'S FIND OUT WHO'S IN CHARGE AROUND HERE.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THESE FOOLS.

I'M A YANKEE DOODLE.
WE NEED TO FIND WHOEVER IS... PULLING THEIR...
...STRINGS.
HURACK!
SWAK
HEY! IF ANYBODY IS GOING TO BEAT UP HAWKEYE, IT'S ME!
UHN

WELL, MAYBE JUST SHOOT THIS GUY JUST A LITTLE?
I KIND OF HAVE MY HANDS FULL.
THWAM
WHUDD
AARRGH!
HA-HA-HA. OH MAN, I GOT THAT ON CAMERA.
IDIOTS.
#$% THIS.
SKRASH
HAWKEYE.
GIVE ME ELLSDEN'S LIST.
WHAT? NO! HEY, UH... THERE'S NO NEED FOR TH--
--AAAAAAAAAT!
OW!
BLAM
BLAM
HOW IS HE AN AVENGER?

THAT'S IT!
I'M CALLING A TIME-OUT.
FWSSSH
GATHER ROUND EVERYBODY AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING IMPORTANT ABOUT WORKING WITH THOR.
YOU DON'T WORK WITH THOR!
ALWAYS WEAR RUBBER SOLES.
HEY, UH--WAIT A SEC.
TIME TO RIDE THE LIGHTNING, BOYS!
RUBBER SOLES FOR THE WIN!
OH, C'MON, BARTON! DRESS FOR THE CRASH, NOT THE RIDE!
EH, WHAT THE HELL--
LAWAAUGHNNG.
"I BET BY NOW CLINT IS PROBABLY ABOUT TO SOLVE HIS CASE, HOPEFULLY HE DOESN'T MIND *ME* WORKING IT TOO..."

...GOTCHA!
Frey
HUHN. DIRECTORY IS NO HELP...
Freya
THIS ANGLE LOOKS RIGHT FROM HIS VIDEO MESSAGE.

HELLO?
ANYBODY HOME?
KLIK
GRR
HEY!
YAAAA--
OOF!
NOW-- WHO ARE YOU?
ADSIT. SCOTT, ADSIT.
AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
AND YOU ARE...?
...NOT UNDER ARREST, RIGHT???
AMIRTE?

OW. DAMMIT! MY HEAD IS KILLING ME.
BE MORE CAREFUL, NOT EVERYONE HAS NON-STOP REGENERATION!
DIDN'T YOU GET SUCKED INTO A JET ENGINE ONE TIME?
THAT WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT!
BLACK CAT GOT AWAY BECAUSE OF YOU!
HOW CAN WE BE SURE IT WAS REALLY BLACK CAT? MAYBE YOU SAW "SEXY HALLOWEEN BLACK CAT", OR A GAL THAT WAS BRAINWASHED INTO THINKING SHE WAS BLACK CAT.
HERE'S MORE BAD NEWS.
LOOKS LIKE THE HEAD OF THIS FACILITY HAS BEEN BRAINWASHED TOO. WE JUST FOUGHT THIS GUY IN THE HALLWAY.
DAMMIT.
I WANTED THIS CASE OVER TONIGHT.
HEY, DID BLACK CAT PUT HER BAD-LUCK WHAMMY ON YOU?
I'M STANDING HERE TALKING TO YOU, AREN'T I?
TOUCHÉ.
LET'S FILL THE COPS IN.

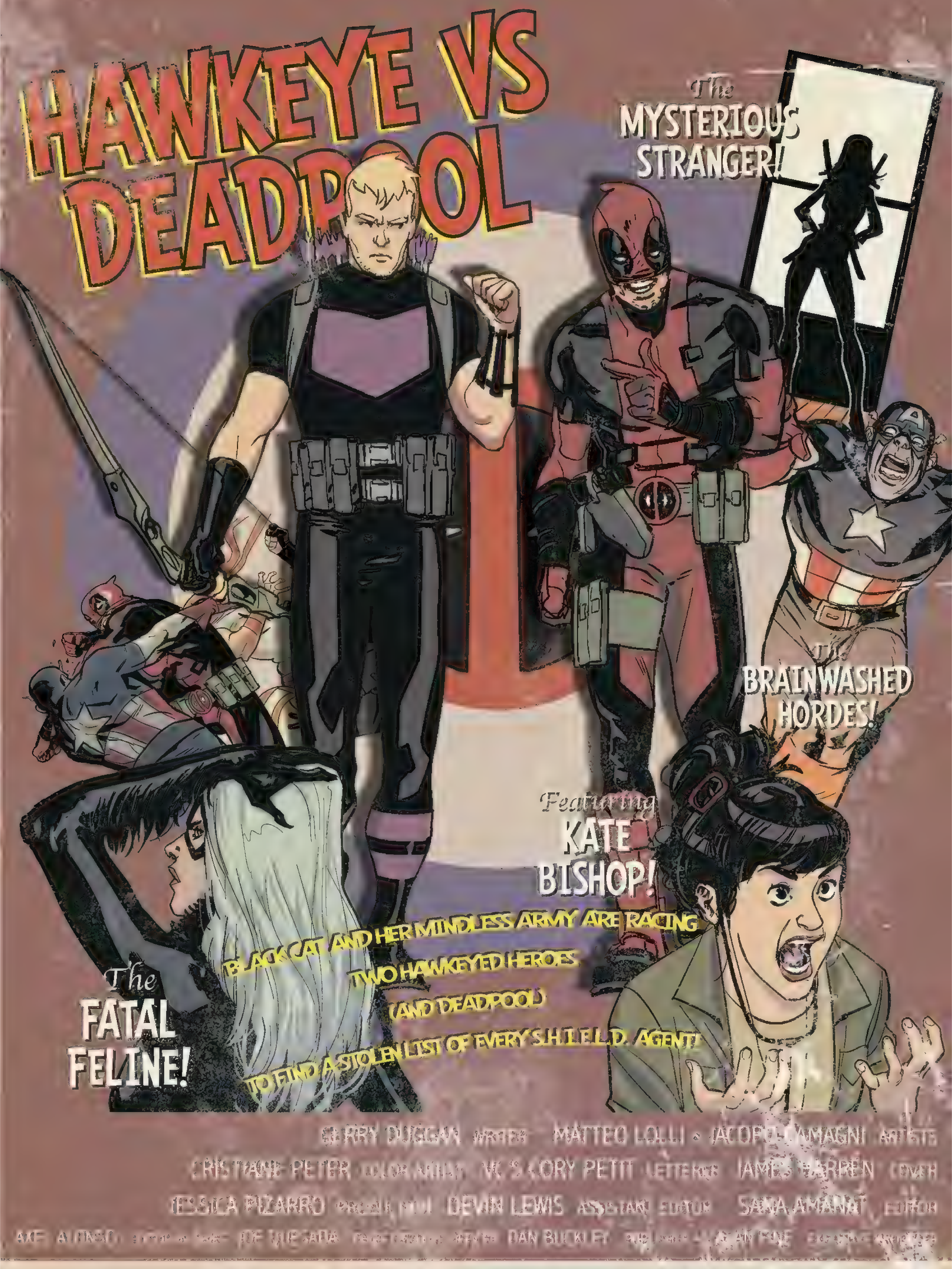
A FEW HOURS OF TALKING TO THE POLICE LATER...
BOY, WHEN YOU'RE AN AVENGER YOU HAVE TO STOP AND TALK TO THE POLICE.
I DON'T THINK I COULD EVER GET USED TO THAT, THOUGH IT WAS FUN TO DO ONCE FOR A LAUGH.
WOW, THE CASE OF "THE DEAD GUY ON HAWKEYE'S DOORSTEP" IS A HARD ONE, HUH?
I'M GOING TO CHECK ON AGENT PRESTON. LET'S GET A COUPLE HOURS SLEEP AND WE'LL START WORKING THE BLACK CAT ANGLE FIRST THING AT THE CRACK OF NOON.
NICE WORKING WITH YOU, PARTNER!
DAMMIT.
NOW WHAT?
WHO'S IN THERE?
I'M SCARED.
CAN YOU HELP ME?
TO BE CONTINUED...

DUGGAN • LOLLI • PETER

hawkeye VS DEADPOOL

MARVEL

002


HAWKEYE VS DEADPOOL
The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER!
The BRAINWASHED HORDES!
Featuring KATE BISHOP!
BLACK CAT AND HER MINDLESS ARMY ARE RACING
TWO HAWKEYED HEROES
(AND DEADPOOL)
TO FIND A STOLEN LIST OF EVERY S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT!
The FATAL FELINE!

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MANHATTAN FEDERAL BUILDING...
WELCOME TO THE JOINT TASK FORCE INVESTIGATING THE *U.S. GOVERNMENT* PERSONNEL BREACH.
I'M S.H.I.E.L.D. SPECIAL AGENT ADSIT, LET'S GO OVER WHAT WE KNOW:
DIGITAL FORENSICS HAS CONFIRMED THE BREACH OCCURRED.
ATF
FBI
FBI
THE SUSPECTED HACKER, *JEREMY ELLSDEN*--HAD A CHANGE OF HEART ABOUT TURNING OVER THIS INFORMATION TO A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION AND WAS KILLED.
A THOROUGH SEARCH OF ELLSDEN'S APARTMENT HAS NOT REVEALED THE S.H.I.E.L.D. CONTACT FILES AND TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE THEY ARE IN THE WIND.
AGENT POOL REPORTING FOR DUTY.
THESE ARE MY ASSOCIATES, HAWKGIRL, OR DO YOU PREFER KATEYE?
KRRACK
WHOA--OH!
OKAY, CLINT JUST BROKE A CHAIR. YOU CAN TAKE IT OFF OUR TAB.

EASY THERE, *HULKGUY*. MAYBE LAY OFF THE HALLOWEEN CANDY?
DON'T FEEL BAD, I'M SURE DUM DUM "LOOSENED" IT FOR YOU.
JUST--CAN WE GET BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND?
HERE FROM THE AVENGERS-- ***CLINT BARTON*** AND ***KATE BISHOP***.
WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT MY APARTMENT HAD BEEN TOSSED. PRESUMABLY BY THE SAME CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION THAT ELLSDEN WAS WORKING FOR.
WITH BARTON'S PLACE COMPROMISED-- HE'LL CRASH WITH *ME* UNTIL THIS CAPER IS OVER.
S.H.I.E.L.D. WILL BE COORDINATING THE RECOVERY EFFORTS. FBI IS SHAKING THE MOB TREE TO SEE WHAT FALLS OUT, AND HAWKEYE IS WORKING AN ANGLE THAT SOMEHOW FELICIA HARDY, AKA "THE BLACK CAT" IS INVOLVED.
THE THIEF WAS REALLY GOOD. WE NEED THIS ONE. *I* NEED THIS ONE. MY ADDRESS IS IN THOSE FILES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GIVE UP MY SWEET RENT-CONTROLLED APARTMENT.
GET BUSY, EVERYONE.

I HAVE AN IDEA.
ME TOO.
I THINK WE CAN SET A *TRAP.*
I WAS GONNA SEE IF YOU GUYS WANTED TO GET THE NEW *CORRADO CART* RACING GAME AND COME OVER TO MY PLACE SINCE YOUR PLACE IS COMPROMISED.
WELL, IF I GET A VOTE, IT WOULD BE TO DO WHATEVER HAWKEYE'S IDEA IS.
THAT'S COOL. TRAPS ARE COOL.
YOU ASKED FOR ELLSDEN'S PHONE. HERE IT IS, BUT GET THIS BACK TO ME, IT'S *EVIDENCE.*
WILL DO. BUT, IF I'M *LUCKY,* YOU WON'T NEED IT--
OOPS.
KLAK

MEANWHILE AT THE BLACK CAT'S (STOLEN) HEADQUARTERS...
I ASSURE YOU, MR. AMBASSADOR, MY ORGANIZATION WILL BE ABLE TO DELIVER ON OUR PROMISE.
YES, WELL ABOUT OUR *DEPOSIT*--
GOTTA HOP, AMBASSADOR.
OUR CLIENTS ARE GETTING EDGY. GIVE ME SOME GOOD NEWS, IVAN.
WE'RE BEEN SCANNING FOR ELLSDEN'S *PHONE*. IT WASN'T IN HIS BAG, AND IT WAS TURNED *OFF*. WE ASSUMED HE DITCHED IT...
BUT NOW, IT'S SWITCHED ON AND *IN USE*. WE JUST RECORDED THIS...
I HAVE ELLSDEN'S S.H.I.E.L.D. FILES. *CASH ONLY*. ONE HOUR FROM NOW IN TIMES SQUARE. HOLD A RED UMBRELLA I'LL FIND YOU.
KLIK
ELLSDEN DOUBLE-CROSSED US. HE HAD ANOTHER BUYER.
NO DRONES. WE HANDLE OURSELVES.
ONCE WHOEVER ELLSDEN'S PARTNER IS MAKES THE HAND-OFF, KILL BOTH THE BUYER AND THE SELLER AND BRING THE DATA BACK. LET'S GET MOVING.

YOU HAD A *SKY-CYCLE!*
YOU USED TO FLY AROUND NEW YORK CITY SHOOTING ARROWS AT EVERYBODY.
YEAH, I DID.
IF I HAD A *GLORIOUS MOPED* THAT COULD CARRY ME ABOVE MANHATTAN'S TRAFFIC AND INTO THE SKY, YOU WOULD HAVE TO PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD HANDS.
WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THIS AMAZING GIFT?
IT'S IN STORAGE AT THE AVENGERS MANSION. BUT CAN WE GET BACK TO--
BARTON, THIS IS THE *MOST* DISAPPOINTED I'VE *EVER* BEEN WITH YOU. YOU PUT MANKIND'S GREATEST CREATION, THE *SKY-CYCLE*, INTO STORAGE TO END UP ON THAT TV SHOW WHERE %#@$&%$# PAW THROUGH DEAD GUYS' STUFF.
IT'S TIME. LET'S HOPE BLACK CAT AND HER CREW WERE LISTENING FOR ELLSDEN'S PHONE.
GET DOWN THERE.
STUPID BARTON. HE DOESN'T DESERVE THE SKY-CYCLE.
HEY THERE, LADY! I HAVE SOME GOVERNMENT SECRETS FOR SALE. GET YOUR SECRETS, HERE!
OH, MY GOD, DEADPOOL, *SHUT UP.*
THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK--

IT ALREADY WORKED! THEY'RE HERE!
GIVE US THE DATA!
IT'S A TRAP! DEADPOOL, I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!
TYPHOID MARY! I'M JUST GONNA SWIPE-LEFT ON THIS WHOLE FIGHT IF THAT'S COOL.
BURN THEM, MARY!
YEAAAOWW!
I'LL TAKE THAT ARROW.
YAOOOW!
GROOT BEER
YOU'RE TELEKINETIC, TOO?
THAT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY COOL.

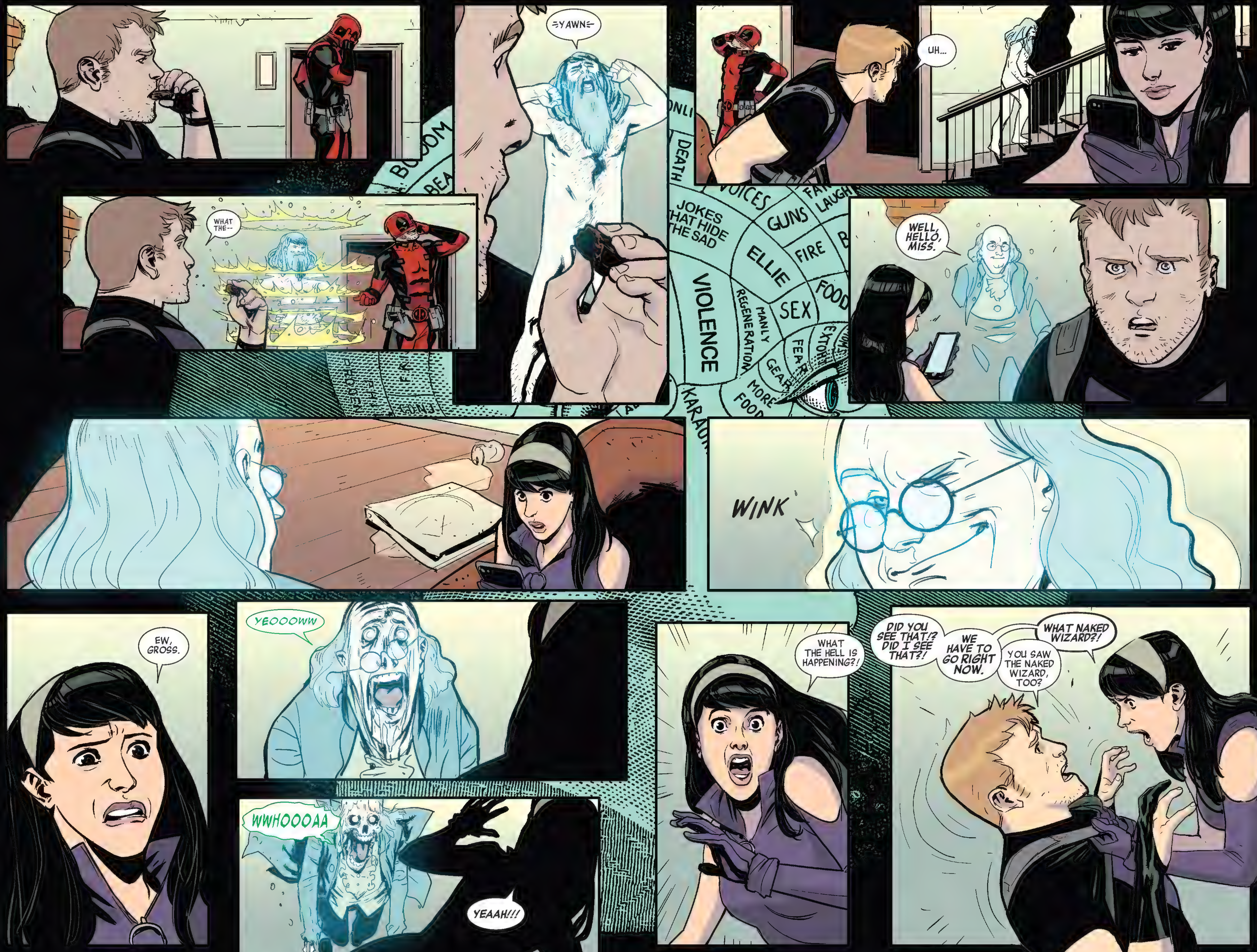
LISTEN, MARY. IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE ALL THE FUN, BUT BEFORE THIS GOES ANY FURTHER, YOU SHOULD KNOW I GOT MARRIED.
WHAT?!
MARY-- ARE YOU FIGHTING HIM OR-- OOF!
DEADPOOL! GET YOUR #%^ TOGETHER!
YOU'RE BEYOND USELESS, BARTON.
WE SHOULD HAVE JUST KILLED YOU!
UGHN!
BLACK CAT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE WRAPPED UP IN ALL THIS, BUT SPIDEY'S BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU. I'M GONNA KICK YOUR A--
KRIK
UH-OH.

WHAOAAWAWA!
STAY UP THERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
NNNGHAH!

THIS IS A *BUST*. WE WANTED THESE MORONS TO FIND THE MISSING DRIVE, NOT *US*.
MARY, LIGHT US UP A DISTRACTION. WE'RE LEAVING.
MARY, I MEAN IT. THIS DATE HAS TO END RIGHT NOW.
THIS ISN'T A DATE, YOU IDIOT!
ONE DISTRACTION COMING UP!
THE WHEELS ON THE BUS BURN DOWN AND DOWN...
OW.
WHUDD
HELP!
C'MON, DEADPOOL!
CALL ME!
I HATE WADE, BUT HE IS *FUN* ON A DATE.
YOU TWO ARE #$%£#$ BANANAS.

A THREE ALARM FIRE LATER...
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, BARTON?
IT WAS A LITTLE DIFFERENT IN MY HEAD.
F.D.
FDNY
OKAY, ENOUGH "HELP". JUST--GO SIT TIGHT UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME. AND KEEP DEADPOOL ON A SHORT LEASH.
WE DIDN'T CATCH BLACK CAT, WE DON'T HAVE THE DRIVE...IT'S A MIRACLE NOBODY WAS KILLED!
AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO SNARL TRAFFIC FOR 10 BLOCKS IN EVERY DIRECTION...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
AFTER WE GOT EVERYONE OFF THE BUS I POPPED INTO A STORE TO GROW MY EPIDERMIS BACK. WHILE I WAS INSIDE I BOUGHT A NEW NOFRIENDO CONSOLE.
THAT'S CRAZY!!!
I KNOW. I'M SHOCKED IT WAS IN STOCK, TOO.
OH COOL, THE OOPER CAR I ORDERED IS HERE.
C'MON, WE'LL CHILL AND REGROUP AT MY PLACE.
"HERE IS YOUR RECEIPT. YOU'RE PAYING 1.75 TIMES THE NORMAL RATE FOR RUSH HOUR SERVICE, AND CAUSING EXTRAORDINARY MID-TOWN TRAFFIC."
WHO HAS TIME FOR VIDEO GAMES?

A LITTLE WHILE LATER AT ONE OF DEADPOOL'S SAFE-HOUSES...
I'M GONNA WIN AGAIN!
I THINK I WOULD BUY THIS, IF I COULD HOOK IT UP TO MY DAMN TV.
OUTSTANDING! YOU'RE A CORRADO-KART CHAMPION!
HOW DO YOU TWO MAKE THAT JUMP *EVERY* LAP?
WE HAVE PRETTY, PRETTY, PRETTY GOOD--
--HAND-EYE COORDINATION.
HANG ON! LEMME TAKE THIS, IT'S *AGENT ADSIT*.
MAYBE HE HAS A LEAD.
HIS LIFE SEEMS SO... *NORMAL*. WHO KNEW HE HAD A KID? I HEARD SUCH WEIRD STUFF--THAT HE HANGS OUT WITH CRAZY PEOPLE AND GHOSTS.
THE KEY TO FIGURING OUT DEADPOOL IS ALWAYS REMEMBER: YOU CAN *NEVER* FIGURE OUT DEADPOOL.


=YAWN=
WHAT THE--
UH...
WELL, HELLO, MISS.
DEATH
VOICES
GUNS
LAUGH
JOKES THAT HIDE THE SAD
ELLIE
FIRE
FOOD
SEX
VIOLENCE
MANLY REGENERATION
FEAR
GEAR
MORE FOOD
WINK
EW, GROSS.
YEOOOWW
WWHOOOAA
YEAAH!!!
WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!
DID YOU SEE THAT!? DID I SEE THAT?!
WE HAVE TO GO RIGHT NOW.
WHAT NAKED WIZARD?!
YOU SAW THE NAKED WIZARD, TOO?

THANK *GOD*--OUR OOPER CAR IS AROUND THE CORNER.
YEAH, I THINK SO.
IS ELLSDEN SPELLED 'E-L-L'?
ADSIT STRUCK OUT. I SAY WE GO BUST HEADS LOOKING FOR BLACK CAT'S CRIB.
WE'RE GOING.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE ARE GOING. NOT *YOU*. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.
GO PLAY YOUR VIDEO GAME IN YOUR WEIRD FLOPHOUSE.
WHY IS THIS EVEN IMPORTANT TO YOU ANYWAY?
I GOT A KID STASHED WITH A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT.
I'M NOT TRUSTING ANYBODY BUT *ME* TO KEEP THEM SAFE.

THAT POOR GIRL DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN INTO MY CIRCUS. I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP HER SAFE.
I REALLY NEED TO SEE THIS THROUGH. FOR HER.
C'MON. THERE'S AN OOPER CAR RIGHT OVER THERE.
I CAN NEVER TELL WITH HIM--IS HE *LYING?*
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID? YOU CAN NEVER NAIL HIM DOWN.
OKAY, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE WITH US TO THE END.
COOL. NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SWITCH INTO MY SPIDEY OUTFIT AND TAIL YOU. I APPRECIATE IT.
I THINK I MAY HAVE A *LEAD.*
I GOOGLED ELLSDEN AND ONE OF THE ONLY HITS IS THIS ANONYMOUS MEMORIAL PIC POSTED ONLINE.
LOOKS LIKE HE *LOVED* HIS CAT--AND IT WASN'T AT HIS APARTMENT. WE'RE *MISSING* SOMETHING.
R.I.P.
IF HE TRUSTED SOMEONE WITH HIS CAT, MAYBE THEY ARE ALSO HOLDING THE FILES?
WORTH A SHOT.
WAIT, ARE WE STEALING THIS CAR?
SORRY, MY MASK IS DOWN AND I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

A "COMPLIMENTARY" OOPER CAR RIDE LATER AT THE BROOKLYN APARTMENT OF THE LATE JEREMY ELLSDEN...
"GOOD EVENING, MY NAME IS MR. POOL. I'M AN AVENGER, OF THE 'RESERVE' VARIETY.
"DID YOUR DEAD GUY NEIGHBOR GIVE YOU ANYTHING TO HOLD FOR HIM? A CAT... FOR SOME REASON..."
...OR MAYBE ANY GOVERNMENT SECRETS?
NO LUCK UPSTAIRS, EITHER.
ALSO, STOP SAYING YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
SLAM
NO? OKAY THEN.
TONY STARK TOLD ME I WAS A RESERVE AVENGER, AND I SAID WHERE'S MY AVENGERS I.D. CARD, AND THEN HE SAID, "WE'LL MAIL IT TO YOU." AND I BELIEVED HIM.
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? S.H.I.E.L.D. ALREADY CANVASSED THE BUILDING.
THIS IS ANOTHER DEAD END. WE NEED TO START KICKING DOWN DOORS LOOKING FOR BLACK CAT.
DID YOUR NEIGHBOR ASK YOU TO LOOK AFTER ANYTHING? DO YOU KNOW WHO IS WATCHING AFTER HIS CAT? DID HE HAVE ANY FRIENDS?
THAT BOY DIDN'T LEAVE A CAT HERE.

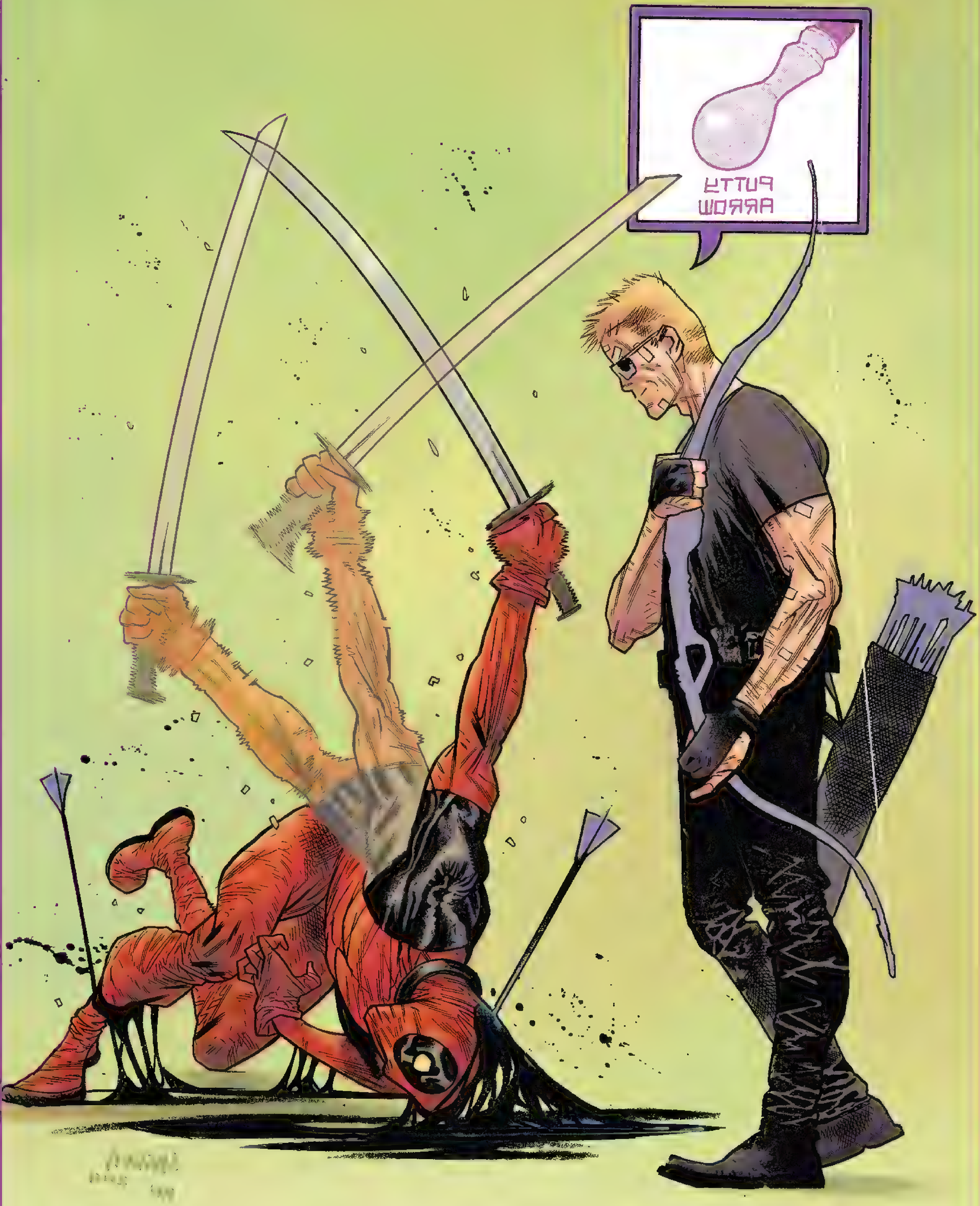
NO CAT!
AND HALLOWEEN IS OVER, MISS CATSUIT!
LET'S NOT GET PERSONAL.
SLAM
WELL, IT WAS WORTH A SHOT.
NICE WORK, KATE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
THE OLD BAT'S SLEEVE WAS COVERED IN CAT HAIR.
LET'S JUST MAKE SURE.
YOU AVENGERS TYPES CAN HANG OUT IN THE HALLWAY WHILE THE MERCENARY SCUM DOES THE ILLEGAL BREAKING AND ENTERING AND WHATNOT.

KNOCK! KNOCK!
WE'RE NOT HERE FOR THE CAT. WE JUST NEED TO SEE THAT HE'S OKAY.
I PROMISE.
NEITHER OF US HAS ANYBODY ANYMORE.
WELL, NOW YOU HAVE EACH OTHER...AND YOUR COOL, OLD... WEIRD SMELLS.
AH!
THIS IS ALL WE NEED. TAKE GOOD CARE OF EACH OTHER!
HEY CLINT, WE BOTH OWE KATE AN APOLOGY.
SHE'S A WAY BETTER HAWKEYE THAN YOU.

CHECK OUT THE COLLAR.
IS THAT--
A THUMB DRIVE!
HEY, DID YOU NOTICE ANY *CAT FOOD* IN THERE?
DOES SHE KNOW SHE HAS TO FEED IT AND WALK IT OR WHATEVER?
IT'S A 160 GIG DRIVE. THIS MUST BE IT.
CASE CLOSED!
I'M A PATRIOT.
IT'S ANOTHER WIN FOR "BISHOP INVESTIGATIONS".
URK.

GAK!
WHUDD
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
OF THE COMING OF THE LORD...
UUUUHGN.
NO... NO...CAN'T GET BEAT...BY DUDE WITH... ARROWS...
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:


PUTTY ARROW

DUGGAN • LOLLI • CAMAGNI • PETER

hawkeye VS DEADPOOL

PUTTY ARROW

MARVEL

003

A FEW ISSUES AGO, MIDNIGHT ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT...
SORRY THE NUTHOUSE WAS A CATASTROPHE! HEY, THAT'S NOT A BAD BAND NAME, "CATASTROPHE AT THE NUTHOUSE," WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU'RE TIRED, NO SWEAT, WE'LL GET AN EARLY START TOMORROW AND CHECK IN WITH AGENT ADSIT! WE'LL CRACK THIS CASE YET!
PLEASE STAY OUT OF IT.
NICE WORKING WITH YOU, PARTNER!
WE'RE NOT PARTNERS.
WHOEVER JUST BROKE INTO MY PLACE: I'M TIRED, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
I'M SCARED.
CAN YOU HELP ME?
WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHO ELSE IS WITH YOU?
GRRRAANNGH!

FOLLOW ORDERS.
OBEY.
DO NOT QUESTION AUTHORITY.
SUBSERVIENCE IS FREEDOM.
FOLLOW THE PROGRAM.
I WISH WE COULD HAVE A FEW MORE HOURS WITH HIM. THE MORE SESSIONS, THE BETTER THE DRONE.
NNG.
I...
I AM A PATRIOT.
ARE YOU READY TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE?
I'M A PATRIOT.

hawkeye and deadpool

have found themselves in the middle of a murder mystery.

turns out the black cat has gotten into some bad juju.

not only has she been trying to steal a list containing the identity of every undercover s.h.i.e.l.d. agent, she's also brainwashing people to kill anybody who gets in her way, including our hero, hawkeye.

(he's brainwashed, not dead.)

bad kitty.

by

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deadpool
(not hawkeye)

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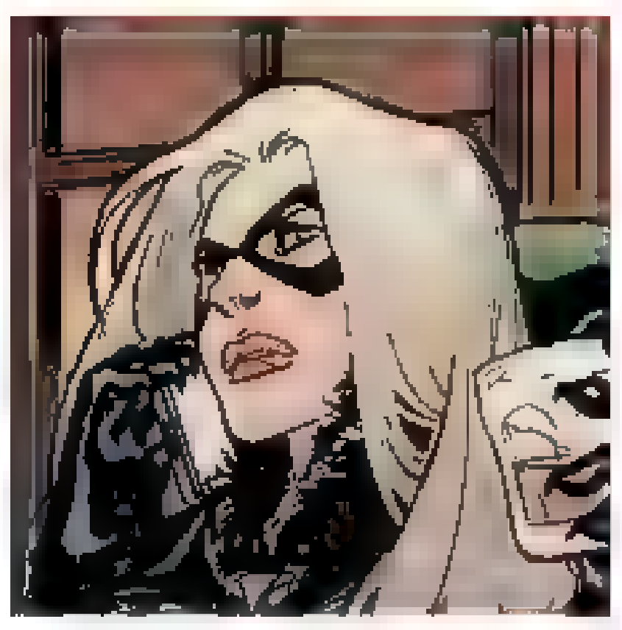
ellsden
(the victim)


black cat
(the villain)

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NOW.
UHN. WHAT HAPPENED?
LADY HAWKEYE... HELP ME!
OH MY GAWD!
AND, I'M HAWKEYE. NOT LADY HAWKEYE, OR SHE-HAWKEYE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?!
PULL IT OUT!
NO WAY!
TAKE IT OUT. DO IT SLOW...
EW, NO!
PLEASE!
THE BLADE IS...NEAR MY HEART!
KATIE...
EWWWW.
AND DON'T CALL ME KATIE.

AWUGHOH-NO-NO-NO!
UHG. SO GROSS.
OKAY-OKAY.
ONE... TWO... THREE!!!
YEAAAAHHH
YYYEEEEEEEEEEIIIIIIIIIIIII!!
THANKS, PAL.
YOU'RE NOT REALLY DYING ARE YOU?
NO, NOT PHYSICALLY BUT SPIRITUALLY, I--
GRRRRRRRR.
HEY, WAIT--
SNKK
YEOOOOWLULUGHN!!!

MY NAME IS KATE BISHOP, AND I'M HAWKEYE. UNFORTUNATELY, AT THE MOMENT I'M WORKING WITH DEADPOOL.
HEY ROBIN HOOD, HALLOWEEN IS OVER!
BANG
IT'S A LONG, DUMB STORY SO-- DON'T ASK.
ANYWAY, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT RIGHT NOW CLINT BARTON, ALSO HAWKEYE, IS NOT HIMSELF.
SFWWSH
BEFORE I CAN HELP CLINT, I HAVE TO STOP HIM FROM DELIVERING THAT THUMB DRIVE OF SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL FILES TO THE BLACK CAT AND HER WEIRD MOB.
UUGHN!

CLINT'S ALWAYS IN A JAM...
...BUT NOT THIS MUCH TROUBLE.
PUT THAT GUN AWAY!
I CAN'T! IT ACTUALLY STICKS OUT OF MY HAND LIKE THIS.
MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
OOF! HEY, MAN!
DON'T YOU JUST *HATE* CHASES WHERE YOU CAN'T JUST SHOOT THE PEOPLE YOU'RE CHASING!?
NO!!! I'VE NEVER SHOT ANYONE!
PFFFT. C'MON! YOU CAN TELL ME. I WON'T TELL ANYBODY. THIS IS YOUR UNCLE DEADPOOL YOU'RE TALKING TO.
DING DING
YOU TWO LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A LIFT.
YEAAOW!
WE DO. NOW GET OUT OF YOUR DRUNK CART.
OFFICIAL AVENGERS BUSINESS.
GO! GO! GO!!!

A LOT OF GOOD AGENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES ARE GOING TO BE IN JEOPARDY IF CLINT DELIVERS THAT DATA DRIVE.
HOW FAR. HOW FAR WOULD HE WANT ME TO GO TO STOP HIM?
THERE IS ≯HUFF≮ ONE GOOD THING ≯HUFF≮ TO BARTON BEING BRAINWASHED. ≯HUFF≮
WHAT'S THAT?!
HE *NEVER* HAS TO ≯HUFF≮ KNOW HE TOOK US BOTH OUT.
OH GREAT. DEADPOOL IS GROWING ON ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. CLINT DIDN'T BEAT US UP.
ATTAGIRL!
≯HUFF≮ AND WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT CHASING HIM DOWN RIGHT NOW.
THUNK
DELIVERY
I AM A PATRIOT.

WE'RE LOSING HIM!
SORRY, PRINCESS. HUFF WANT TO SWITCH JOBS?
CALLING HUFF OOPER...
YOUR DRIVER IS ON THE WAY!
7G S.H.I.E.L.D.
OOPER CAR
YOUR OOPER CAR IS ARRIVING NOW.
BRIDGE WALK PEDESTRIAN ONLY
KEEP RIGHT
IF YOU COULD STEP ON IT AND TAKE THE SIDEWALKS, THAT WOULD BE GREAT. WE'RE KIND OF IN A CAR CHASE.
NO WAY IN HELL I'M DOING THAT.
KLIK
I SAID: TAKE. THE. SIDEWALKS.
SIDEWALKS, HERE WE COME.
OH, AND CAN YOU OPEN THE SUNROOF?

VRRR
DON'T RUN CLINT OVER! *I GOT THIS!*
RROOOM
AH!
YOU'RE DOING GREAT, AND DON'T WORRY, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A *FIVE STAR RATING* FOR THIS.
RUN!
CHAKK
AARGHN!
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY.
CLINT! STOP!
I'M GOING TO HAVE YOUR ACCOUNT SUSPENDED, YOU LUNATIC! YOU'LL NEVER RIDE IN AN OOPER CAR AGAIN!
YOU JUST TRY IT, JEEVES.
CLINT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON.

CLINT!!! COME DOWN!
KATE, WAIT!
WAIT!
LET GO OF ME!
BISHOP!
TRUST ME! IF YOU ENGAGE HIM--HE'S GOING TO FLING HIMSELF OFF THE BRIDGE.
THIS IS THE WORST FEELING IN THE WORLD.
TURNING MY BACK ON A FRIEND.
BUT IN CASE I'M WRONG, DO YOU HAVE A TRICK ARROW WITH A LASSO OR SOMETHING?
NO.

I HATE THIS CASE
SO, WHAT? WE LET HIM GET AWAY?
NO. ABSOLUTELY NOT.
HE'S GONE TO BE A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD...
THE OTHER NIGHT BARTON AND I CHASED A GUY THAT WAS PROGRAMMED TO COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN HE WAS CORNERED.
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SAVE HIM?
THE HARD WAY... WHEN HE HANDS THE INFO OVER.
WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE HIM.
AND I HAVE TO MAKE A CALL ON THE WAY.
PLEASE DON'T CALL ANOTHER OOPER CAR.
OH, NOT THIS TIME. I'M ESCALATING THE SITUATION.

YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF IDIOTS!
HOW HARD IS IT TO FIND A MISSING HARD DRIVE?
BUT, THE AVENGERS, THEY--
THOSE ARE TWO *JUNIOR VARSITY* AVENGERS, AND A MENTALLY DEFICIENT CLOWN.
KRAK
I'M ON THE HOOK. I HAVE *INVESTORS* IN THIS PROGRAM.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK TO JUST CLIMBING IN WINDOWS AND STEALING EARRINGS AND PRESCRIPTION DRUGS.
I CAN VOUCH FOR DEADPOOL BEING "MENTALLY DEFICIENT."
I'M A PATRIOT.
AND I'M A GENIUS!

THAT BUILDING IS CRAMMED WITH MERCS. IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH.
I THINK WE BETTER CALL FOR HELP.
HEY, WHO IS THAT?
THIS IS AN OLD PAL OF MINE, LET ME DO THE TALKING.
WHEN IS THAT *EVER* A GOOD PLAN?
MR. MANTLE!
HOW'S THE FAMILY?
HELLO, MISTER WILSON.
GIRLS ARE GOOD, THANKS. THEY'RE BACK IN SCHOOL NOW.
SO WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
WELL, I'D *LIKE* ALL OF IT.
OKEY DOKEY. SHOULD I LEAVE TOWN FOR A BIT?
IS THAT REAL?

I CAN ONLY TAKE WHAT WE CAN CARRY.
I THINK I'LL CALL HER "MARCIA."
HERE YOU GO.
I'M NOT CARRYING YOUR MISSILES AROUND FOR YOU.
IT'S NOT A MISSILE, IT'S A ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER.
AND *MARCIA* ISN'T FOR ME-- SHE'S *YOURS.*
NNNNNNO.
NO, NO.

I'LL TAKE THE SAW AND RELOADS FOR MY KIT.
YOU BET. YOU WANT I SHOULD JUST PUT IT ON YOUR ACCOUNT?
PLEASE. ALSO, I ALSO NEED A FAVOR. I NEED A *RIDE*.
WADE, I'M NOT SOME OOPER DRIVER OR WHATNOT.
OH MY GOD, THIS COSTS THE SAME AS A HOUSE.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
890 FIFTH AVENUE. HANG ON A SEC.
SORRY, MISTER MANTLE. IT'S LIFE AND DEATH.
I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT THIS.
YES, YOU ARE. I'LL BE INBOUND IN MINUTES.
YOU NEED TO MAKE SURE THAT BLACK CAT CAN'T PUT THE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL FILES UP INTO A CLOUD.
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DO THAT?!
THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION NEXT TO BLACK CAT'S BUILDING.
DROP MARCIA ON IT, AND THEN BREACH LOW. I'M GOING IN HIGH.
FROM *ABOVE*, I MEAN.

FIRST THING WE DO IS BACK-UP THIS DATA OFF-SITE.
NICE WORK, HAWKEYE.
MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...
DR. LUSK, AFTER I COPY THE DATA, TAKE THIS THUMB DRIVE AND GET TO WORK ON THE HIGHEST VALUE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL.
OF COURSE.
UGH. I HATE THAT YOU HAVE TO USE A PASSWORD EVERY TIME.
TAC-TAC-TAC
LET'S SEE. WHY ISN'T THE DRIVE SHOWING UP ON THE DESKTOP?
IT'S THERE, NEXT TO "PICTURES."
AH. RIGHT. GOT IT.

BABOOM
WHOA WOW OH WOW!!
DAMMIT!!!
NNG.
WHERE... AM I?

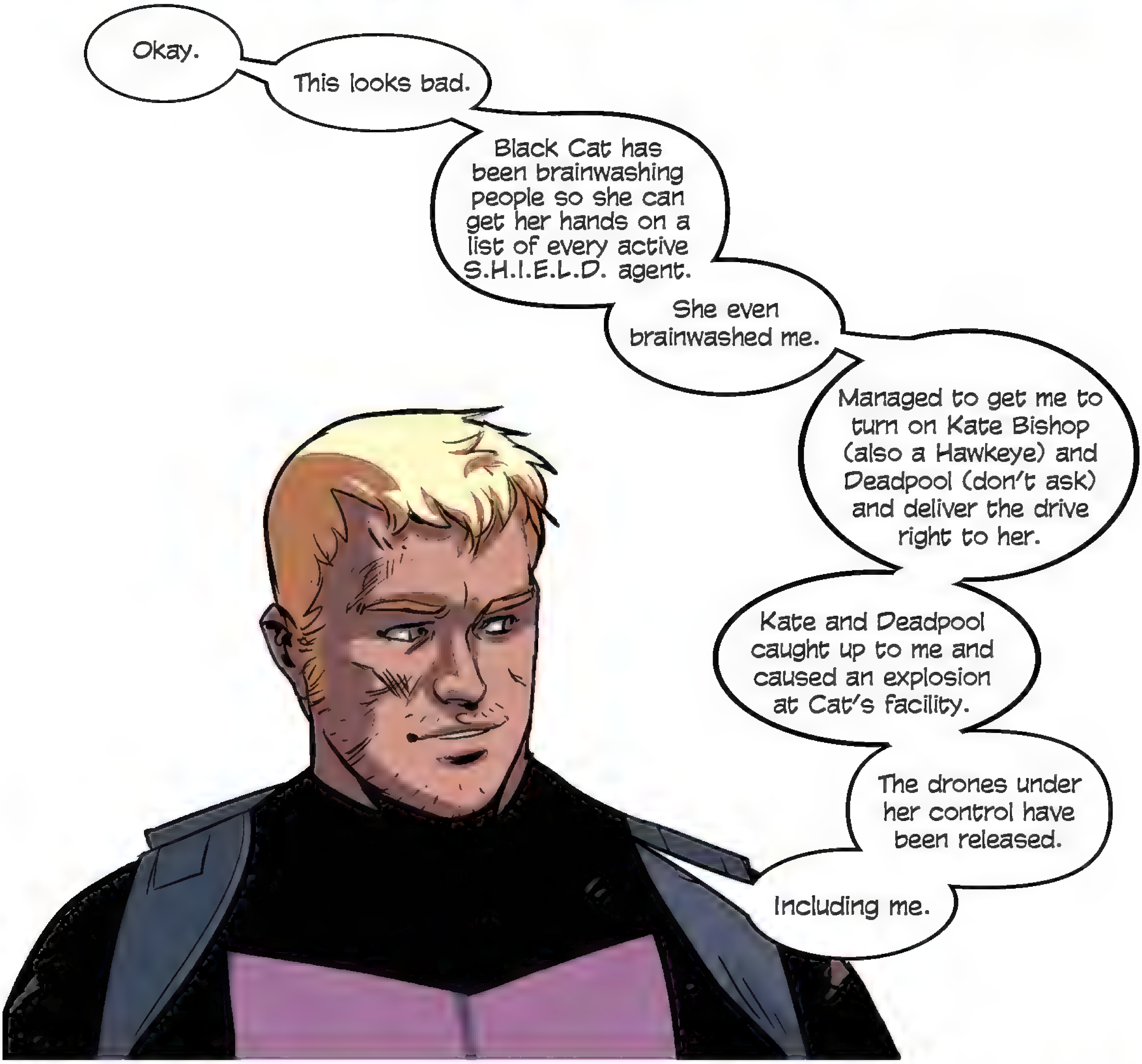
THAT. WAS. AWESOME!!!
OH GOD, I BLEW UP NEW YORK.
MEANWHILE AT THE OLD AVENGERS MANSION...
COS ALL I WANT TO DO

DEADPOOL SAID HE ONLY NEEDED A FEW MINUTES...
I WANT TO RIDE MY SKY-CYCLE, SKY-CYCLE, SKY-CYCLE!
ANYTIME NOW, DEADPOOL.
YEAAAOW!
...BUT WE DON'T HAVE THEM TO SPARE. EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW.
BLACK CAT HAS THE DATA. THAT MEANS SHE DOESN'T NEED CLINT ANYMORE.
HAWKEYE HAS ONLY HAD ONE INDOCTRINATION SESSION. WE NEED TO REINFORCE IT.
THERE'S NO TIME. IF YOU DON'T THINK HE'LL BE COMPLIANT THEN PUSH HIM OUT A WINDOW.
NO, NO. UH, I'M A PATRIOT.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

DUGGAN • LOLLI • CAMAGNI • FILARDI
hawkeye
VS
DEADPOOL
MARVEL
004

Clint Barton A.K.A.

HAWKEYE


Okay.
This looks bad.
Black Cat has been brainwashing people so she can get her hands on a list of every active S.H.I.E.L.D. agent.
She even brainwashed me.
Managed to get me to turn on Kate Bishop (also a Hawkeye) and Deadpool (don't ask) and deliver the drive right to her.
Kate and Deadpool caught up to me and caused an explosion at Cat's facility.
The drones under her control have been released.
Including me.

HAWKEYE VS DEADPOOL VS CRIME

FINALE

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EVERYTHING HAS GONE TO HELL...
...AND UNTIL A MOMENT AGO, I COULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY NAME.
THE POWER IS OUT!
I CAN'T COPY THE S.H.I.E.L.D. PERSONNEL DATA TO THE NET.
BLACK CAT AND HER FRIENDS PUT A WHAMMY ON ME...
USE MY MOBILE AS A HOTSPOT.
...NOW I HAVE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT, OR A LOT OF GOOD PEOPLE WILL GET HURT.
MY NAME CLINT BARTON.
SO MUCH FOR YOUR BRAINWASHING, DR. LUSK.
I'M HAWKEYE.
I USED BRIGHT LIGHTS TO PUT THEM UNDER MY SWAY, AND BRIGHT LIGHTS CAN FREE THEM. I ASSUME THE EXPLOSION DOWN BELOW RESET HIM.

GIVE ME THAT THUMB DRIVE, AND NOBODY GETS SHOT.
GET IN HERE, EVERYBODY.
YOU'RE NOT DEADPOOL. YOU'RE AN AVENGER.
WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUST START SHOOTING US FULL OF ARROWS.
UH-HUH.
YEAAH!
OWIE-OW OH!
WELL, THAT SHUT HER UP.
BRRRP
BRRRP
BRRRP
BRRRP
I'VE BEEN IN WORSE JAMS.
STILL...I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE.

CLINT!
WHAKK
SNAP OUT OF IT, CLINT!
WHUDD
I DON'T NEED SAVING, KATE!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA
YOU'RE NOT STILL BRAINWASHED?
BEFORE WE KILL YOU-- ARE THERE ANY OTHER HAWKEYES DROPPING IN?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...
OH MY GOD.
OY!

YEAH! GET SOME!
HEY, BARTON! THIS IS HOW YOU USE A SKY-CYCLE!
FOR DRIVE-BYS ON PENTHOUSES!
FOR SOARING MAJESTICALLY OVER THIS BEAUTIFUL, FILTHY CITY!
AND FOR SAVING YOUR FRIENDS!
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA
WE DON'T NEED SAVING!
AMAZING! THE SKY-CYCLE!
HOW DID DEADPOOL MANAGE TO FIX THE BUSTED STABILIZER?
WHAT?
HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A BROKEN WHATEVER.
PWAM
UH-OH.
BALOOM
WHOAOOOHWAAHOOOH WHEEEE!

SKRABOOM
OKAY. LET'S EVERYBODY TAKE A BREATH.
LOOK, THERE'S NO GETTING OUT OF THIS NOW. DEADPOOL JUST BLEW UP YOUR NEIGHBORS. EVERY COP IN NEW YORK IS ON HIS WAY HERE THINKING THERE IS A TERROR ATTACK UNFOLDING.
PLUS, IMAGINE WHAT DEADPOOL WILL DO TO YOU ALL IF HE ARRIVES BEFORE THE COPS.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I REALIZE THAT NOW. MY CONSCIENCE IS GUILTY. BUT I HATE TO LOSE, AND I *REALLY* HATE...
...WITNESSES.

ON THREE.
OKAY.
WAIT--GO ON THREE? OR THREE, THEN GO?
NEVER MIND. JUST SHOOT--NOW!
--NOW!
YEAAANG!
PIN THEM DOWN!
I'VE GOT THE DRIVE!
LET'S GO, DOCTOR.
CAN YOU COOK ME UP AN EXIT, MARY?
YOU BET.
YOU'LL COME BACK FOR ME, RIGHT?
UH, YEEEAH.

THE AIR BURNS!
THIS IS ALL IN OUR MIND, RIGHT?
NO, SHE'S A PSIONICIST, SHE'S REALLY BURNING US!
DAMMIT!
FEAR NOT, FELLOW AUXILIARY RESERVE AVENGERS, I'M HERE TO SAVE YOU!
WE DON'T NEED SAVING!
STOP, MARY!
OOF!
ALL OF YOU CAN BURN IN MY FIRE.
YOU THINK I'M STUPID? I KNOW BLACK CAT'S NOT COMING BACK FOR ME.
LAUGH THROUGH THIS!
MARY, STOP!

MARY.
I *KNOW* YOU.
THIS ISN'T YOU.
YOU'RE NO MURDERER.
WHU?
AND *IF* YOU WERE A MURDERER, YOU WOULDN'T JUST ROAST PEOPLE ALIVE.
WAIT, YOU DON'T KNOW ME AT--
WHUDD
GUFF

I FEEL *REALLY BAD* ABOUT THAT, BUT SHE *WAS* BURNING US ALIVE.
BELIEVE ME, SHE DESERVES IT.
SORRY, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE SOONER, BUT I RAN INTO TROUBLE.
YEAH, WE SAW THE CRASH.
OH, NO, I MEANT YOUR OLD-TIMEY HAWKEYE UNIFORM. I STOPPED TO CHANGE OUT OF IT--WHAT A *DISASTER!*
I'VE WORN A LOT OF UNCOMFORTABLE DRESSES IN MY TIME, BUT NONE *WORSE* THAN BARTON'S. CLINGY IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES.
LET'S FOCUS FOR A MOMENT.
HAND.
FOOT.
GERONIMO.
ONE.
TWO.
TRES.

MY NAME IS WADE WILSON. AND TODAY I'M HAWKEYE.
A HAWKEYE THAT SHOOTS DEADPOOLS AT PEOPLE.
TWOK
ARRGH!
THAK
THEY DON'T GIVE UP!
THROW ME THE DRIVE!
HERE!
EXIT
YOINK!
EXIT
STAY RIGHT THERE, I'M GOING TO BOUNCE BACK UP, BUT THEN I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN AGAIN TO KICK MY FOOT ALL THE WAY UP YOUR ASSES.

IT'S OVER. WE'RE CAUGHT.
PLAY IT COOL WITH ME, DOCTOR. I HAVE AN OUT.
WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT YOUR BRAINWASHING PROGRAM, I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
WHAT CAN I SAY? MY TALENT WAS ENCOURAGED BY MY PARENTS AND THEN LATER VARIOUS EXTRALEGAL GOVERNMENT PSY-OPS PROGRAMS.
MY POINT IS, EVEN THOUGH WE'VE HAD A RUN OF UNCHARACTERISTIC BAD LUCK, I STILL BELIEVE IN YOUR HUMAN DRONE PROGRAM.
THANK YOU, FELICIA.
THAT'S WHY IT'S SO HARD TO SAY GOODBYE.
WOW.
POLICE
POLICE

WELL, THAT'S ALWAYS... I'VE NEVER HAD A WORKPLACE ROMANCE BEFORE...
OH DEAR!
MY COAT!
AH! MY TIE!
HELP!
AEEEEIII!
SPASGHRASHFFT

I AM A PATRIOT.
OH, HELL NO!
OF COURSE SHE'S GOING TO PRETEND TO HAVE BEEN BRAINWASHED.
NO ONE IS GOING TO FALL FOR BLACK CAT'S ROUTINE, RIGHT?!
BLACK CAT--
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
SECRET AVENGERS SECRET HIGH-FIVE!
YOU'RE NOT AN AVENGER.
COME ON, LET'S FIND ADSIT.

DOWN IN THE STREET, A FEW MINUTES LATER.
WHERE'S THE DATA? IS IT SAFE?
WE GOT IT!
YOU THE WOMAN THAT NUKED OUR POWER STATION? HOPE YOU GOT A FAT BANK ACCOUNT.
WAIT, WHAT!? IT WAS AN *EMERGENCY!*
I BLEW UP THE PLANT. PUT IT ON MY TAB!
OOF!
WE NEVER GOT TO *WRAP* UP OUR *UNFINISHED BUSINESS,* MARY.
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU DID TO ME.
ISS OKAY. I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO GO TO JAIL NOW AND THEN BEDDY-BYE.
WE SEDATED HER TO COUNTER HER MUTANT ABILITIES.
WHO WANTS TO TELL ME HOW THIS SITUATION SPIRALED INTO A BLACKOUT IN LOWER MANHATTAN?
MY FAULT.
BLACK CAT'S MAD DOCTOR GOT HIS HOOKS IN ME, AND ONCE WE FOUND THE DRIVE, I "ACTIVATED," *TOOK OUT* KATE AND WADE AND DELIVERED THE DRIVE RIGHT INTO BLACK CAT'S HANDS.

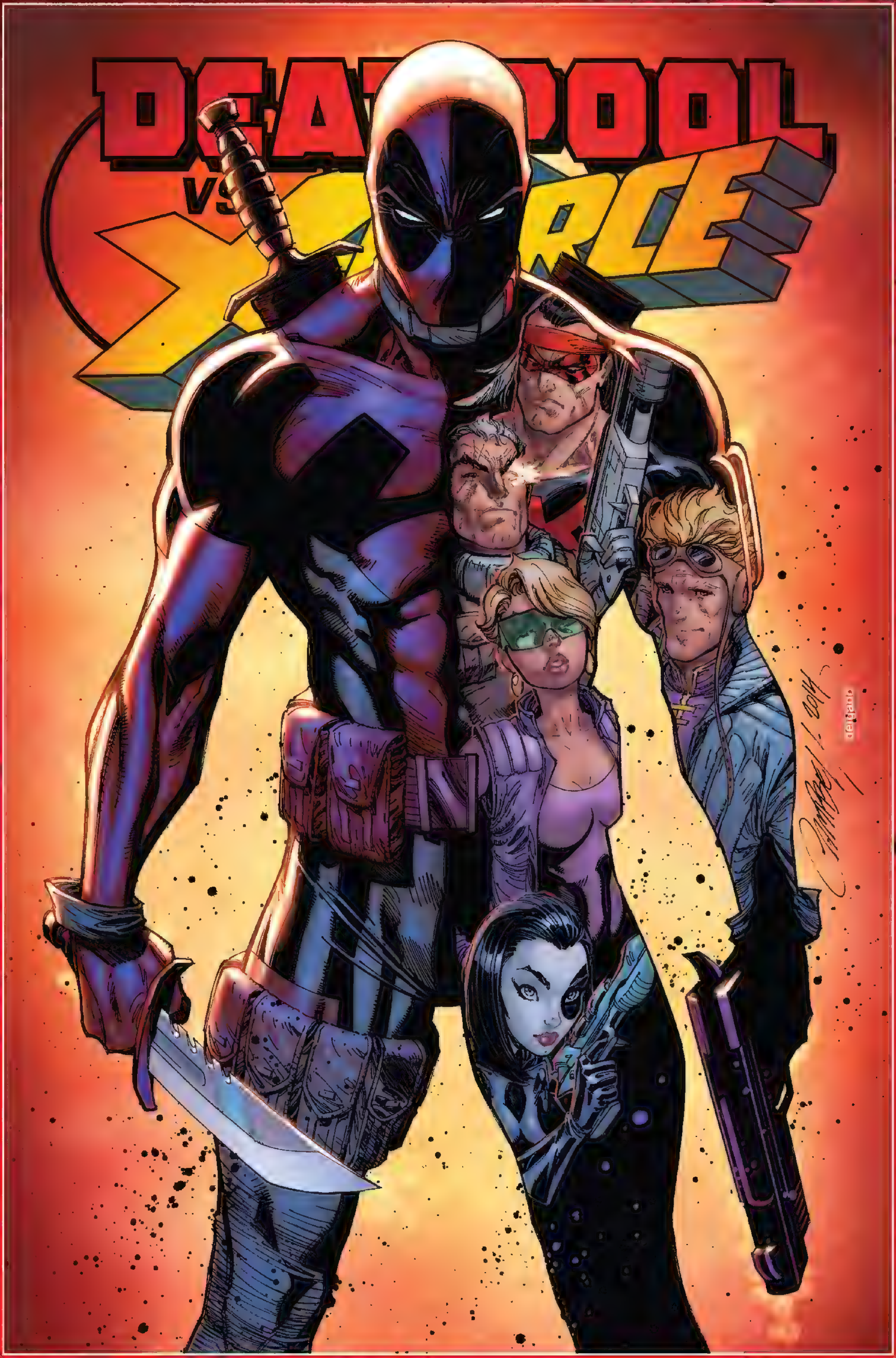
WHOA, WHOA--WE **GAVE** CLINT THE DRIVE, AS "SENIOR AVENGER" ON THE SCENE.
REALLY?
YEAH, NOBODY LOST A FIGHT, THERE WAS NO FIGHT.
UH...OKAY. MY RECOLLECTIONS ARE FOGGY.
WHATEVER HAPPENS: DON'T LET HER CLAIM SHE'S JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DOCTOR.
DON'T WORRY. SHE'S GOING TO FACE JUSTICE.
AGENT ADSIT? THE FDNY WANTS TO KNOW IF THEY CAN FREE THE PERP THAT HAS BEEN...YOU KNOW, **ARROWED** TO THE STAIRS?
YOU GUYS IMPALED ONE OF THE PERPS TO THE STAIRS?
I WAS THERE--IT WAS TOTALLY CALLED FOR.
TAKE ME UP TO THE SCENE.
WELL, IF NOTHING ELSE MY OPINION OF BLACK CAT IS FOREVER CHANGED.
I COULDN'T TELL IF SHE USED HER BAD LUCK POWERS ON ME OR NOT.
POLICE
PD
WHAT A SAD INDICTMENT OF YOUR LIFE.

SHE LOOKS OUT OF IT.
NOTHING TO SAY, FELICIA? OR SHOULD I SAY-- CAT'S GOT YOUR TONGUE?
NYP
YOU KNOW, IF YOU TAKE YOUR BAD LUCK VOODOO OFF ME, MAYBE I'LL PUT A GOOD WORD IN FOR YOU.
I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO ADD SOME CLOSING REMARKS.
STEALING STUFF AND POSTING IT ON THE INTERNET IS WRONG.
I'M TALKING TO *YOU* BACK THERE.
HA! WHOOPSIE. THIS ISN'T BLACK CAT.
WHAT?!
YOU OKAY? YOU WERE THE COP THAT ARRESTED HARDY, RIGHT?
I AM A PATRIOT.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SWEETIE?
I'M DAWN...OF JUSTICE.
WHAT?!
DAWN MUSAT OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
HA-HA-HA.
SAY IT AGAIN!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? WHO'S SHE?
BLACK CAT GOT AWAY.
DAMMIT!!!
SHE'S DAWN, OF JUSTICE!

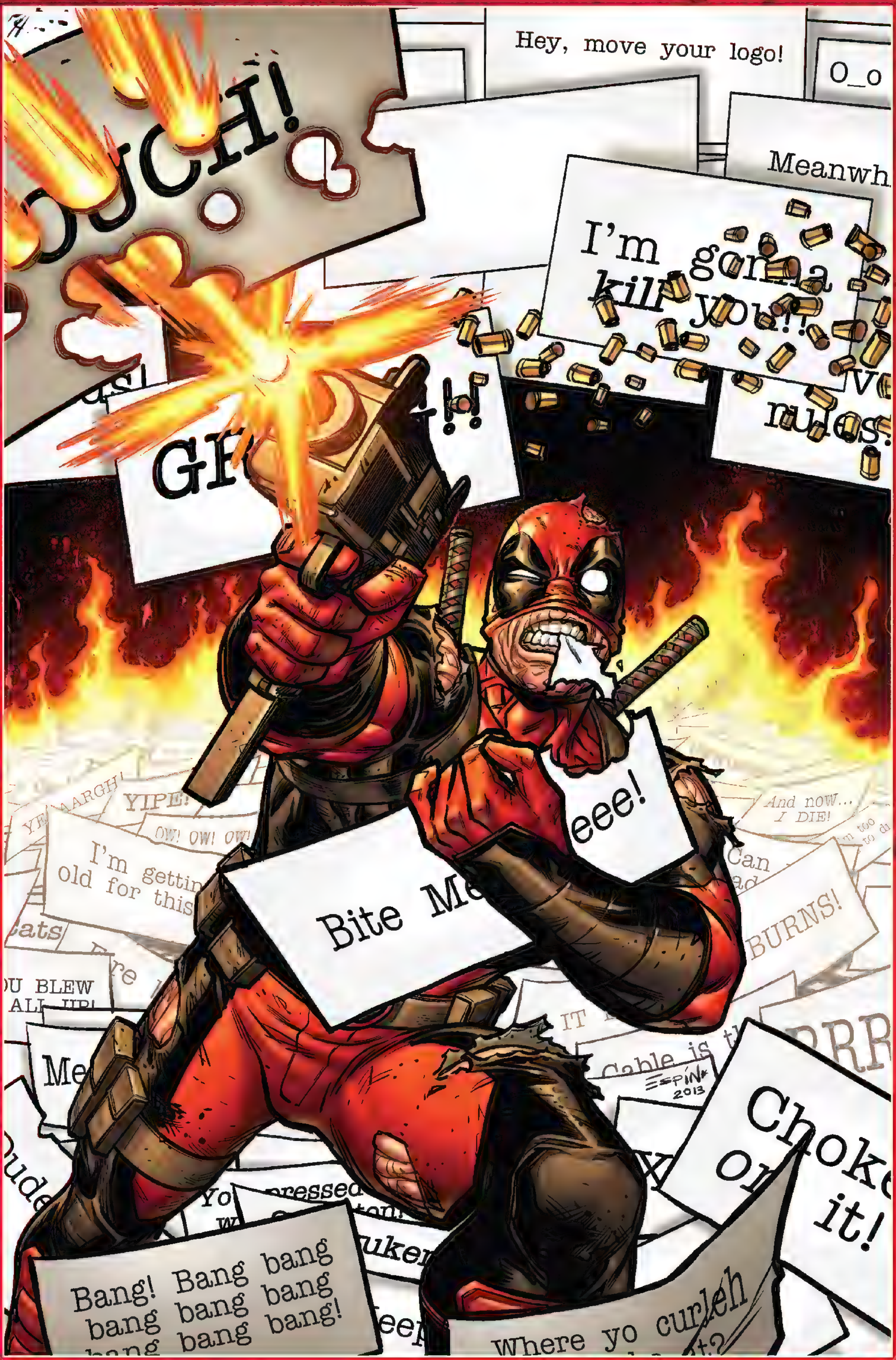
LATER THAT NIGHT AT CLINT'S APARTMENT...
BLACK CAT CAN'T RUN FROM THIS. SHE'LL PAY, I PROMISE. EVERYONE IN S.H.I.E.L.D. THANKS YOU THREE FOR WHAT YOU DID.
JUST LET SPIDEY DEAL WITH HER. THEY'LL FIGHT AND THEN MAKE OUT OR WHATNOT.
YEAH, OR THAT. EITHER WAY, ALL OF US WITH BADGES ARE IN YOUR DEBT.
GMC
I'M GOING TO HAVE *DR. STRANGE* GIVE ME A ONCE-OVER. MAKE SURE NONE OF BLACK CAT'S STINK IS ON ME.
I'M GOING TO HAVE *DOMINO* MAKE SURE NONE OF BLACK CAT'S BAD VOODOO IS STUCK ON ME. WANT TO JOIN?
I DON'T KNOW WHO "DOMINO" IS, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO A STRIP CLUB WITH YOU.
I'M GONNA MISS US! WE WERE A GREAT TEAM! WE SHOULD BE A TEAM, RIGHT?
WELL, UNTIL NEXT TIME!
BUMP ME!
PLEASE DON'T LET THERE BE A "NEXT TIME."
I HAVE TO ADMIT...
SHOOTING THE ROCKET LAUNCHER WAS *AWESOME*.
AND *THAT'S* WHY *YOU* ARE THE BETTER HAWKEYE.

BOOM!
THANKS FOR HELPING ME SAVE CLINT. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.
I DIDN'T NEED SAVING!
YOU'RE A GOOD DUDE, DEADPOOL.
DON'T SPREAD THAT AROUND, BISHOP. IT WON'T HELP EITHER OF US.
HEY, MEAN ARROW, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEMO?
OH.
WANT HELP? I CAN GET EVEN THE MOST STUBBORN BLOODSTAINS OUT OF ALMOST ANYTHING.
IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY.
NO. I'LL HANDLE IT ALONE.

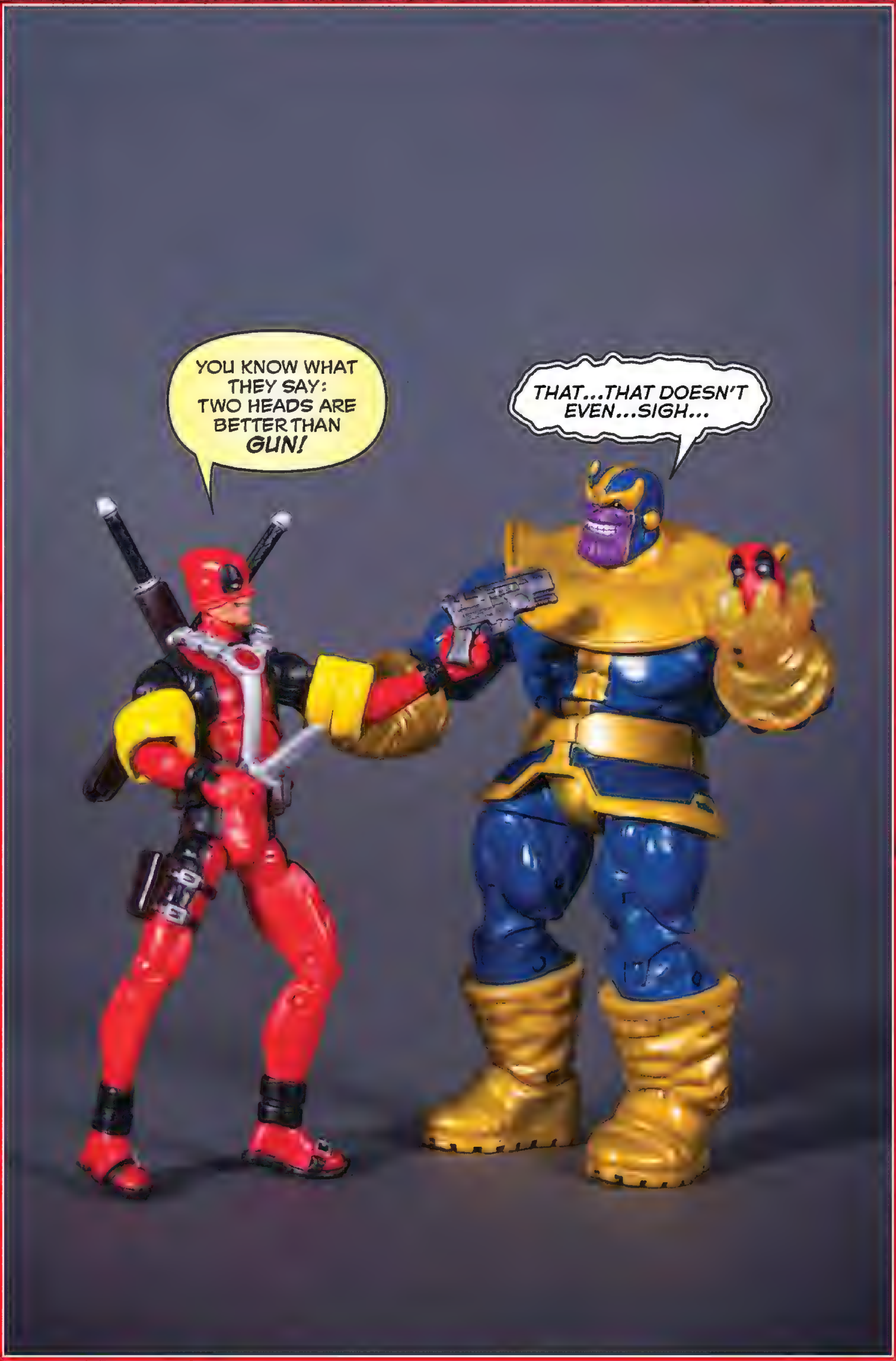
THE DRONES ARE ROUNDED UP AND DEPROGRAMMED.
OSCORP
I'M STILL FURIOUS WITH BLACK CAT.
AND I'M MAD AT MYSELF.
JOYFUL CAT
100%
I KNOW WE DID SOME GOOD, AND PROTECTED LAW ENFORCEMENT FAMILIES...
...BUT I SHUT A DOOR, AND CHANGED A LOT OF LIVES.
THERE'S NOBODY TO BEAT UP FOR THAT EXCEPT ME.
SO I SCRUB THE SIDEWALK UNTIL MY FINGERS BLEED.
THE END...FOR NOW!


DEADPOOL
VS
X-FORCE
delgado

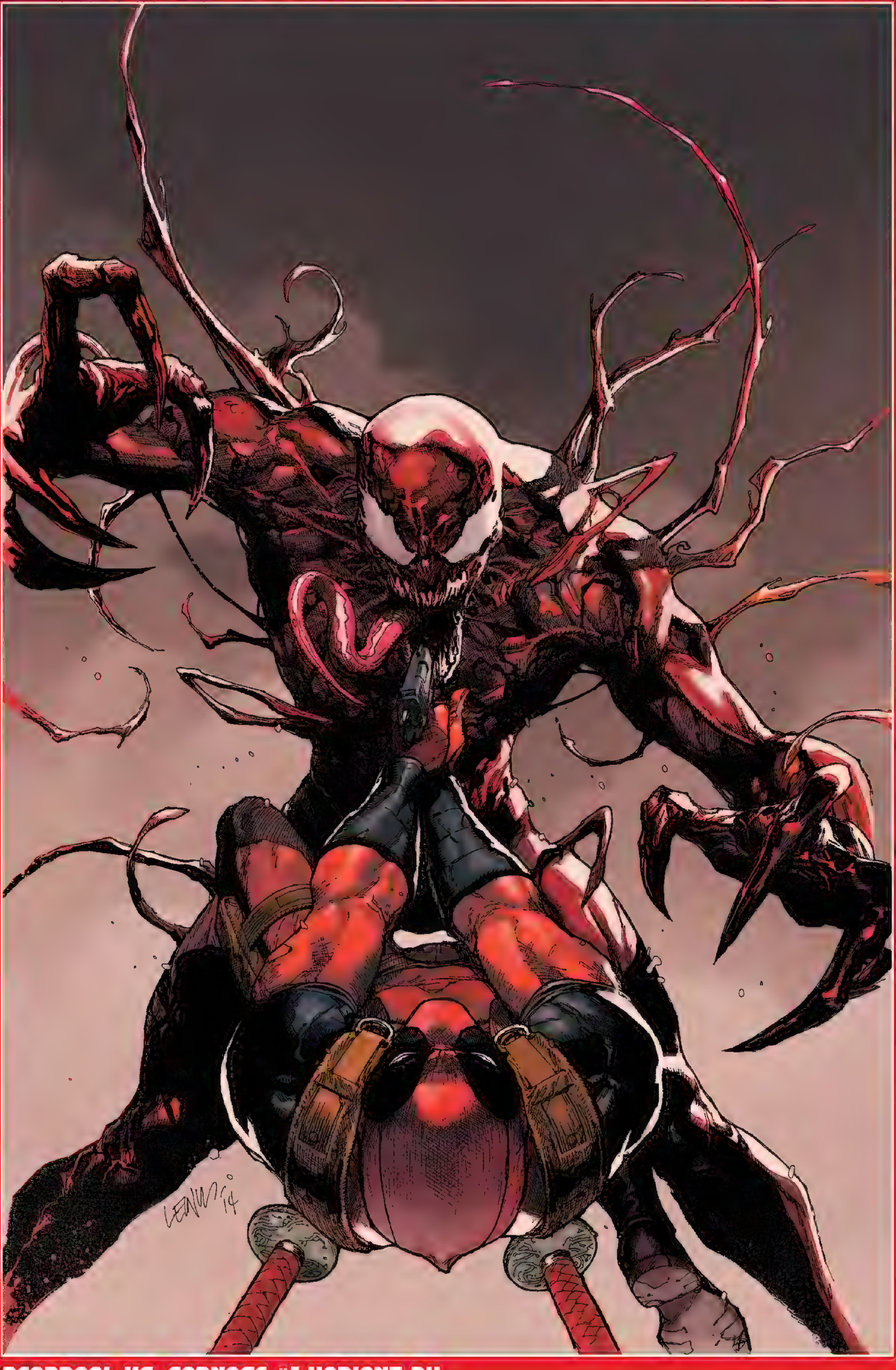
DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #1 VARIANT BY
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL & EDGAR DELGADO


OUCH!
Hey, move your logo!
O_o
Meanwh
I'm gonna kill you!!
rules!
GR
Bite Me
eee!
ARGH!
YIPE!
OW! OW! OW!
I'm gettin old for this
And now... I DIE!
BURNS!
U BLEW ALL UP!
Cable is
Choke on it!
Bang! Bang bang bang bang bang bang bang!
Where yo curleh
ESPINA 2013

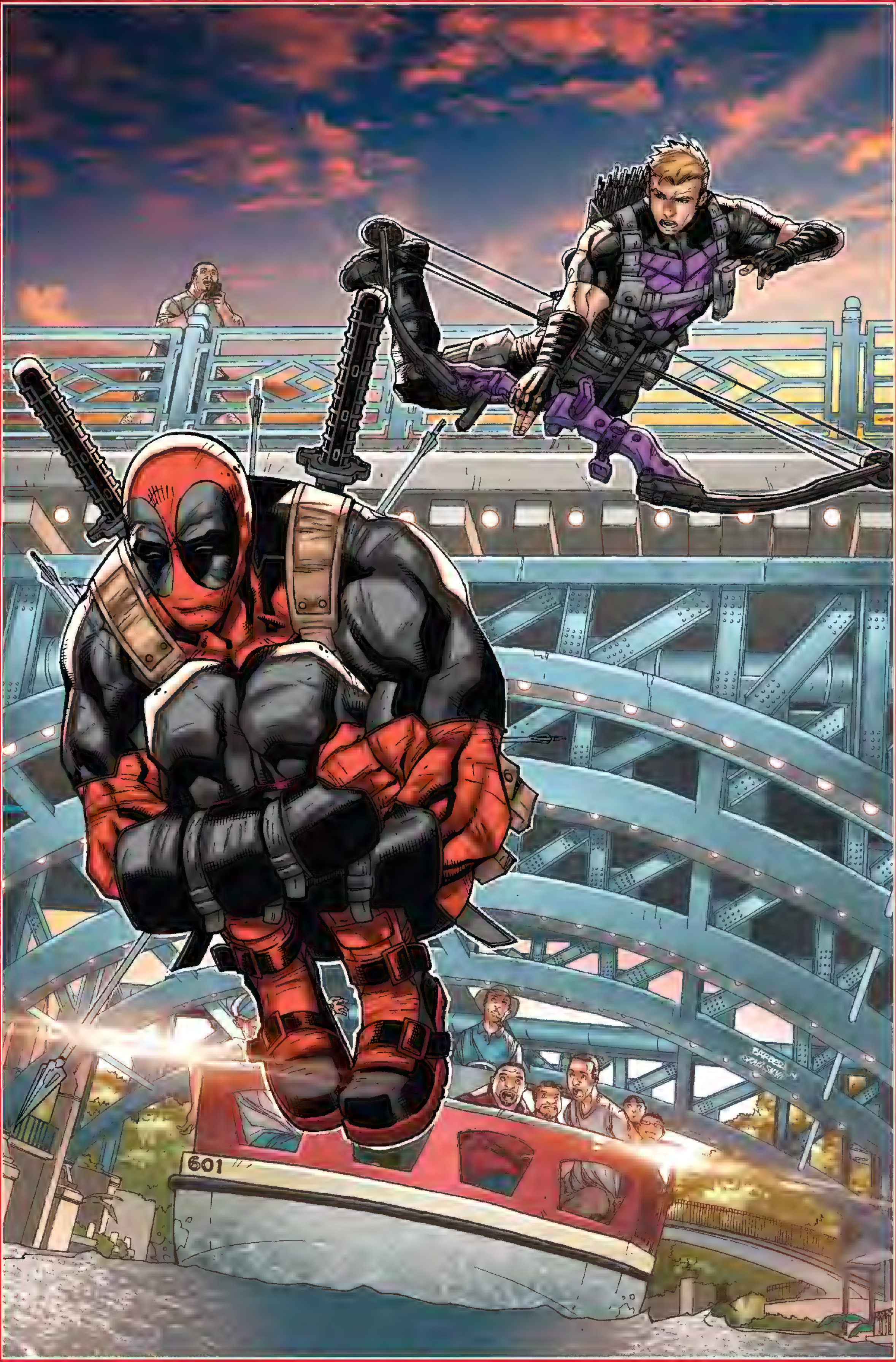
DEADPOOL ANNUAL #1 VARIANT BY
SALVA ESPIN & GURU-eFX


YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN GUN!
THAT...THAT DOESN'T EVEN...SIGH...

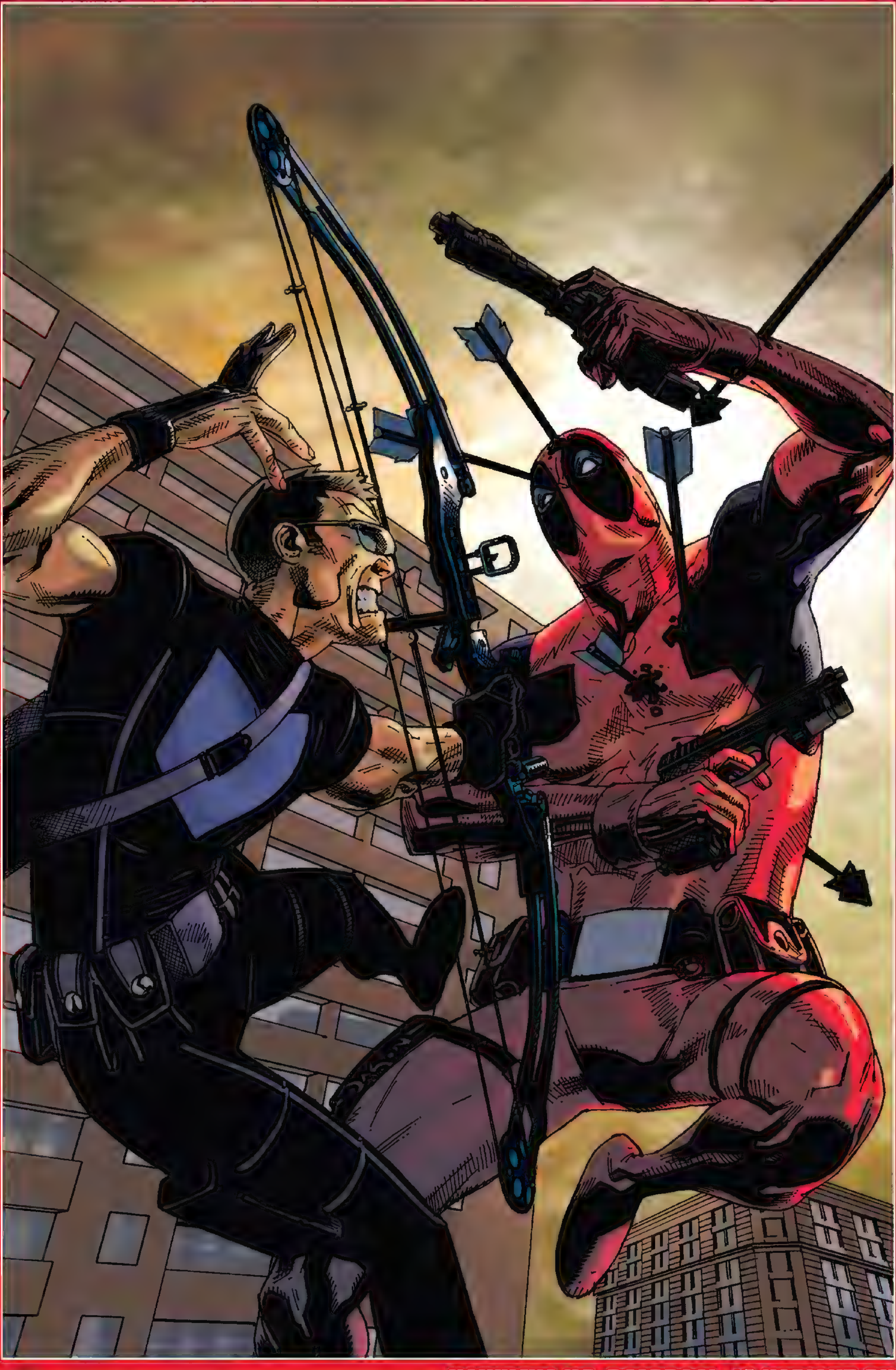
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 ACTION-FIGURE VARIANT



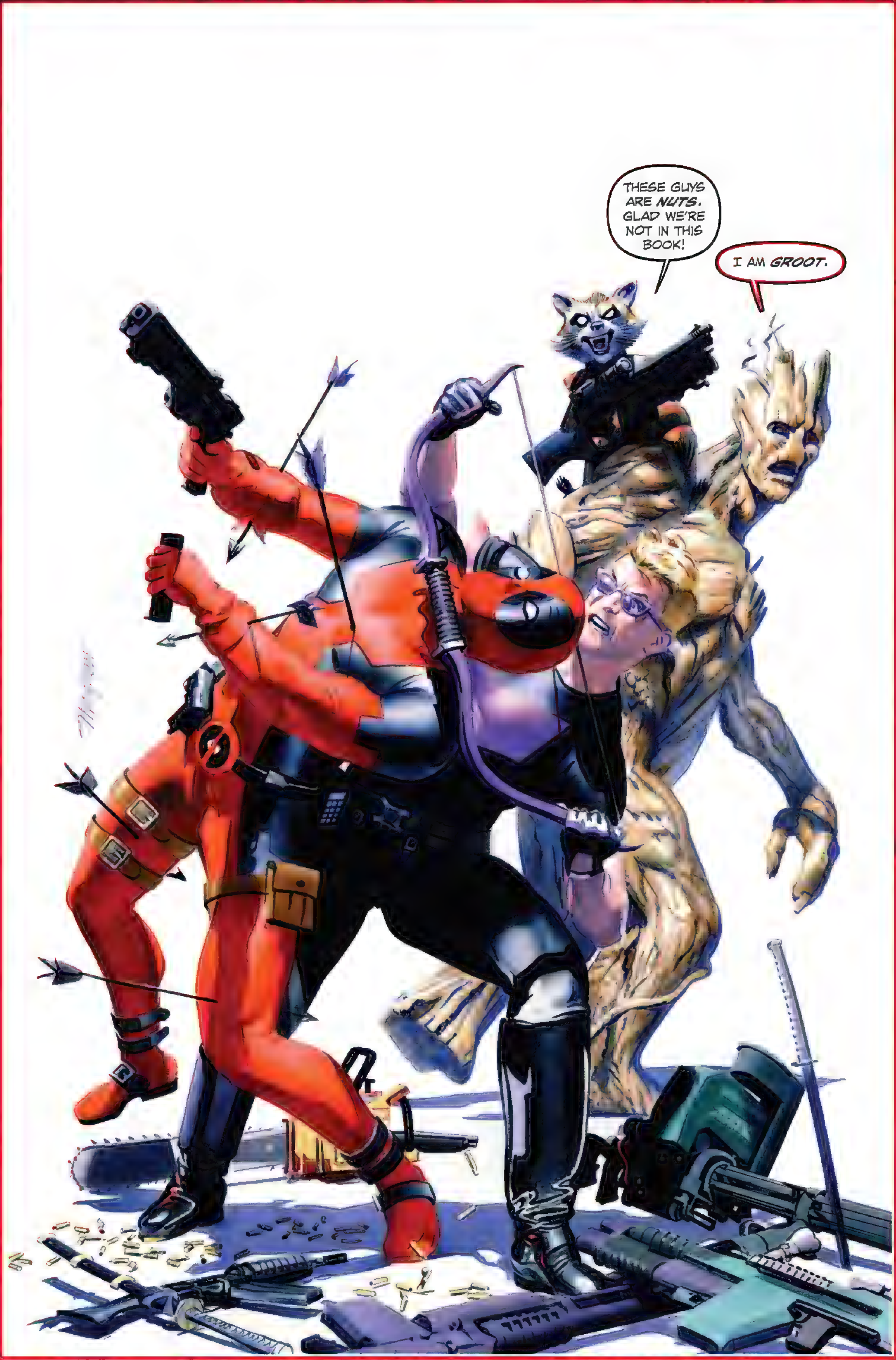
DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
LEINIL FRANCIS YU & SUNNY GHO



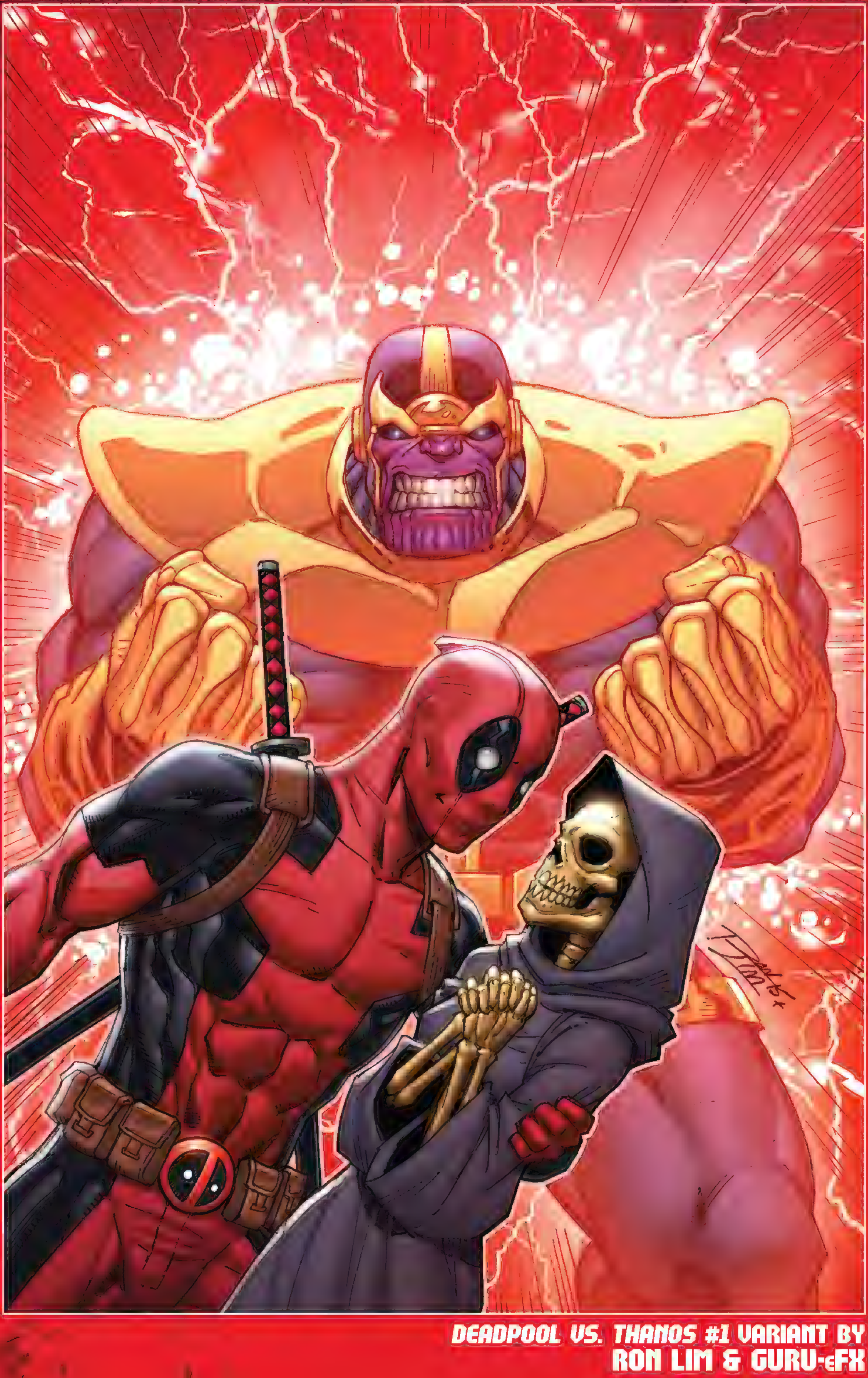
HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL #0 VARIANT BY
CARLO BARBERI & ISRAEL SILVA



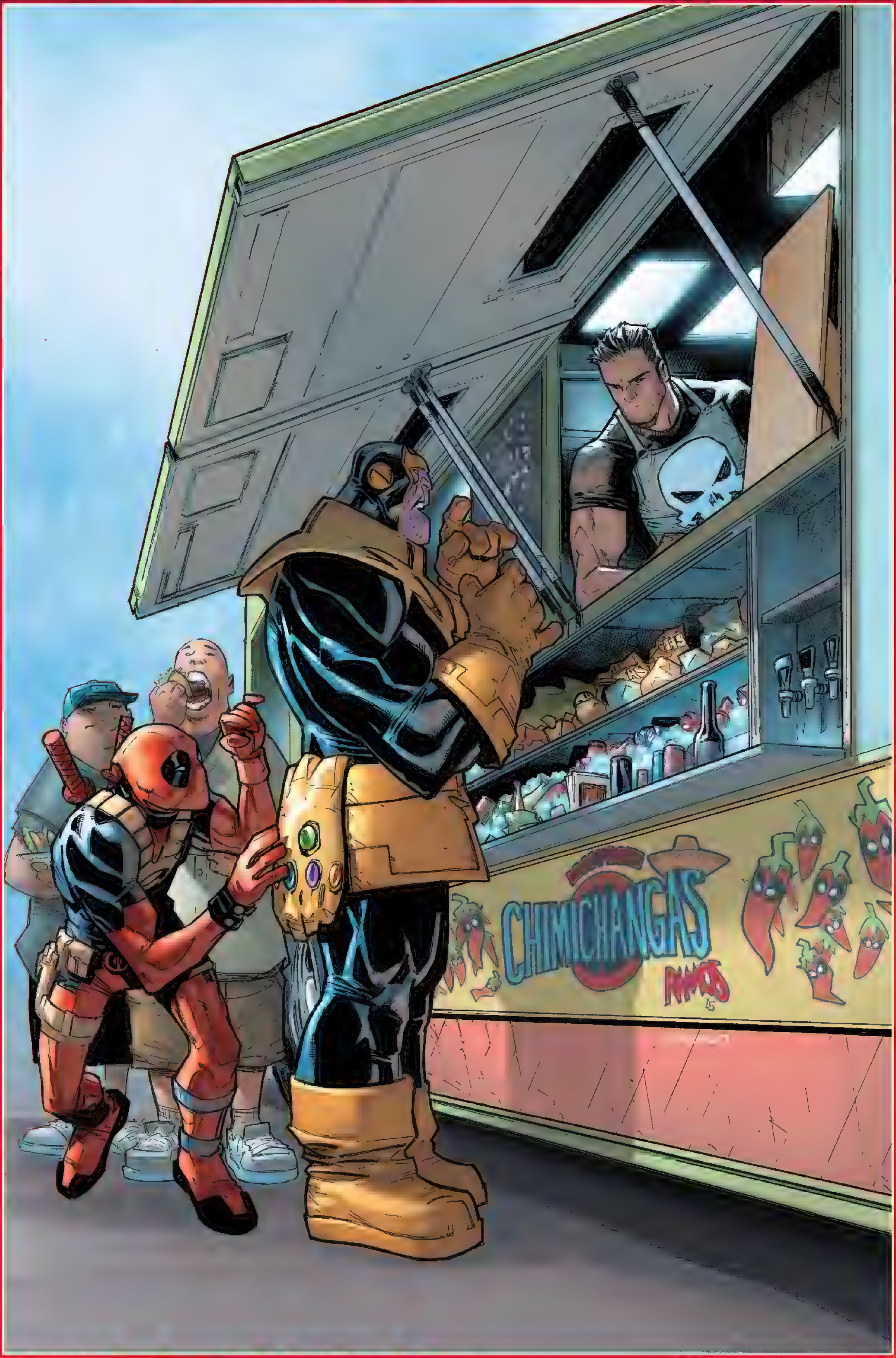
HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL #1 VARIANT BY JASON PEARSON


THESE GUYS ARE *NUTS*. GLAD WE'RE NOT IN THIS BOOK!
I AM *GROOT*.

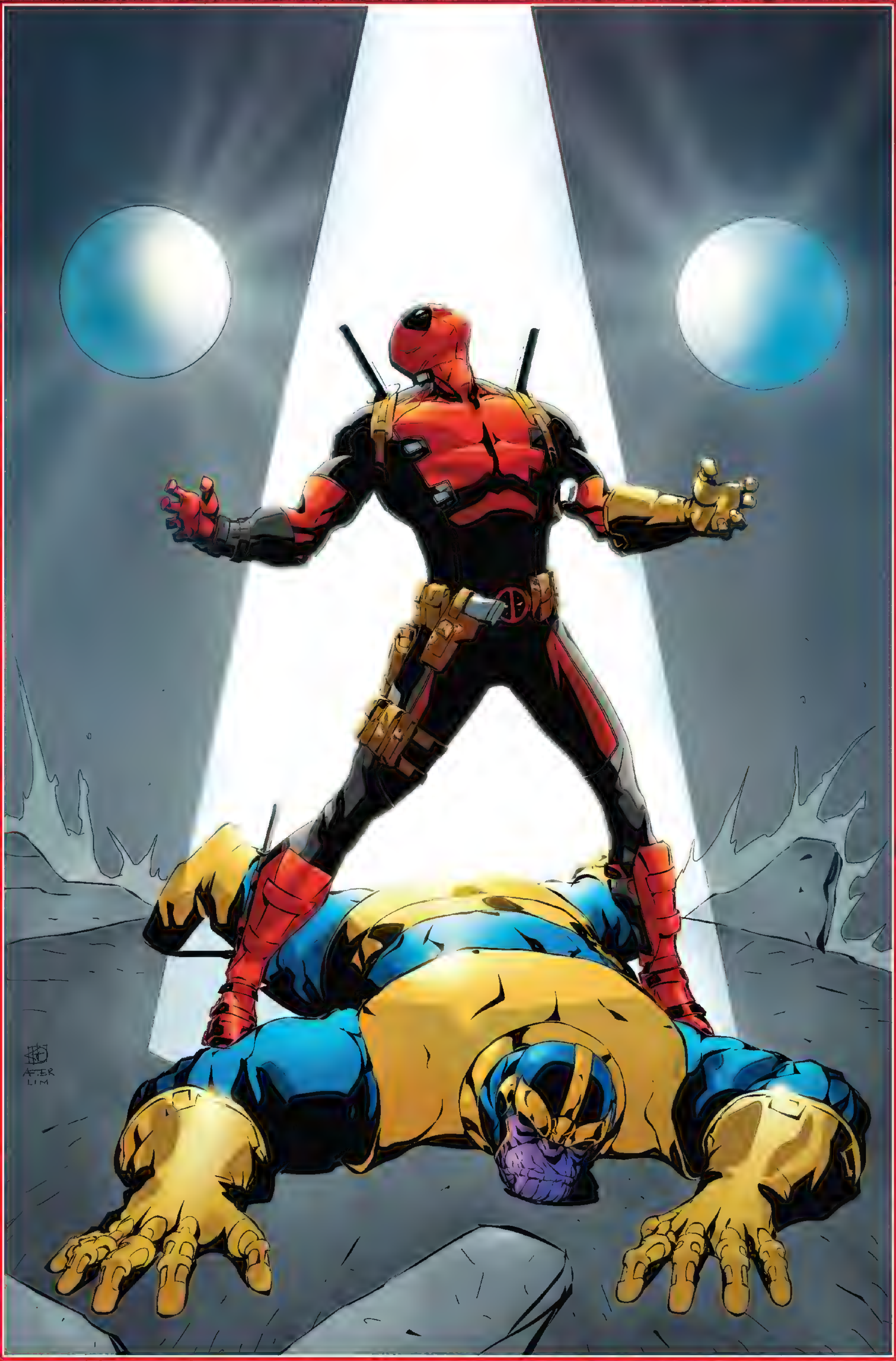
HAWKEYE VS. DEADPOOL #1 ROCKET RACCOON & GROOT VARIANT
BY MIKE MAYHEW



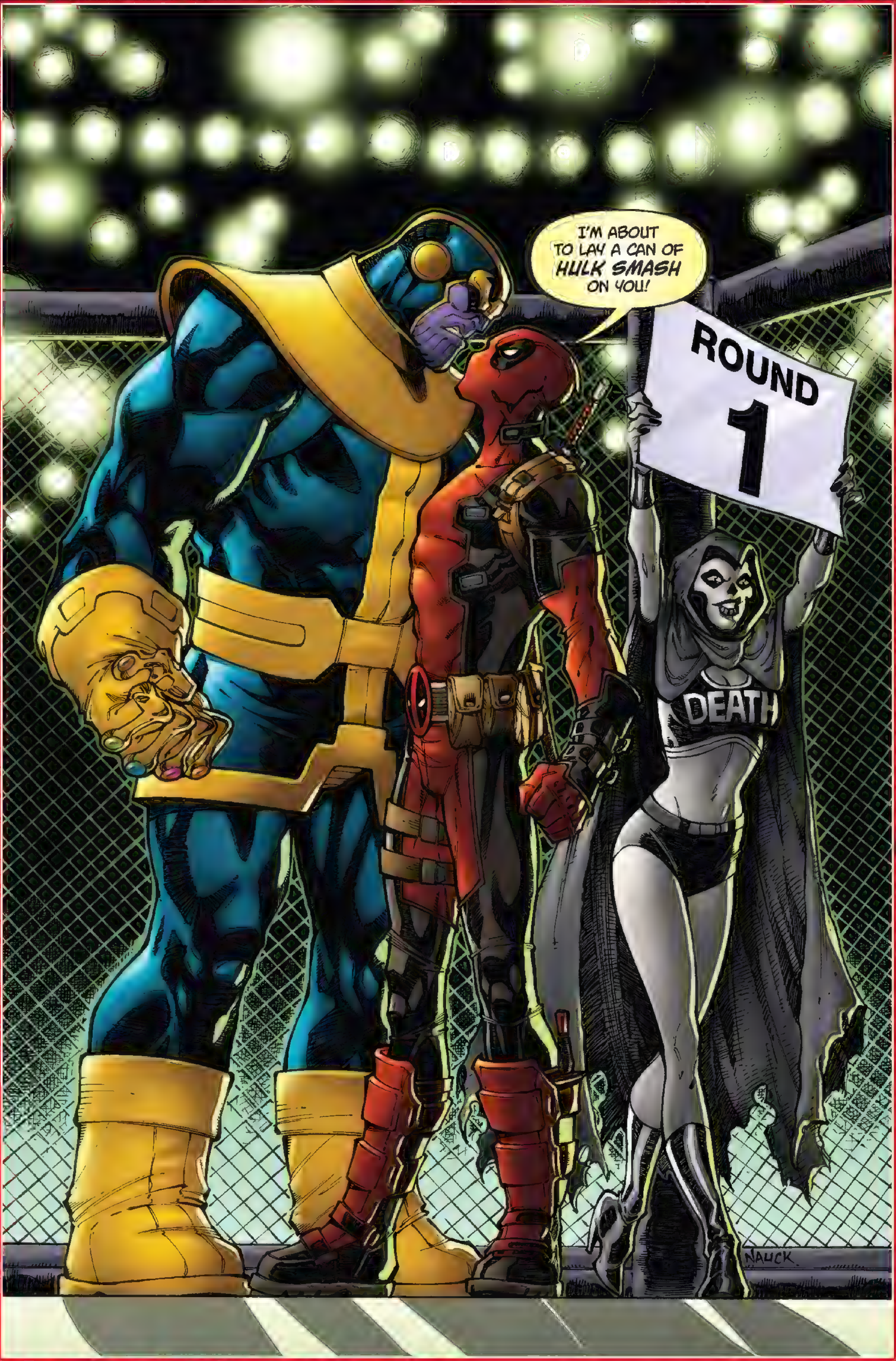
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
RON LIM & GURU-eFX


CHIMICHANGAS
RAMOS
15

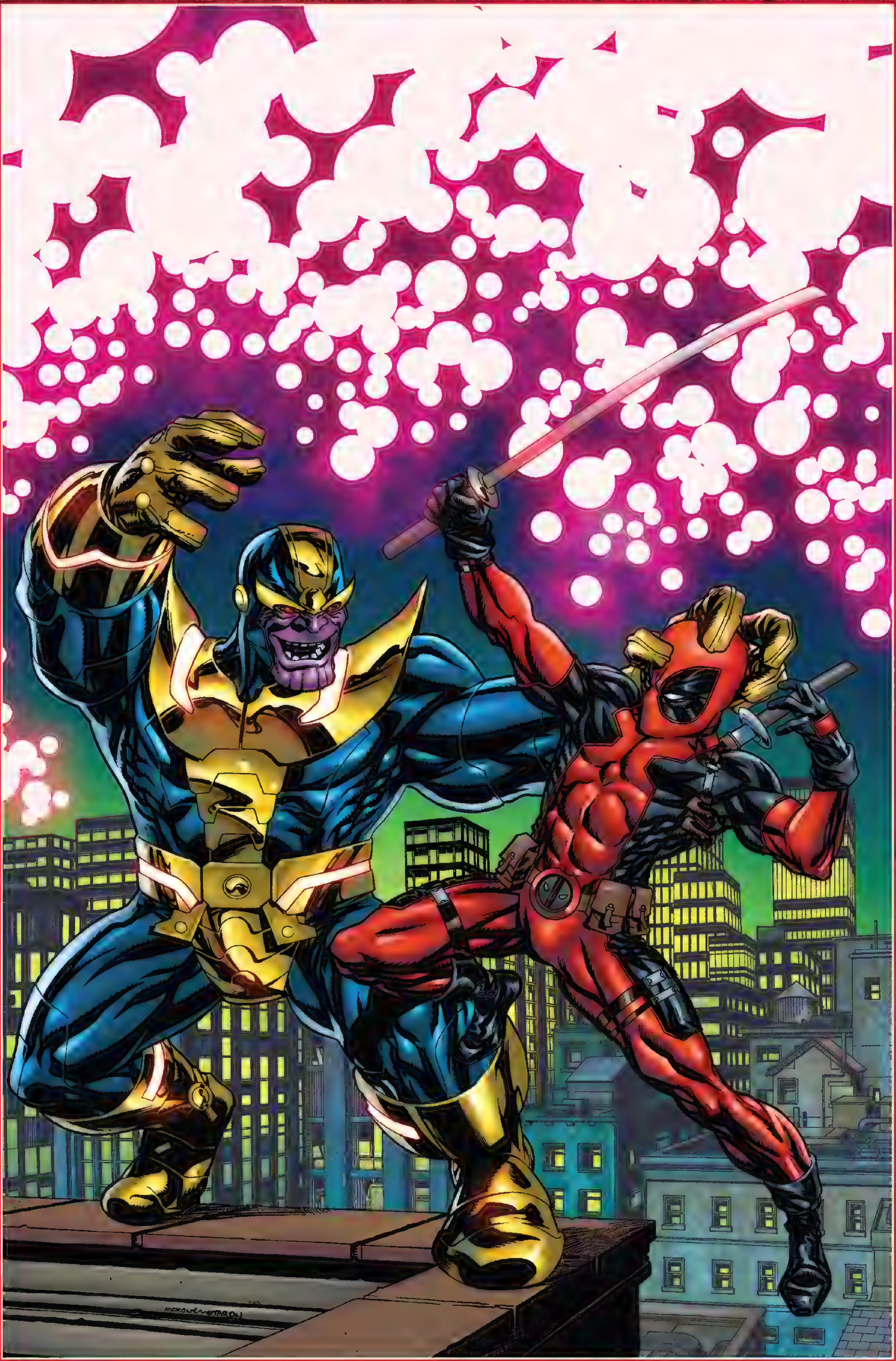
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
HUMBERTO RAMOS & EDGAR DELGADO



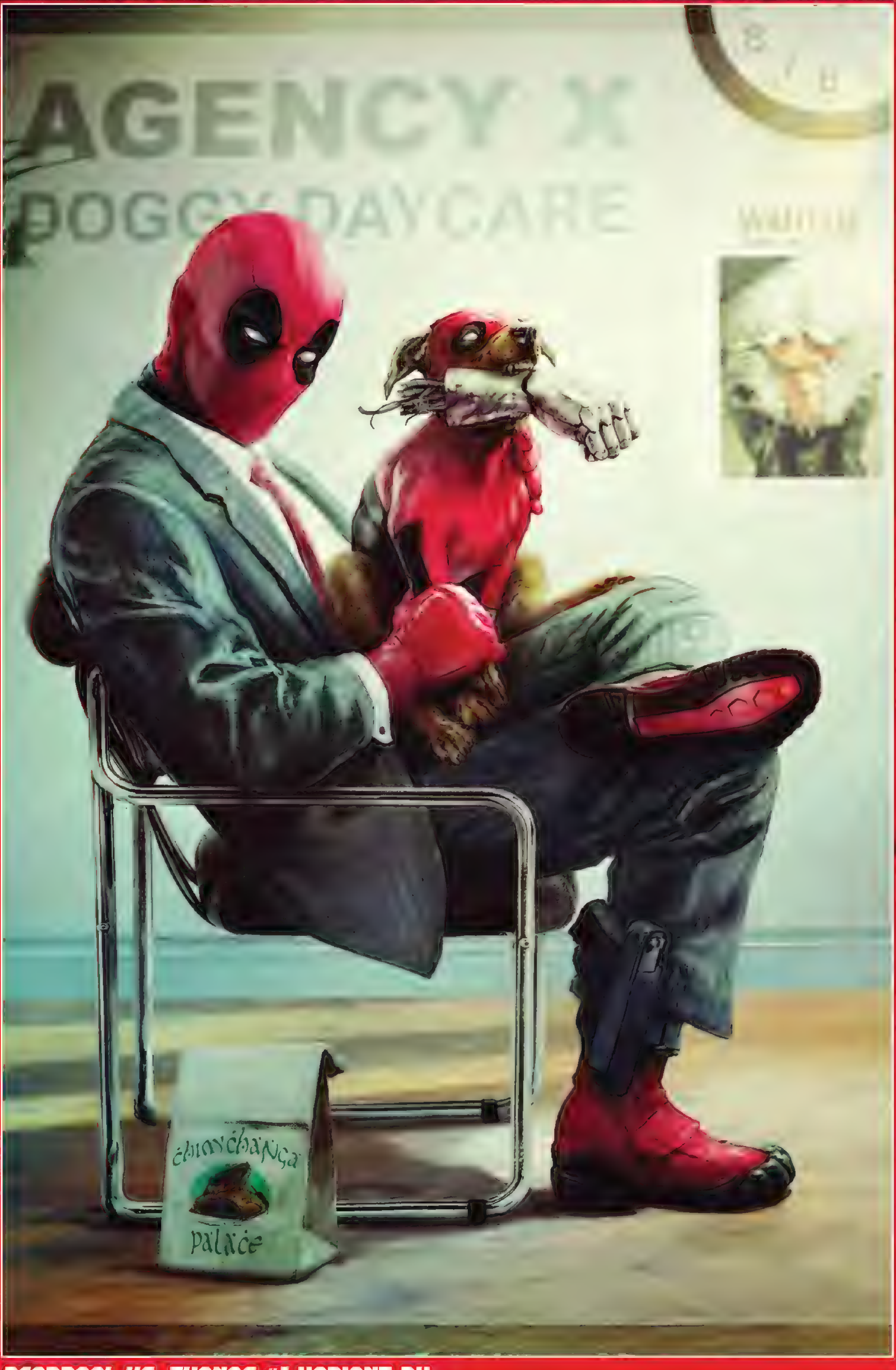
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
KHOI PHAM & ANDY TROY


I'M ABOUT TO LAY A CAN OF HULK SMASH ON YOU!
ROUND 1
DEATH
NAUCK

DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
TODD NAUCK & ANDY TROY



DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
MIKE McKONE & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

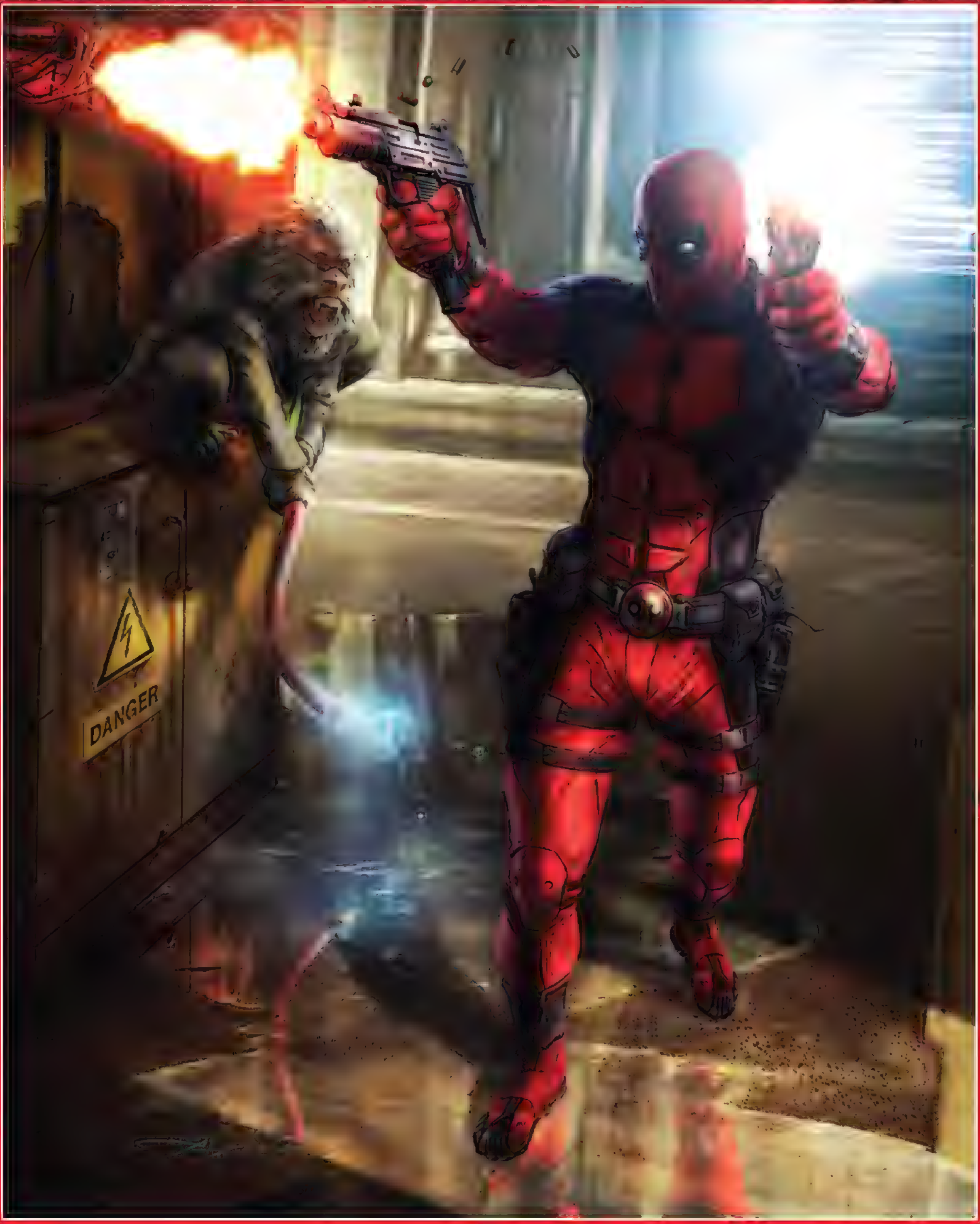

AGENCY X
DOGGY DAYCARE
chimichanga
palace

DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 VARIANT BY
ALEKSI BRICLOT

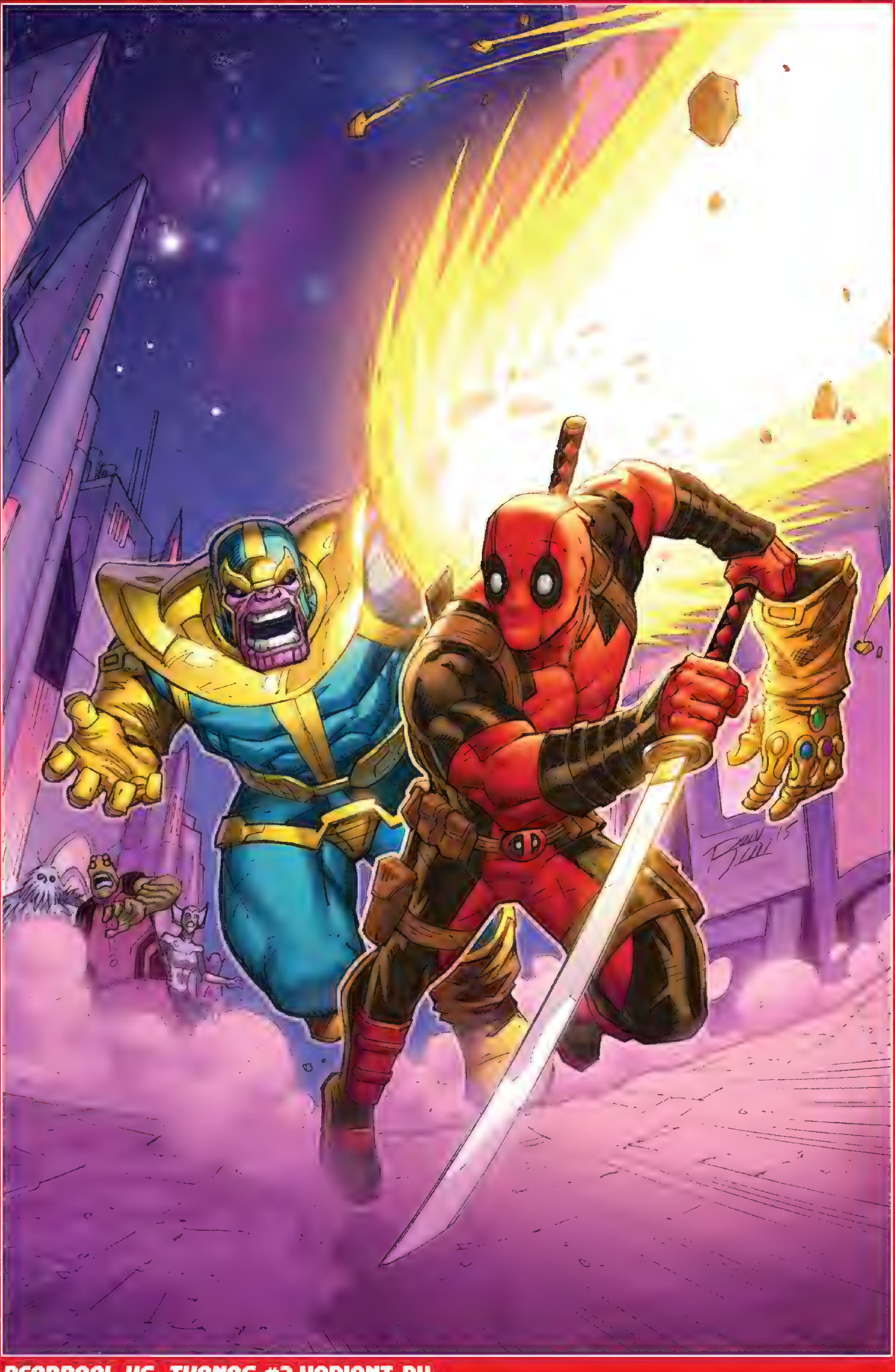
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #2 VARIANT BY RON LIM & GURU-eFX

GREG HILDEBRANDT

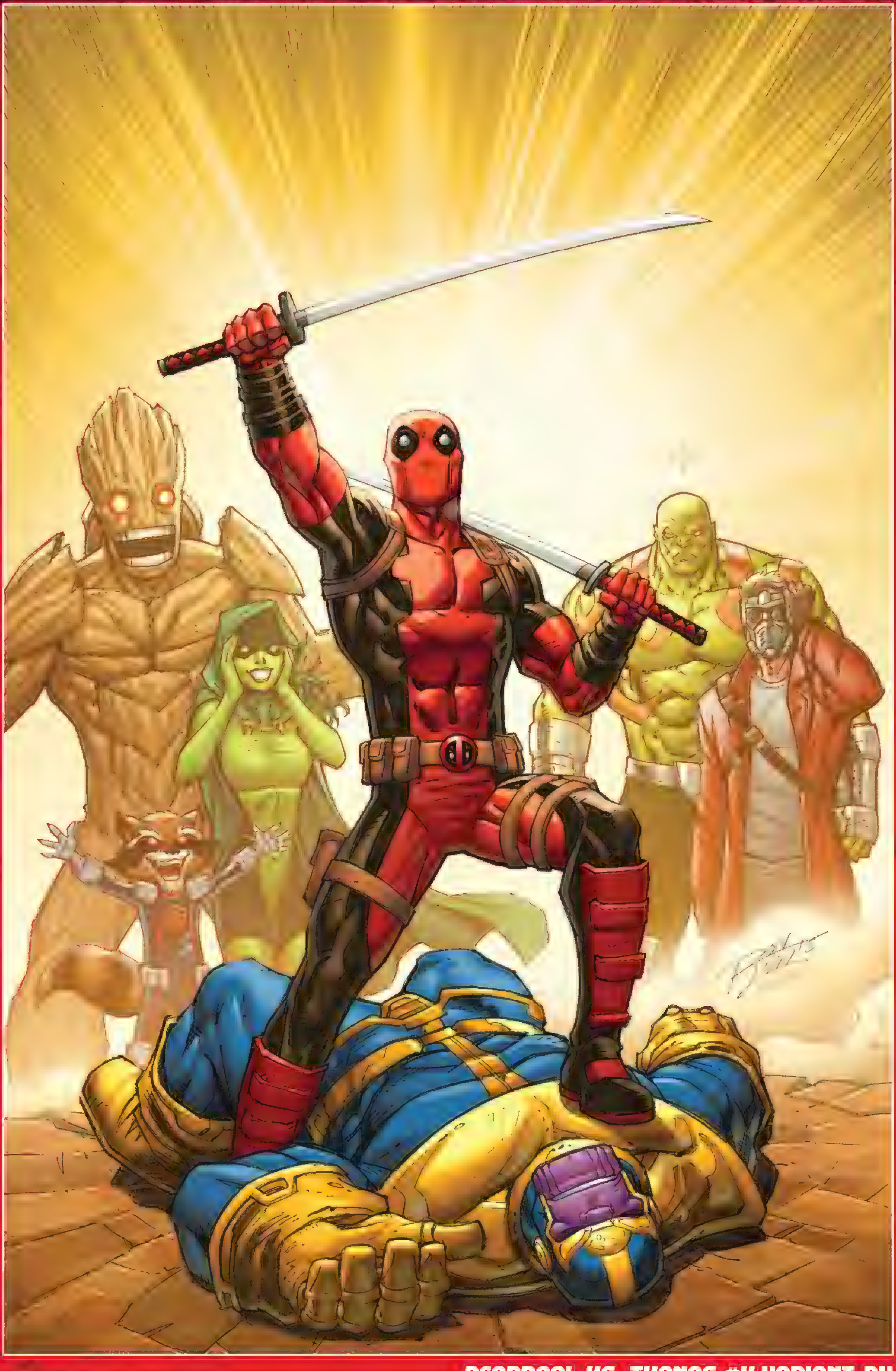
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #2 VARIANT BY GREG HILDEBRANDT



DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #2 VARIANT BY ALEKSI BRICLOT

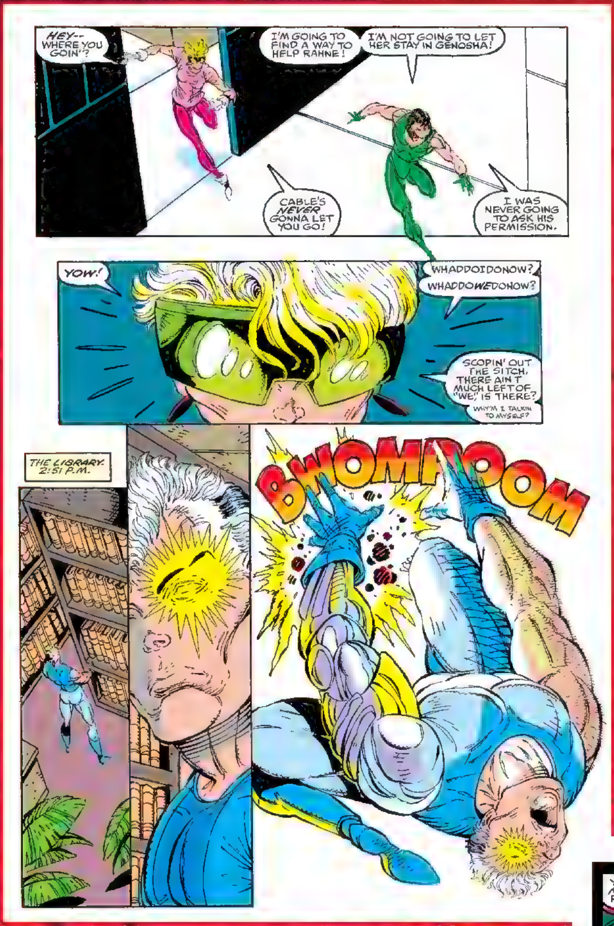


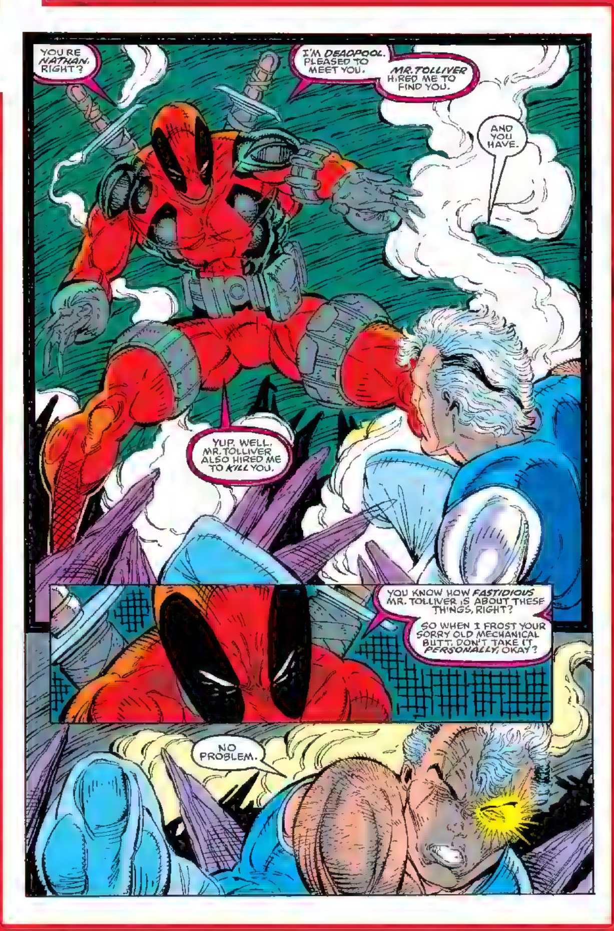
***DEADPOOL VS. THANOS* #3 VARIANT BY**
RON LIM & GURU-eFX



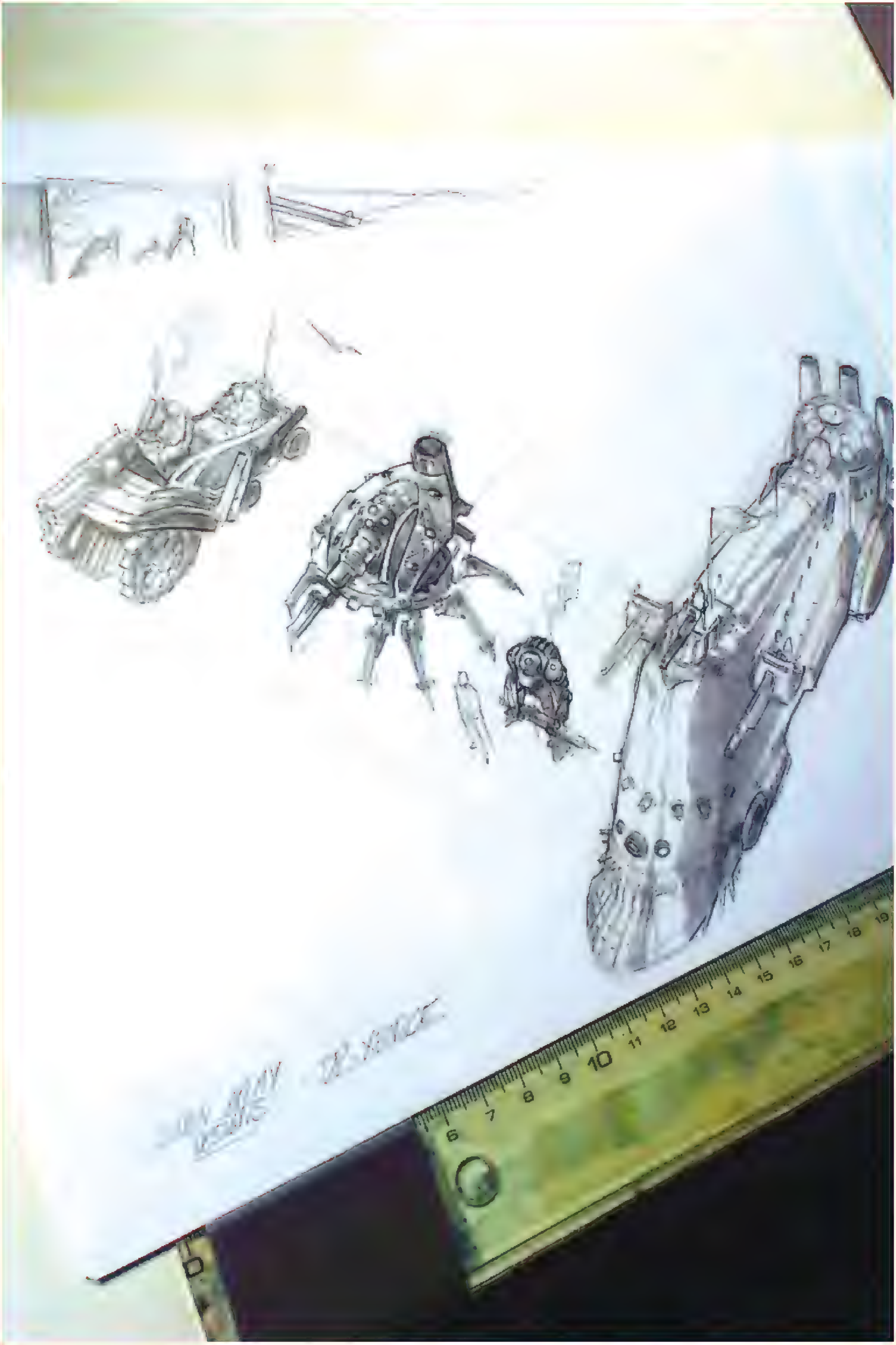
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #4 VARIANT BY
RON LIM & GURU-eFX

THE FINAL PAGE OF *DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE* #4 REUSED ART FROM DEADPOOL'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN *NEW MUTANTS* #98, PAGES 13-14.

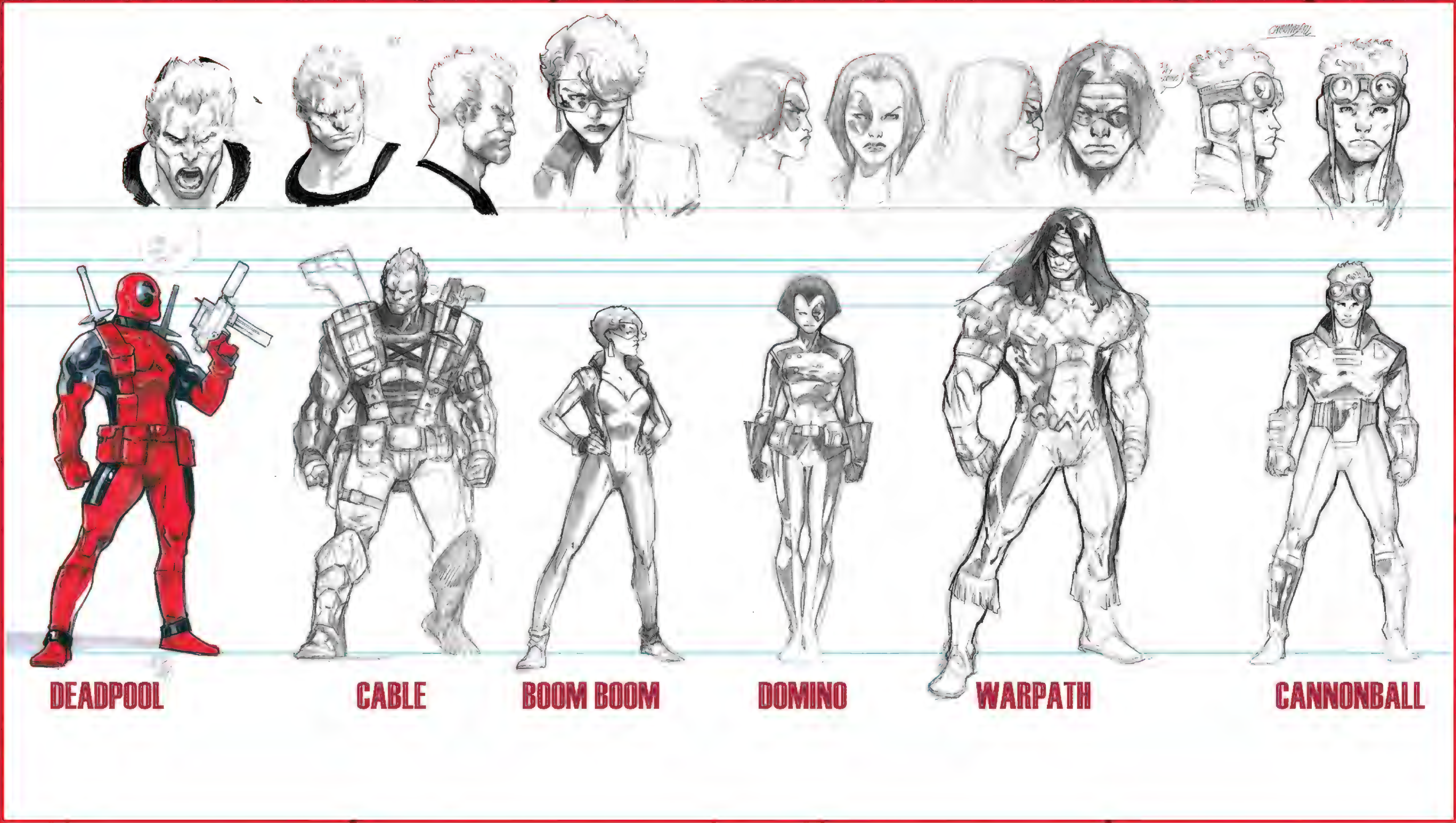

HEY-- WHERE YOU GOIN'?
I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY TO HELP RAHNE!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET HER STAY IN GENOSHA!
CABLE'S NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO!
I WAS NEVER GOING TO ASK HIS PERMISSION.
YOW!
WHADDOIDONOW?
WHADDOWEDONOW?
SCOPIN' OUT THE SITCH, THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT OF "WE," IS THERE?
WHY'M I TALKIN TO MYSELF?
THE LIBRARY. 2:51 P.M.
BHOMPOOM


YOU'RE NATHAN, RIGHT?
I'M DEADPOOL. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
MR. TOLLIVER HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AND YOU HAVE.
YUP. WELL, MR. TOLLIVER ALSO HIRED ME TO KILL YOU.
YOU KNOW HOW FASTIDIOUS MR. TOLLIVER IS ABOUT THESE THINGS, RIGHT?
SO WHEN I FROST YOUR SORRY OLD MECHANICAL BUTT, DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, OKAY?
NO PROBLEM.

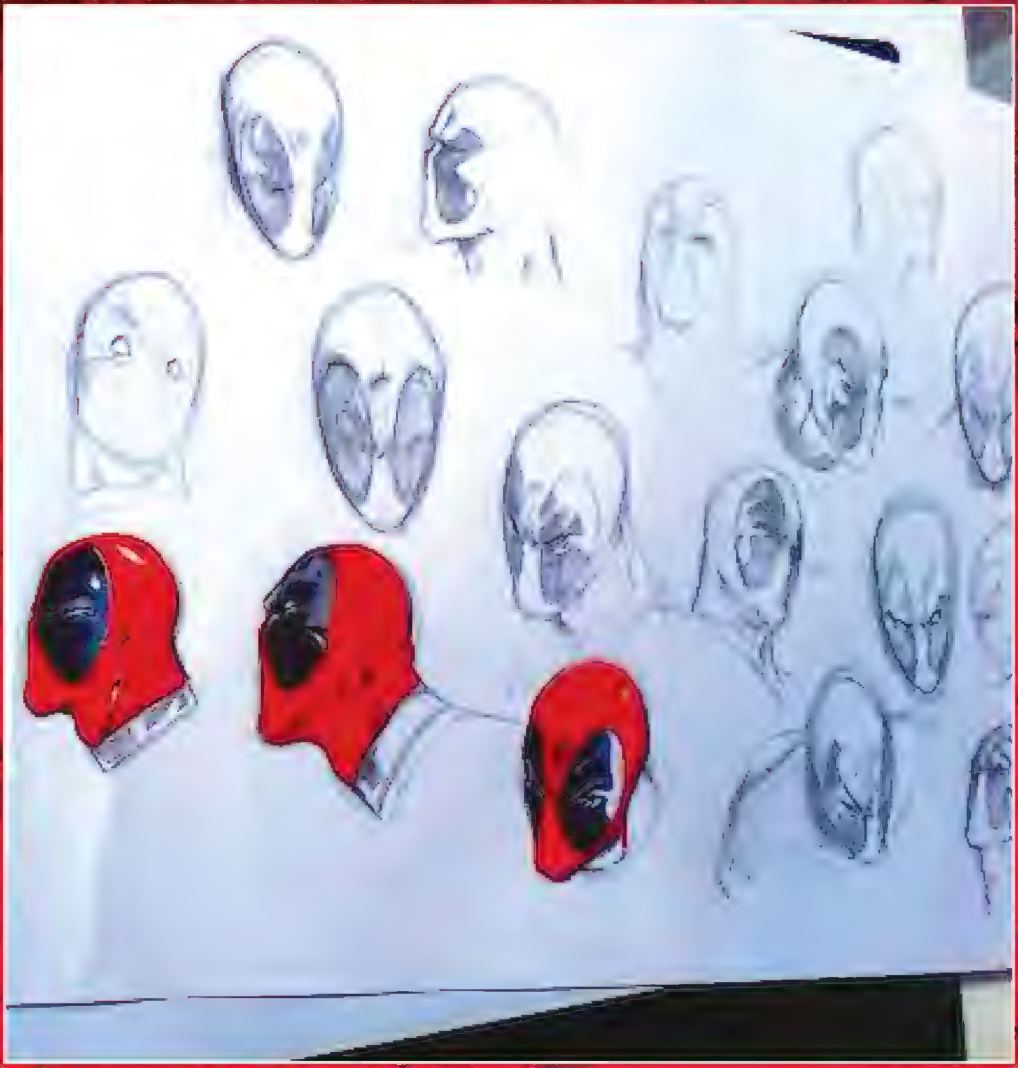
PLOTTER & ARTIST: ROB LIEFELD • SCRIPTER: FABIAN NICIEZA
COLORIST: STEVE BUCCELLATO • LETTERER: JOE ROSEN
ASSISTANT EDITOR: SUZANNE GAFFNEY • EDITOR: BOB HARRAS

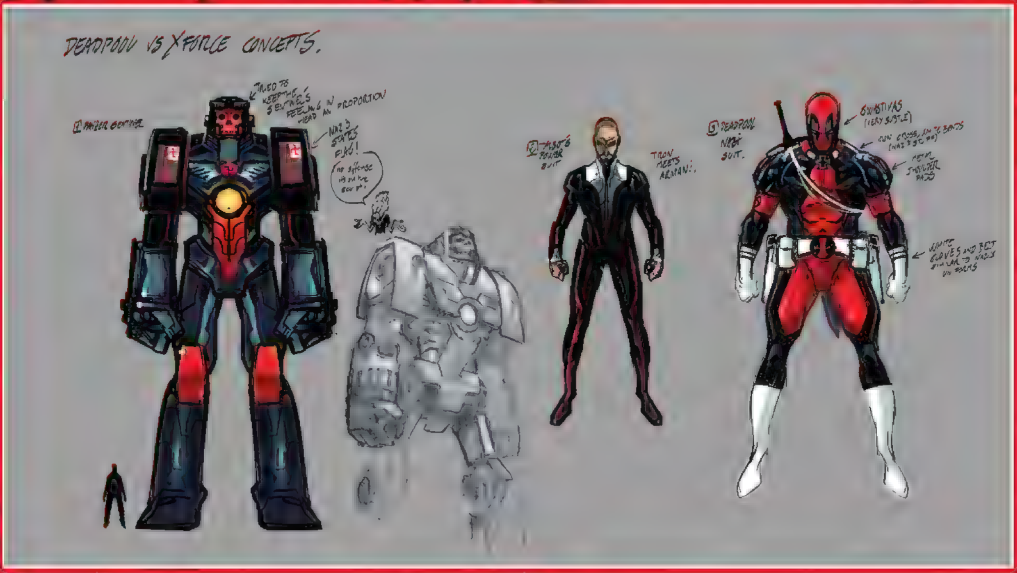


DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE **ARMY DESIGNS BY**
PEPE LARRAZ

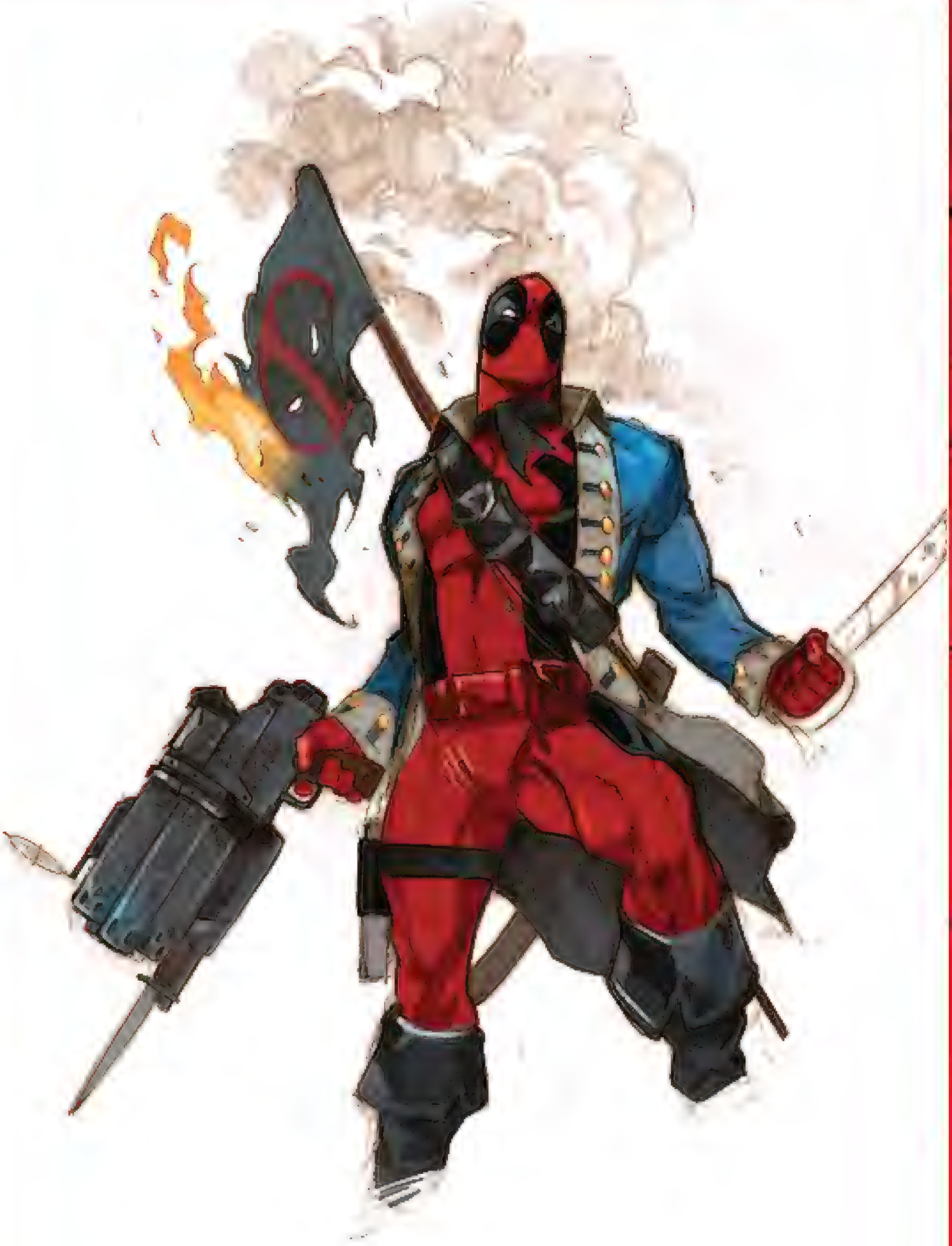

DEADPOOL
CABLE
BOOM BOOM
DOMINO
WARPATH
CANNONBALL

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE CHARACTER DESIGNS BY
PEPE LARRAZ

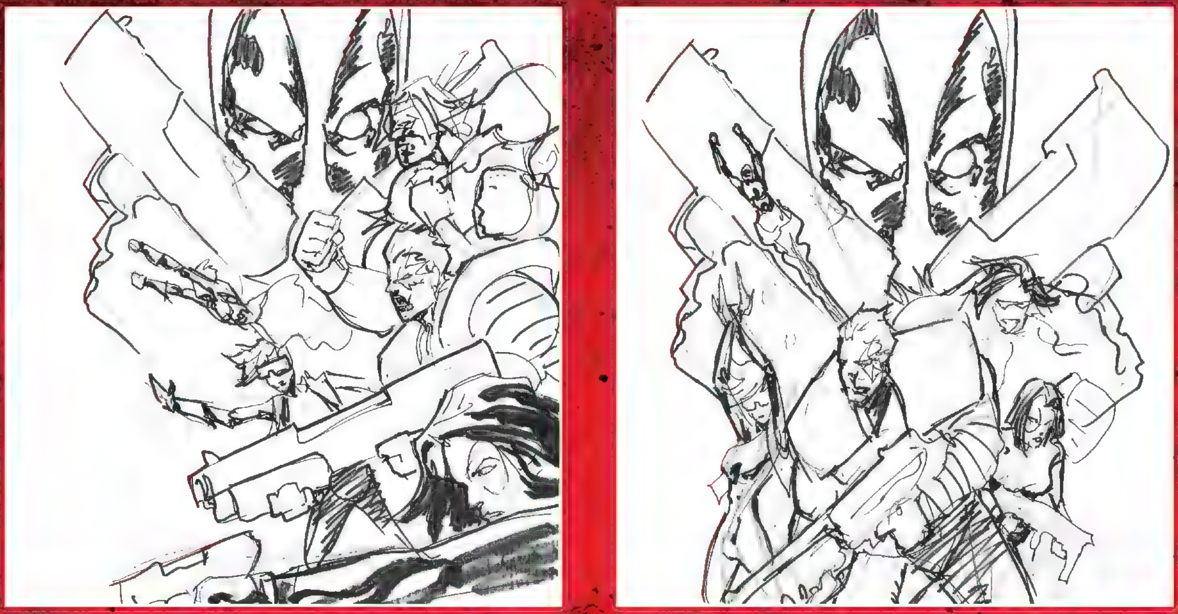



DEADPOOL VS X-FORCE CONCEPTS.
1 PANZER SENTINEL
TRIED TO KEEP THE SENTINEL'S FEELING IN HEAD AN PROPORTION
NAZI STATES FLAG!
no offense to on the eou p!
2 TASO'S POWER SUIT
TRON MEETS ARMANI.
3 DEADPOOL NAZI SUIT.
SWASTIKAS (VERY SUBTLE)
IRON CROSS, ARM BANDS (NAZI STYLE)
METAL SHOULDER PADS
WHITE GLOVES AND BELT SIMILAR TO NAZI'S UNIFORMS

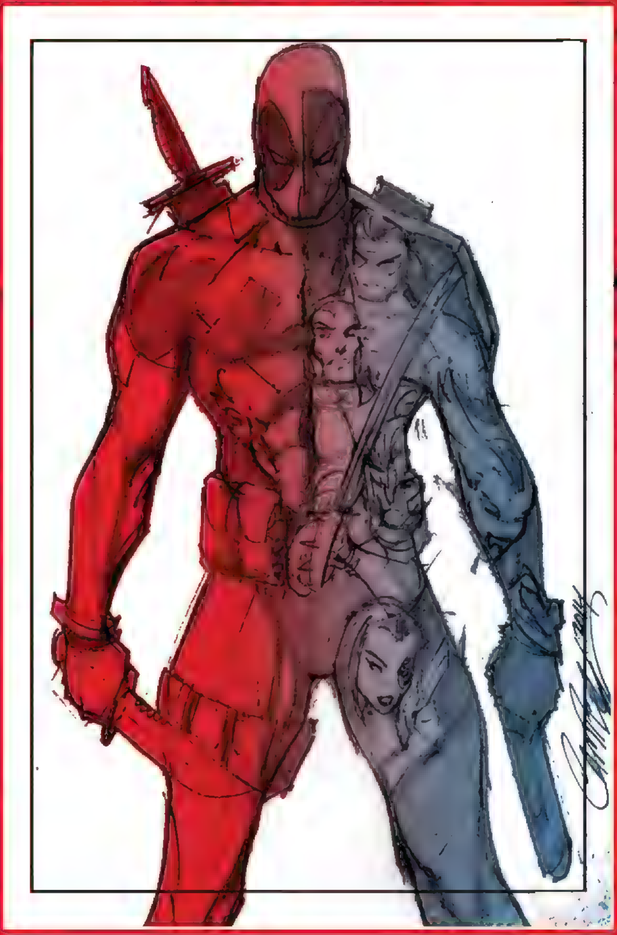
DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE **HEADSHOTS & SKETCHES BY**
PEPE LARRAZ

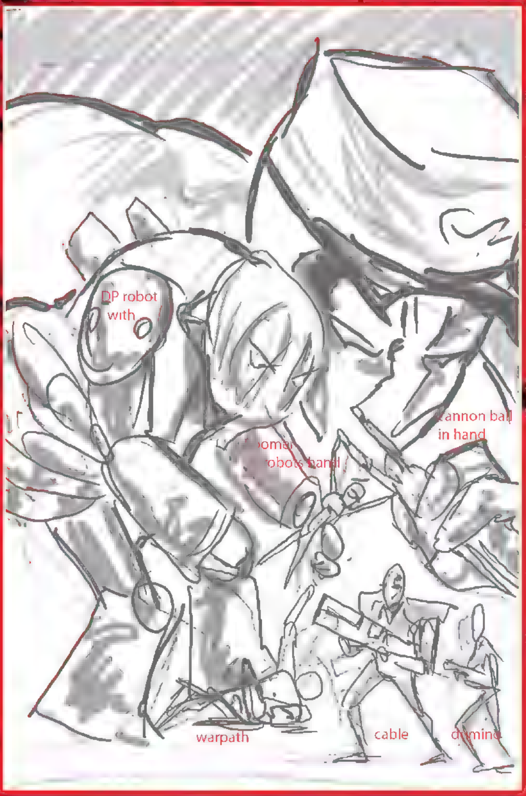


DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE SKETCH BY
PEPE LARRAZ



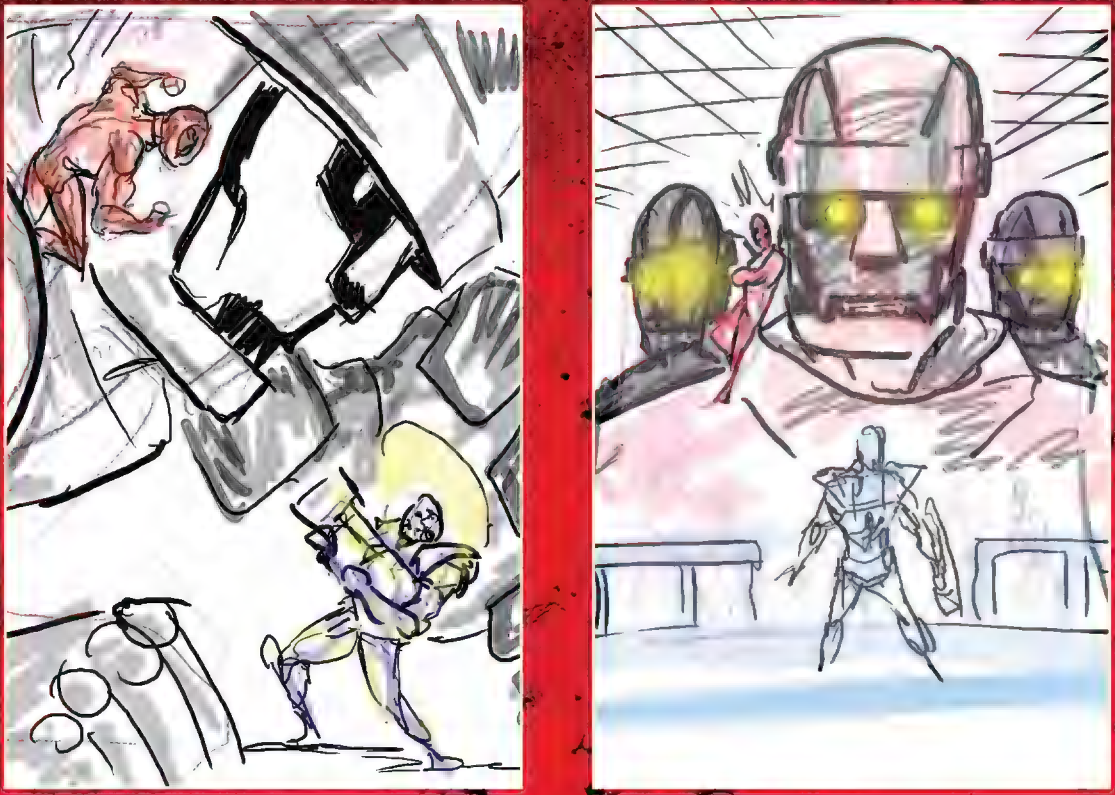
DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #1 EARLY & FINAL COVER SKETCHES BY SHANE DAVIS



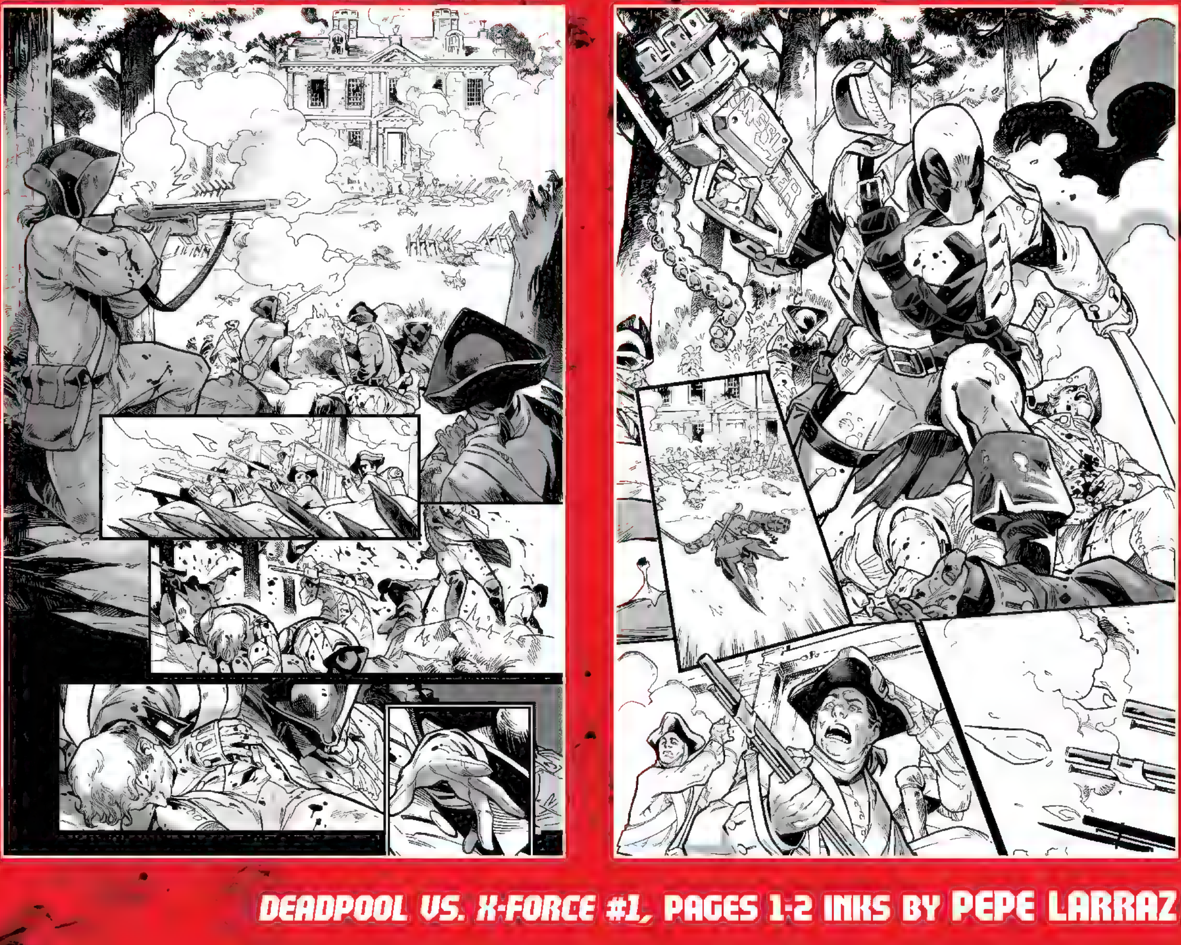

DP robot with
cannon ball in hand
warpath
cable
domino

DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #2 VARIANT COVER SKETCH BY SHANE DAVIS

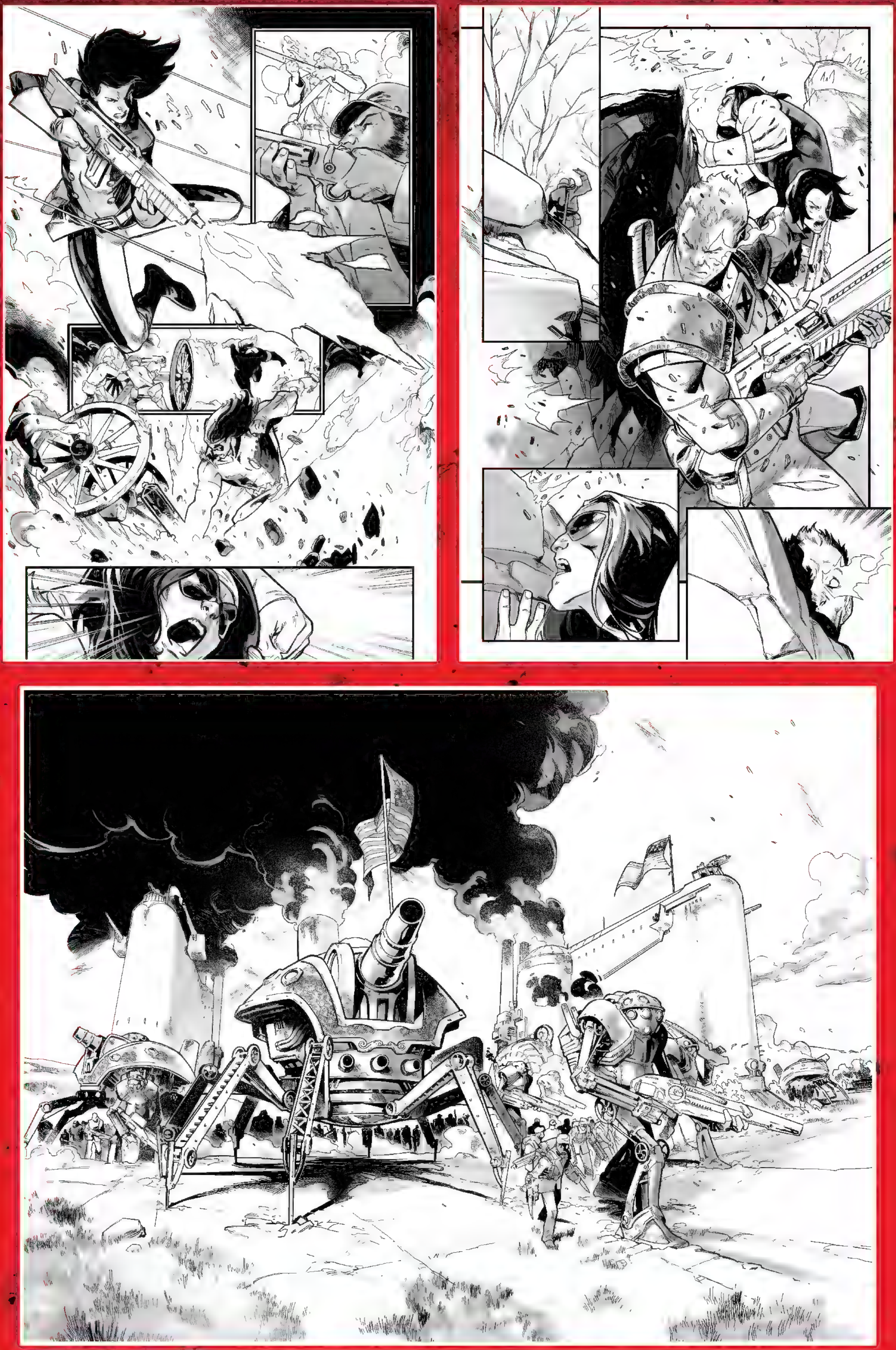
DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #1 VARIANT COVER SKETCH BY J. SCOTT CAMPBELL



DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE#4 EARLY & FINAL COVER SKETCHES BY **SHANE DAVIS**



DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #1, PAGES 1-2 INKS BY **PEPE LARRAZ**



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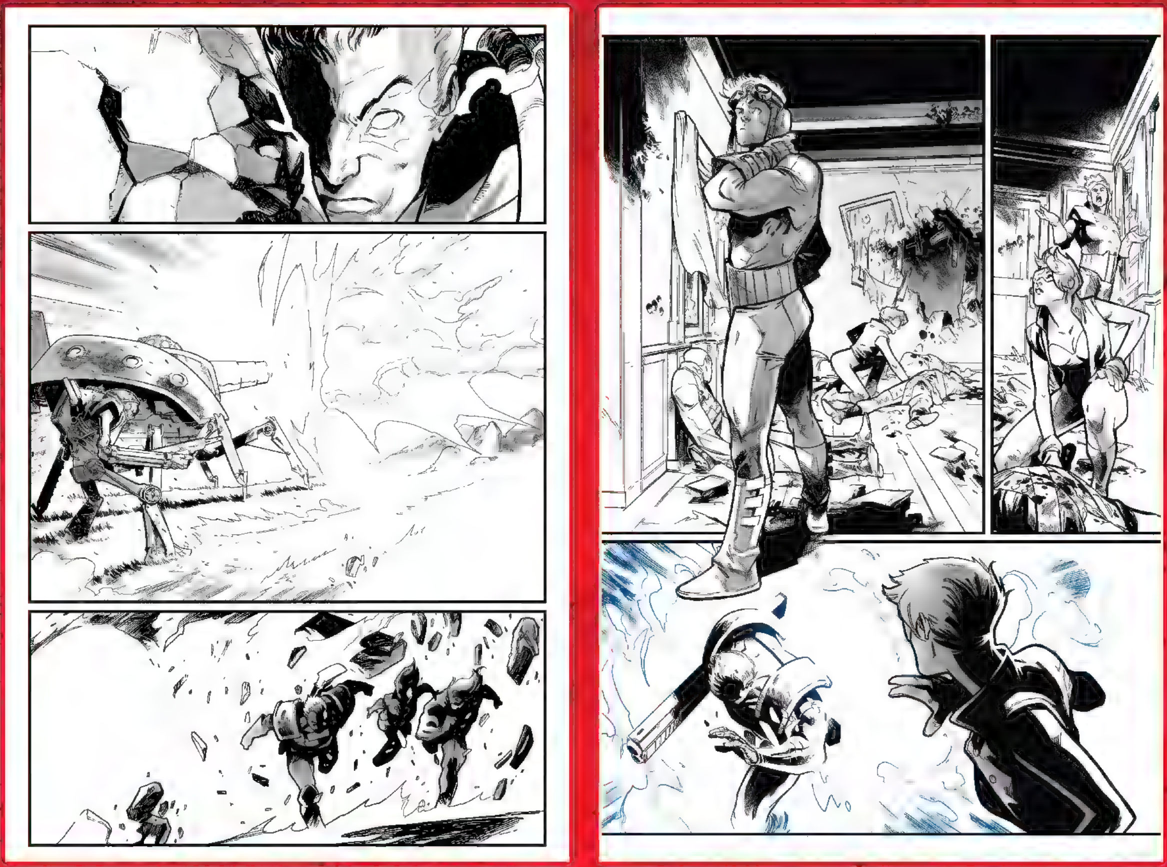

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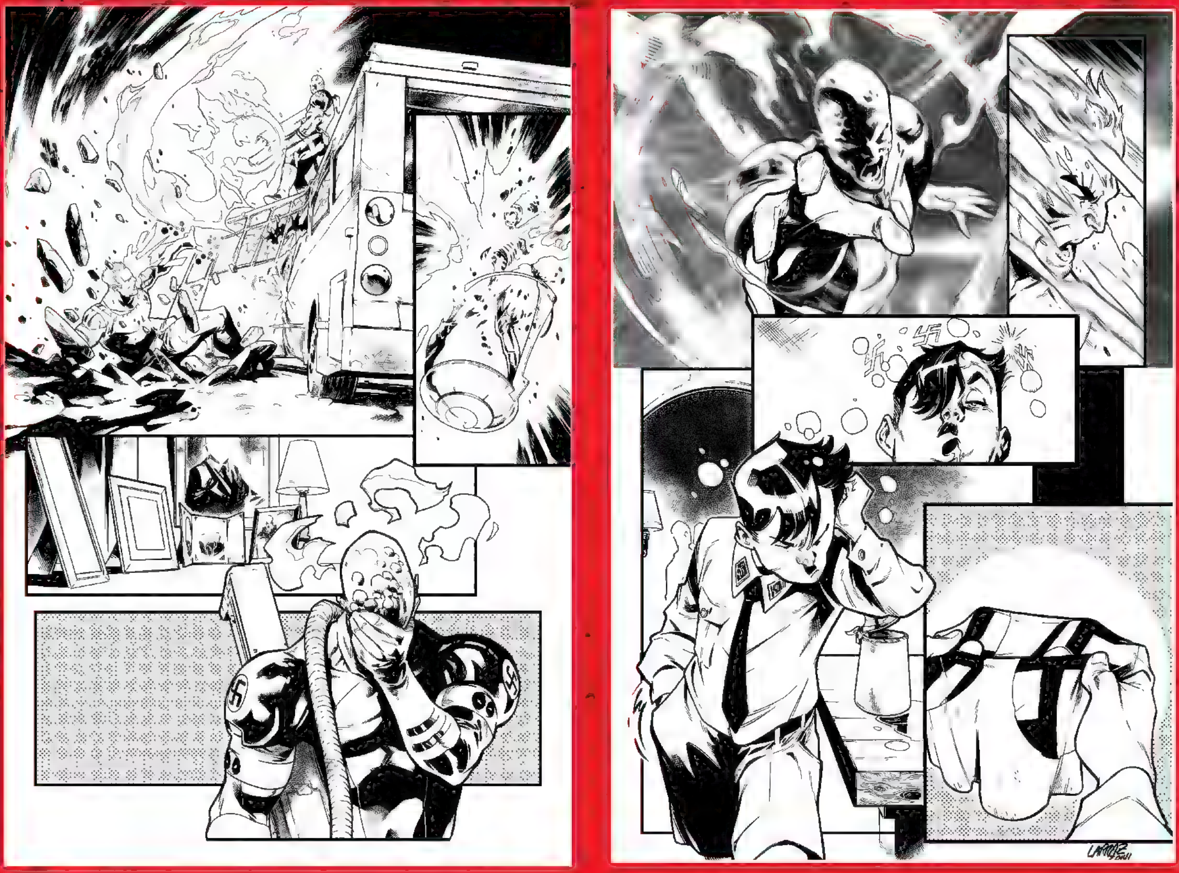
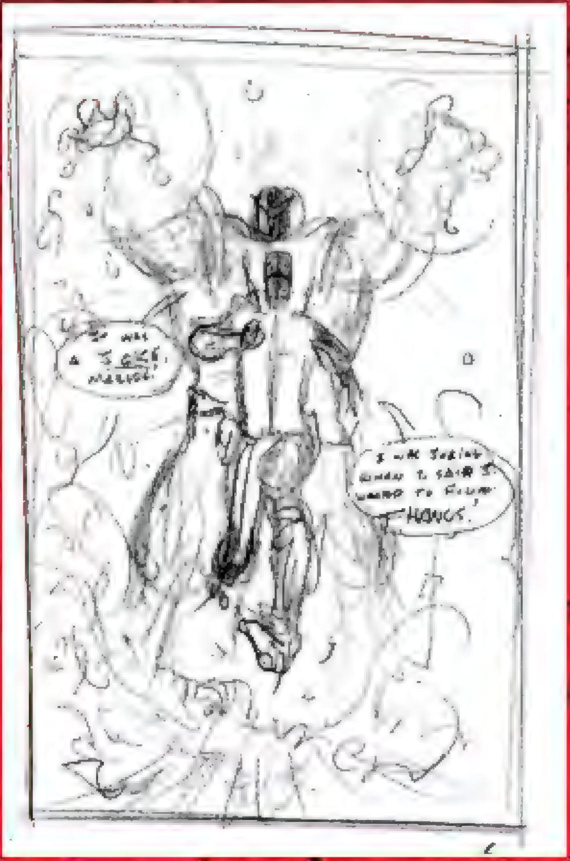
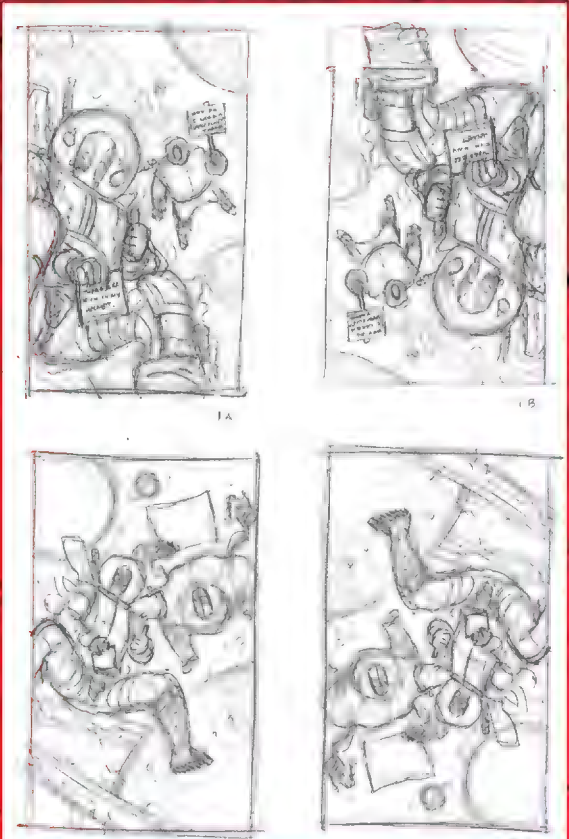
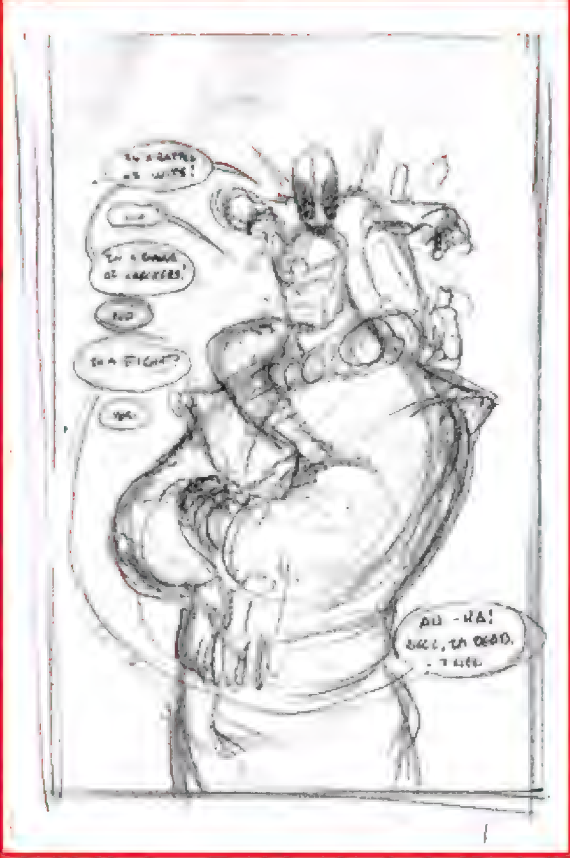


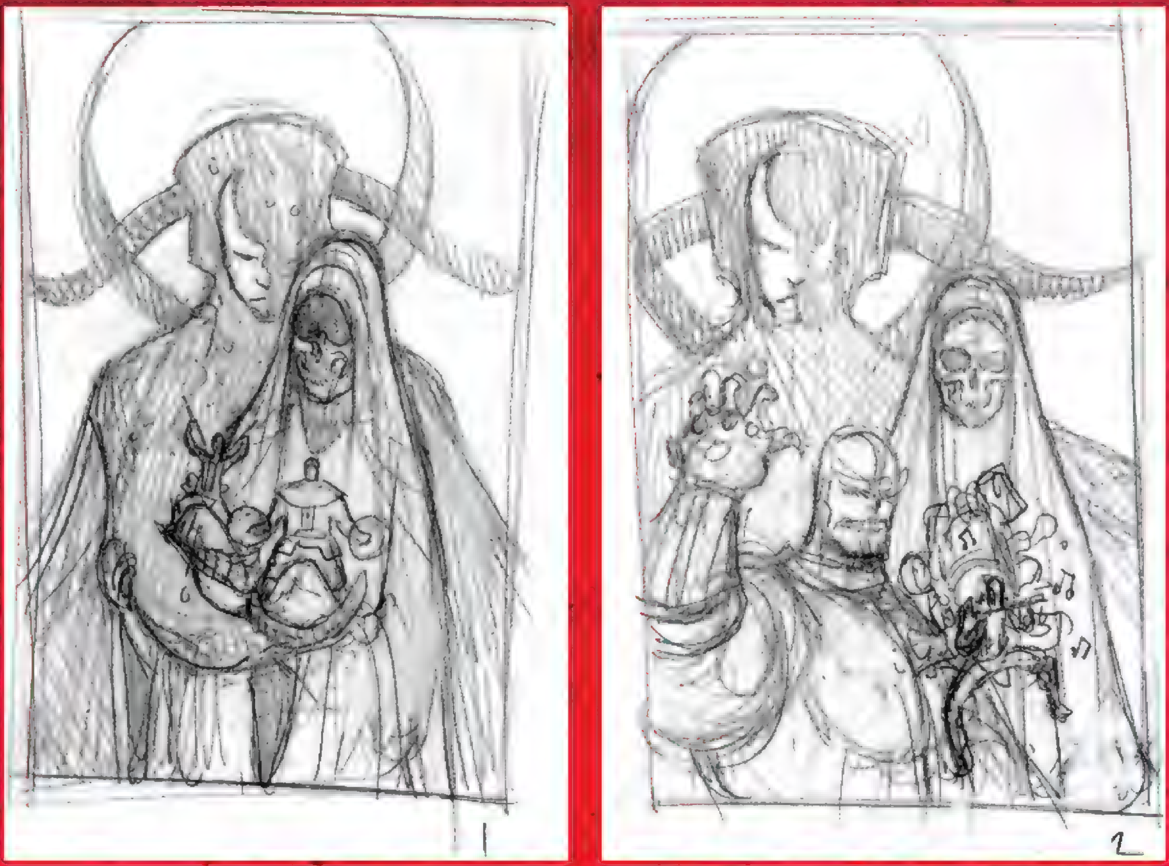
DEADPOOL VS. X-FORCE #4, PAGES 19-20 INKS BY PEPE LARRAZ



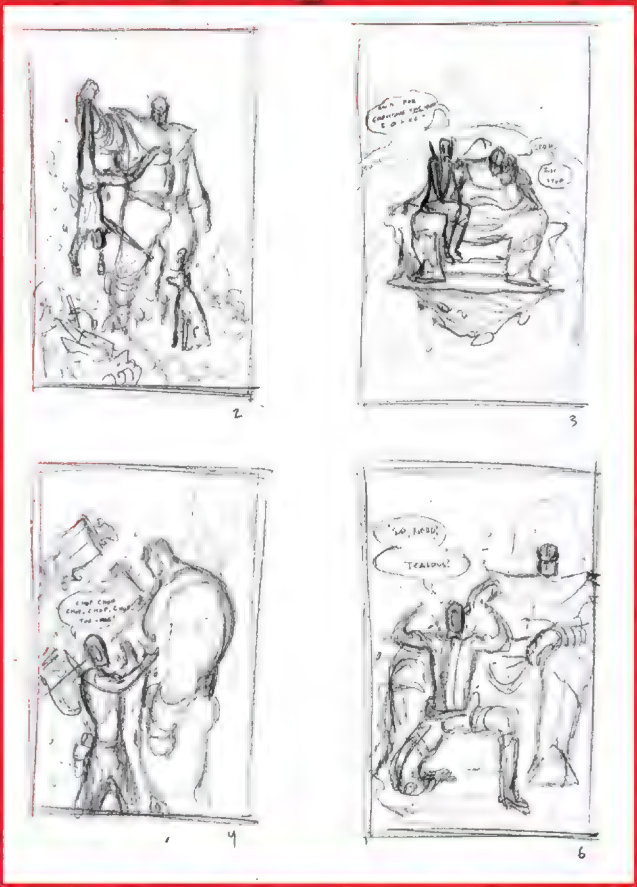



A FIGHT?
AH-HA!

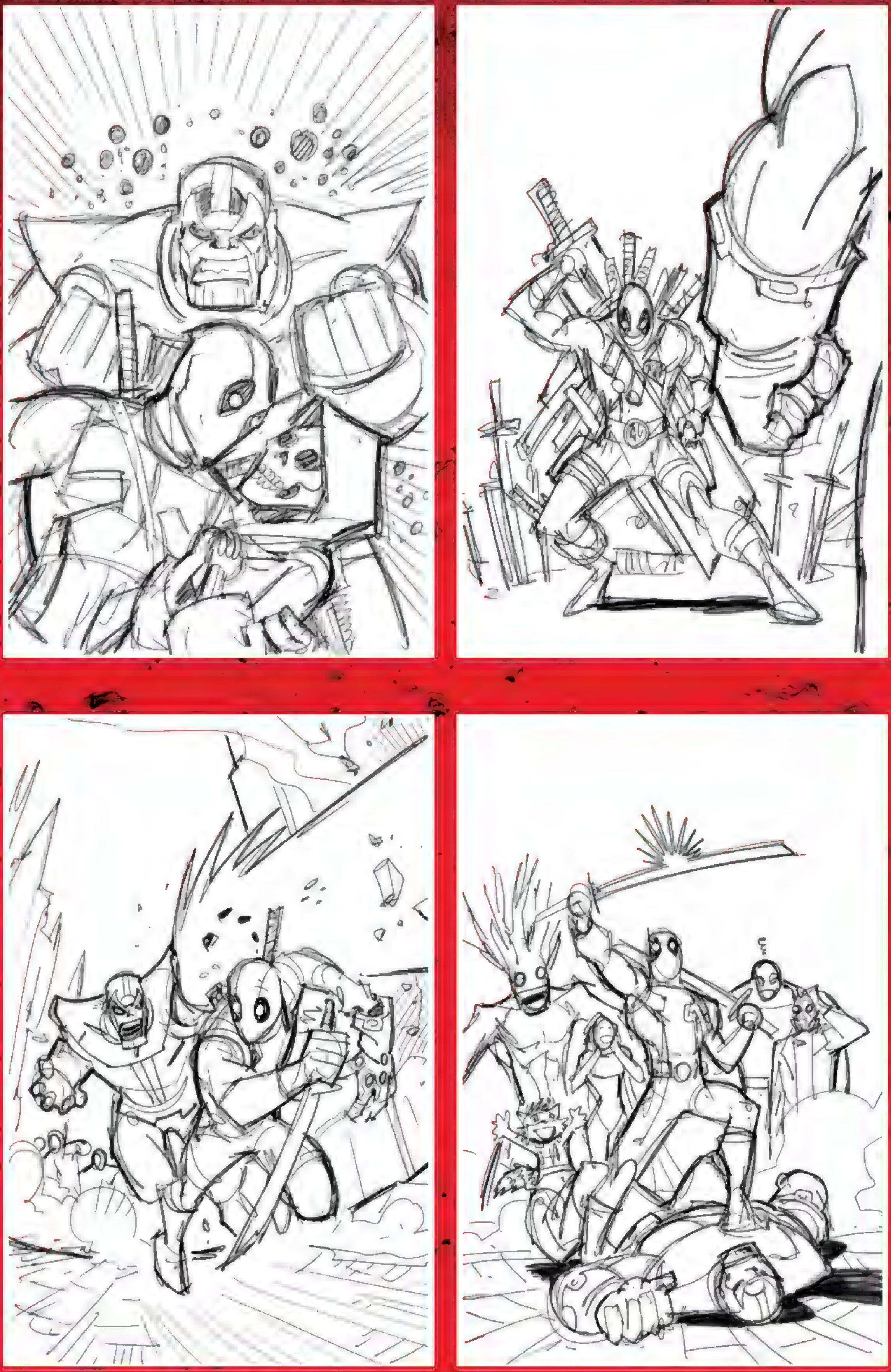
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1-3 COVER SKETCHES BY TRADD MOORE



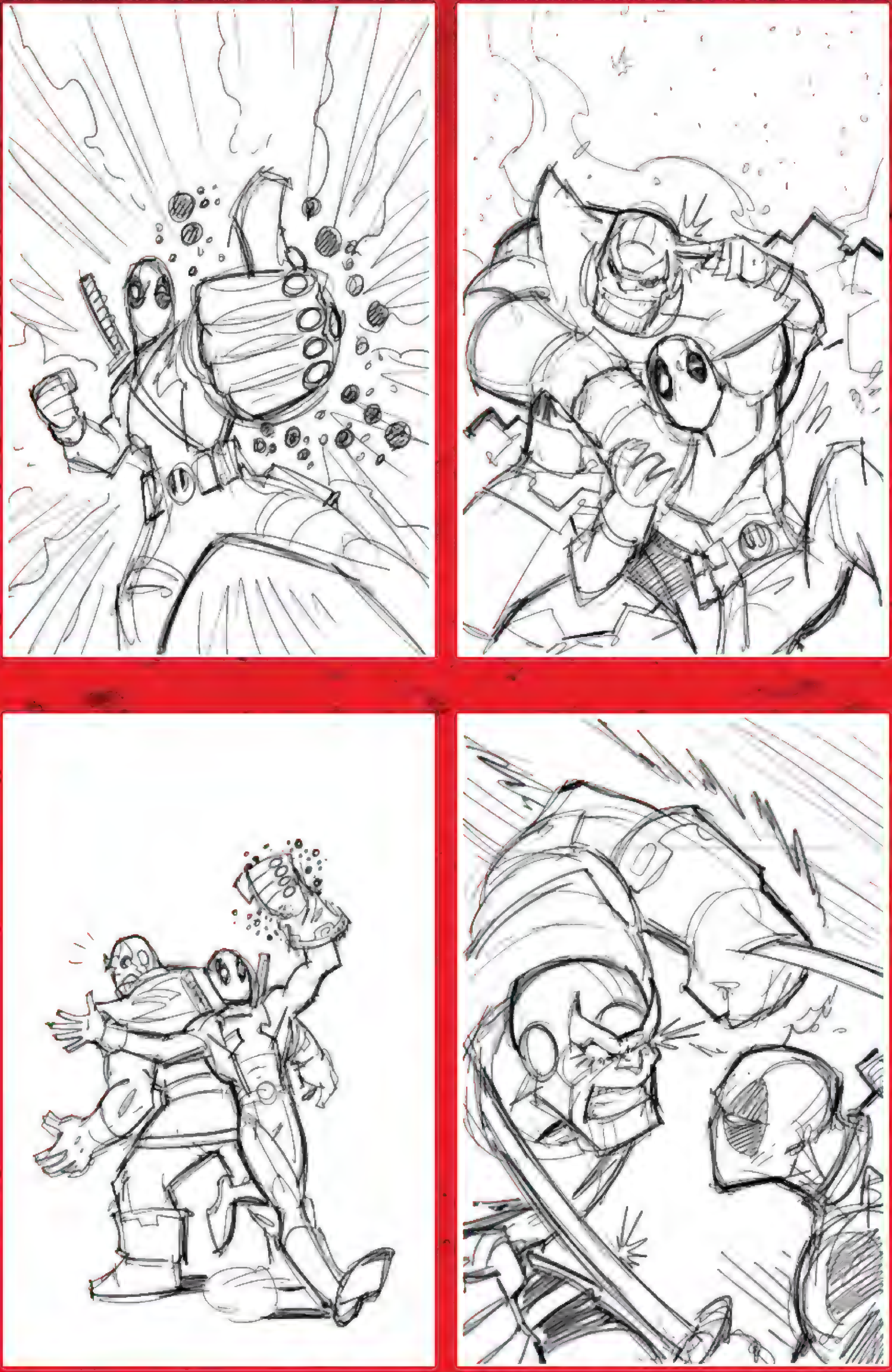
DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #4 COVER SKETCHES BY **TRADD MOORE**


2
STOP.
JUST STOP.
3
CHOP CHOP CHOP, CHOP, CHOP,
4
SO, NERD,
JEALOUS?
6

UNUSED *DEADPOOL VS. THANOS* COVER SKETCHES BY **TRADD MOORE**



DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1-4 VARIANT COVER SKETCHES BY **RON LIM**



UNUSED *DEADPOOL VS. THANOS* COVER SKETCHES BY **RON LIM**

DEADPOOL VS. THANOS #1 SCRIPT BY TIM SEELEY

PAGE 1

We'll open with a series of shots that establish the tone...little vignettes. They can be the same size, making a 6-panel grid, to set up a rhythm that we'll then break with page 2.

Panel 1: We open on the Sanctuary II ship hanging in space.
THANOS (from ship): You pathetic, feeble-minded fool.

Panel 2: Inside the ship we see a beautiful statue of "Mistress Death" in elegant marble, spattered with blood.
THANOS (free floating): Why is it that your planet eternally begs for eradication?

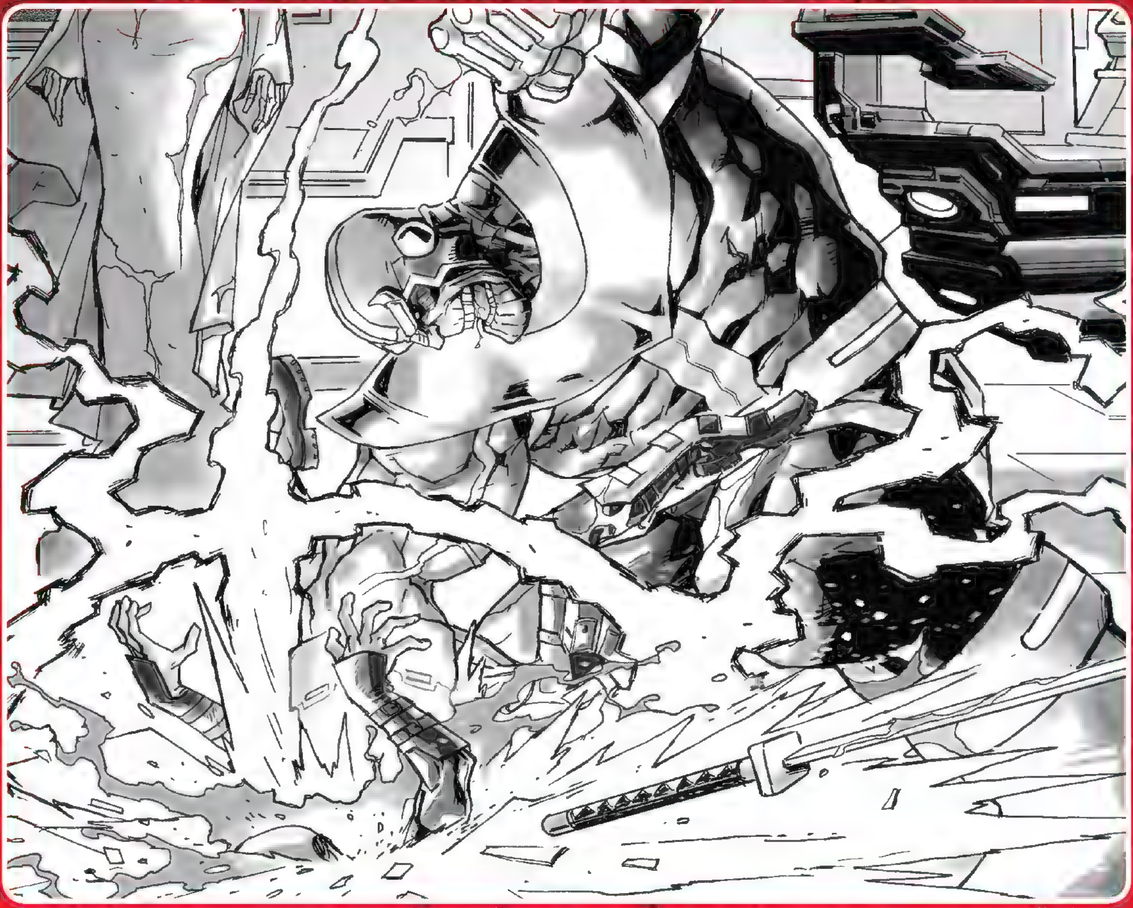
Panel 3: Now, we focus on the powerful arms of Thanos, cut and bleeding, as he plucks a katana from the spot it was embedded in his tricep.
THANOS (free floating): What is it about your entire species that believes it is so central to the workings of the universe that you need fear nothing?

Panel 4: Now we see Deadpool scooting along the floor of the ship. His legs are broken. His back is broken. His costume is torn. He looks rough. But he's still making jokes.
THANOS (free floating): What makes you believe you can take it upon yourself...to challenge a god?
DEADPOOL (small): Cojones, my chin-ribbed friend. Spanish for...wooden box I think?
Panel 5: We see Thanos' massive hand grip Deadpool's ankle/foot.
THANOS (free floating): Once, I cast a spell of darkest necromancy and cursed you to undeath, Wade Wilson of Earth. I gave you eternal life.
DEADPOOL (small): And here I thought it was a health benefit from a steady diet of quesaritos and ham water.

Panel 6: And we focus on Deadpool's face, eyes wide with "fear."
THANOS (free floating): But for your effrontery here today, in my very own Sanctuary...
DEADPOOL (small): "A-front-tree?" Thaney, honey, I 'm more of a back-tree man.

PAGE 2

Panel 1: SPLASH!
Pull back. Setting...the interior throne room of Sanctuary II, a large window off in the background overlooking the universe.
The Mad Titan Thanos, full of seething hate and disgust, punches Deadpool's head and torso right into the ground, literally, with his glowing right fist. It looks like the kind of hit no one could survive, even our tumor-ridden merc. Energy radiates from the point of impact as does a lovely arc of blood and bits.
THANOS: I take back my gift.
SFX: THROOM!



PAGE 3

We want to drop the reader right into the middle of an existing action scene!

Panel 1: An establishing shot of a tropical island.

CAPTION: Saint Cynthia Island.
CAPTION: Privately owned.
CAPTION: Yesterday.
BUSBOY (free floating): Yes, everything is ready for our most esteemed guest.

Panel 2: We see a "bus boy" standing outside a particularly fancy cabin. He looks sort of like an "igor" type...a hand-wringing, slovenly, butt-kissing sycophant to all bad guys. He's talking to someone else via a communications device. Near him is a bushy, leafy tropical tree.

BUSBOY: Of all of his holdings, Saint Cynthia is his favorite, second only to our beloved homeland.
BUSBOY: Indeed. He shall have a full view of the pool, the volleyball courts, and the live torture chambers.

Panel 3: Close in on the busboy a bit as we see a pair of arms coming down from the canopy. Red suited arms with gloves holding a garrote.

BUSBOY: We live to serve the will of our Lord of Latveria, Victor Von Doo-

Panel 4: Suddenly the garrote loops around the busboy's throat lifting him off the ground as he chokes.

BUSBOY: Oogk!

Panel 5: The evil busboy jerks a couple of times as he chokes.

BUSBOY: ughk.

DEADPOOL (from canopy): Aw yeah!

Panel 6: Deadpool jumps to the ground near the body, smiling excitedly through his mask. He's got a shotgun and a sword at his back.

DEADPOOL: Aw yeah! Got him right in the middle of exposition. Figure out the plot now, Wednesday Warriors!

PAGE 4

Panel 1: And now we cut to a hotel room. We focus in on the chest area of Dr. Doom. We don't see his face yet, just the familiar gauntlets, and gold cape clasps as Dr. Doom undoes the clasps...

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 2: And pulls off the gauntlets...

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 3: And pulls off the boots.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 4: We see Dr. Doom, wearing his helmet and an extravagant green silk robe, from behind on the resort below. His cape and armor are on the bed next to him. He's smelling a beautiful flower, pulled from a vase on the nightstand.

DR. DOOM: I named this island for you, dear mother. Beautiful, singular and resilient, just as you once were.

Panel 5: Small shot. Doom looks back at the sound of a knock on his door.

SFX: NOK NOK

DOOM: Who dares?

DEADPOOL (from off panel): Just your friendly welcoming committee, sir!

PAGE 5

Panel 1: Doom goes to open the door.

DR. DOOM: What do you want?

DEADPOOL (from off panel): I've got a complimentary shot to celebrate your arrival, sir!

Panel 2: And suddenly he gets blown away by a huge gun blast!! WOAH!!

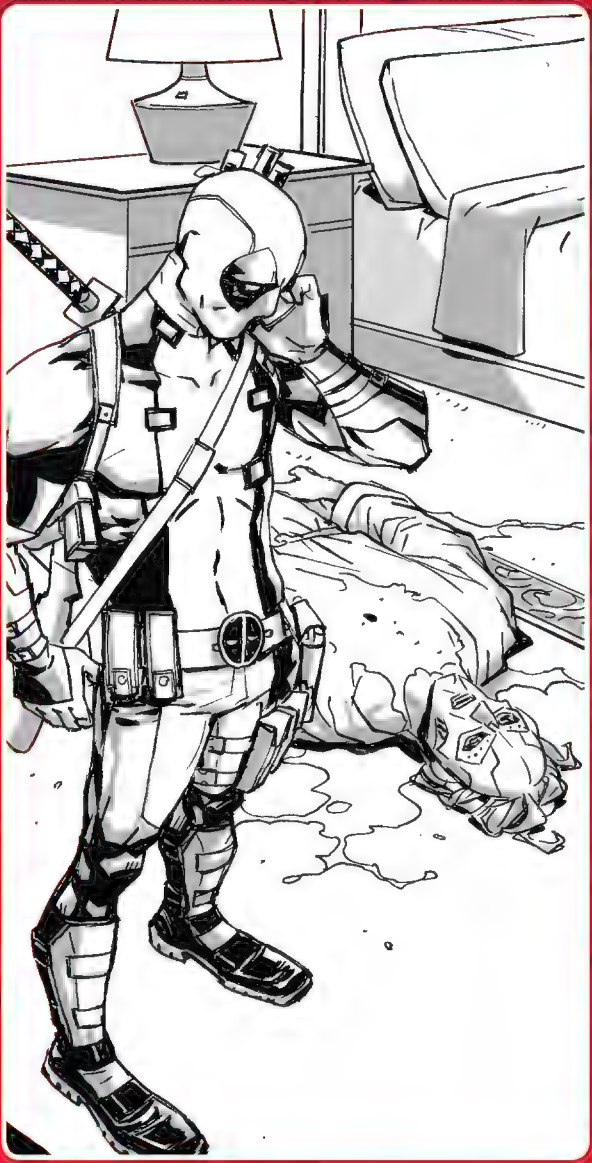
SFX: KACHOOM!

DOOM: Agh!

Panel 3: BIG SHOT. And we see Deadpool walking in with a smoking shotgun. Doom lies dead on the ground.

DEADPOOL: Complimentary shot. I hope you like 'buck.'

PAGE 6



Panel 1: Deadpool nonchalantly gets his phone out of his pocket. He's singing. The dead body of Doom is behind him. Very clearly dead.

DEADPOOL: "Workin' nine to five..."

DEADPOOL: Hello? Is this Tony Stark's office?

Panel 2: Deadpool on the phone. He's sort of entertaining himself as he talks, looking through the snacks in the refrigerator.

DEADPOOL: I missed him? Is he out being Iron Man? Is Thor there maybe? No? Well, you sound nice.

Panel 3: Same basic shot. Now he's checking out the television listings.

DEADPOOL: Oh, well, nothing too important. I just wanted to tell Tone (he lets me call him that) that I totally did what he and his unusually handsome god friend could never do.

Panel 4: Same basic shot. DP scratches his ass. Still oblivious to dead Doom...who begins to stir behind him.

DEADPOOL: See, I took some of SHIELD's dirty Fury money, infiltrated a top-secret private island, fought off a whole skein of doombots...

DEADPOOL: And then totally killed the hell out of Doctor Doom.

Panel 5: Same basic shot, as Deadpool walks into the bathroom. Doom is standing, almost zombie-like.

DEADPOOL: No no...DOOM. Like the movie starring the Rock. D. O. O- yeah, that guy.

Panel 6: Deadpool is in the bathroom, as Doom puts on one of his gauntlets.

DEADPOOL: Yeah, just tell Tony I did his job, and if he wants to take me for drinks he can pick me up in the Bugatti.

PAGE 7

Panel 1: Deadpool comes out of the bathroom...totally Pulp Fiction "Vincent Vega and Butch style," to see Doom standing there, glowing gauntlet out, pointed at DP.

DEADPOOL: And you know what, tell him he should bring you along too. Wear something in animal print. Zebra—Oh.

DEADPOOL: Whyfore aren't thou dead, Doomeo?

Panel 2: On Doom. He looks confused, and surely not dead.
DOOM: I—I felt pain. Such pain. And then darkness. There was a light. I was in my childhood home. I saw my mother. And then—
DOOM: I was back. Alive. A small mercy, perhaps?

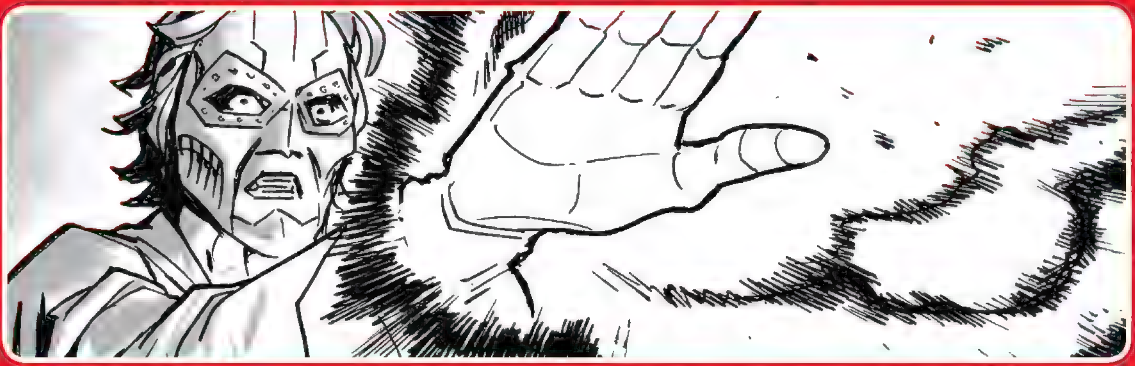
Panel 3: And he unleashes a blast from his gauntlet, which strikes Deadpool.
DOOM: Nonetheless, a mercy I shall not share with you.
SFX: SHRAKOOM!

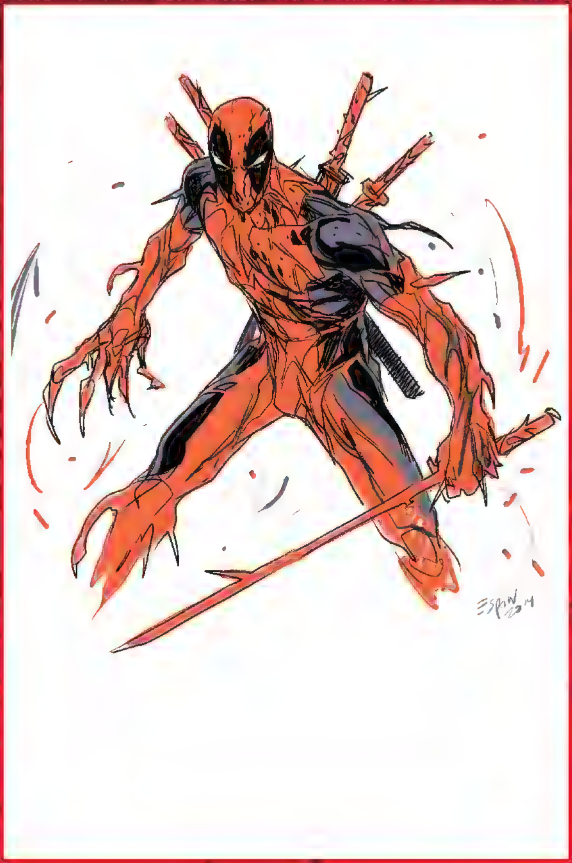
Panel 4: Deadpool sails through the air, right out of the hotel. His body is smoking, like a comet across the sky.
DEADPOOL: At least I get to see my baeeeee—

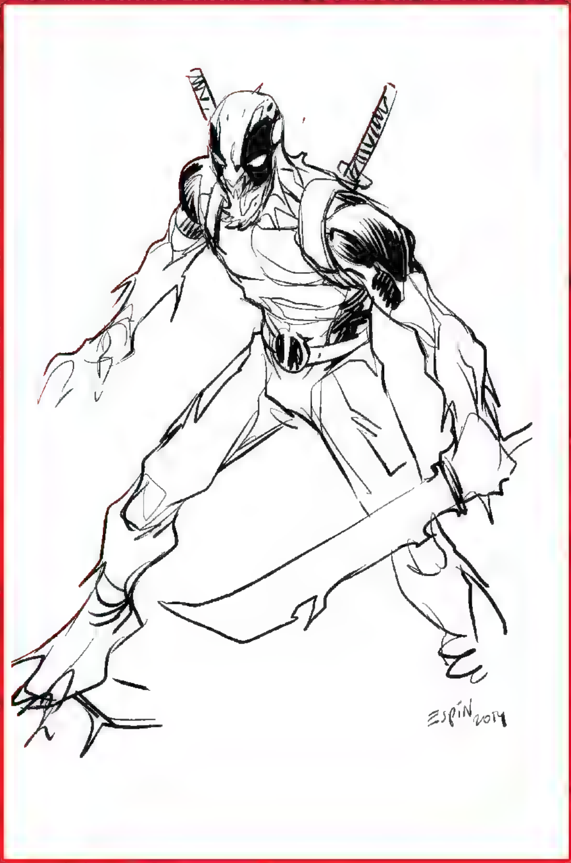
Panel 5: And lands in the ocean.
SFX: SPLSH!

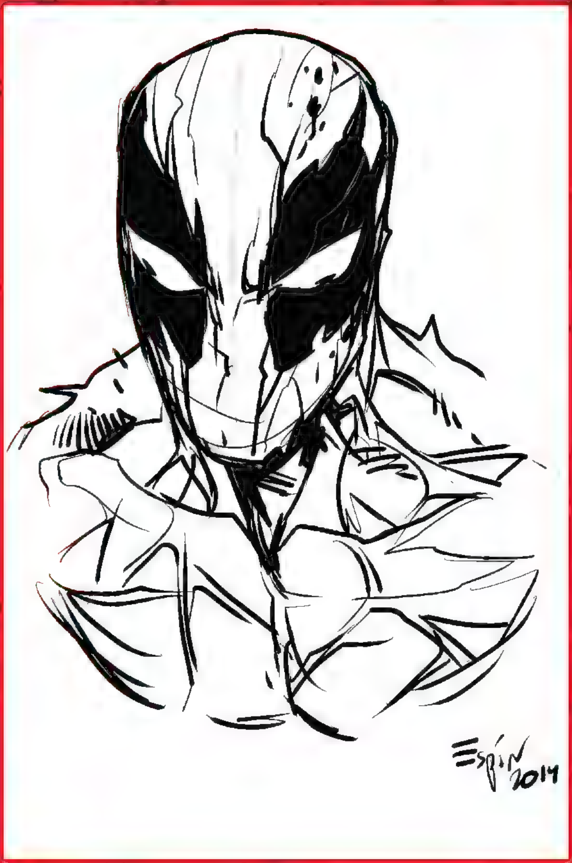
Panel 6: And we close in on Deadpool's face. He's underwater...blood coming from his mouth, yelling up a storm, bubbles coming from his mouth.
DEADPOOL (underwater): Pllbbt plrrb pbrnn!

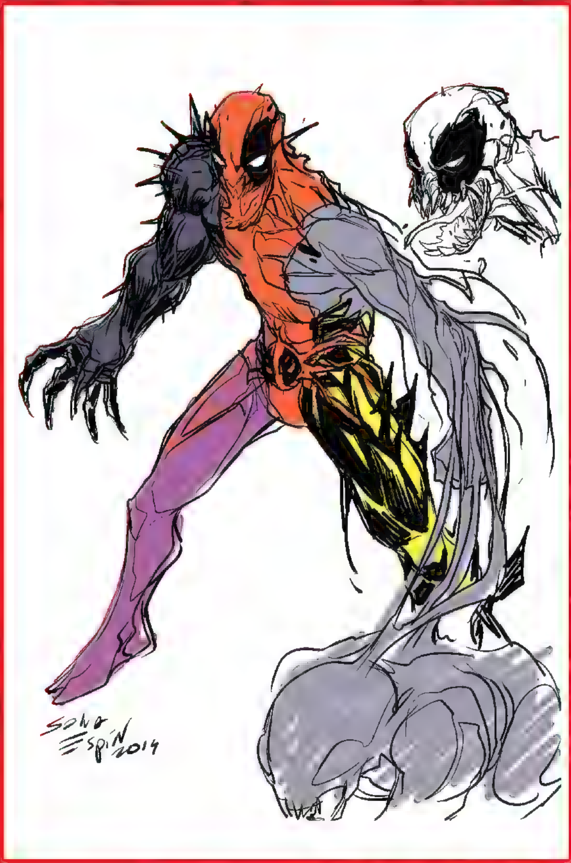
Panel 7: Same shot. But as he dies, the bubbles are disappearing.
DEADPOOL: Plbt.
DEADPOOL: plp.



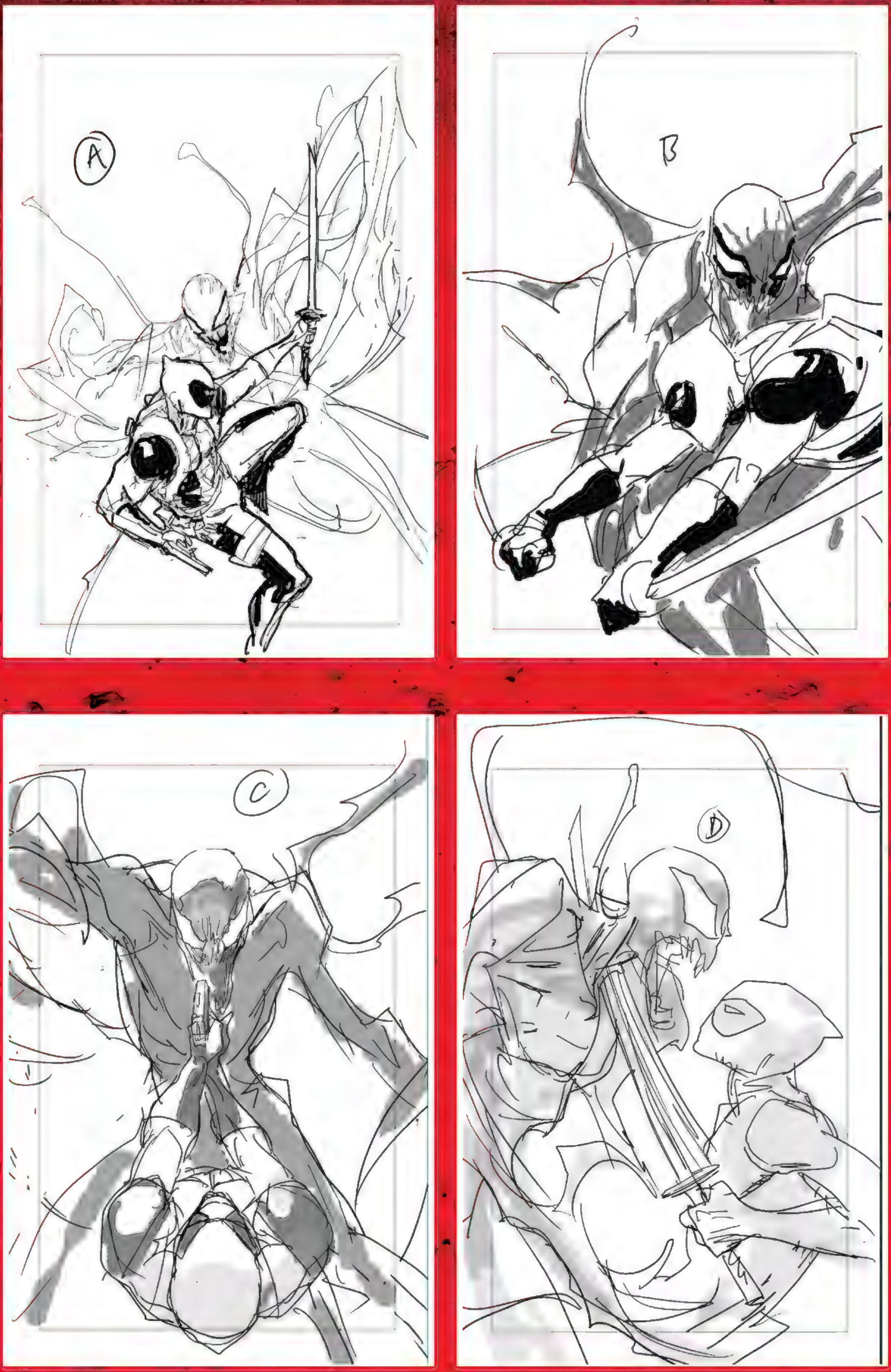








CARNAGEPOOL SKETCHES BY SALVA ESPIN



DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE COVER SKETCHES BY **LEINIL FRANCIS YU**

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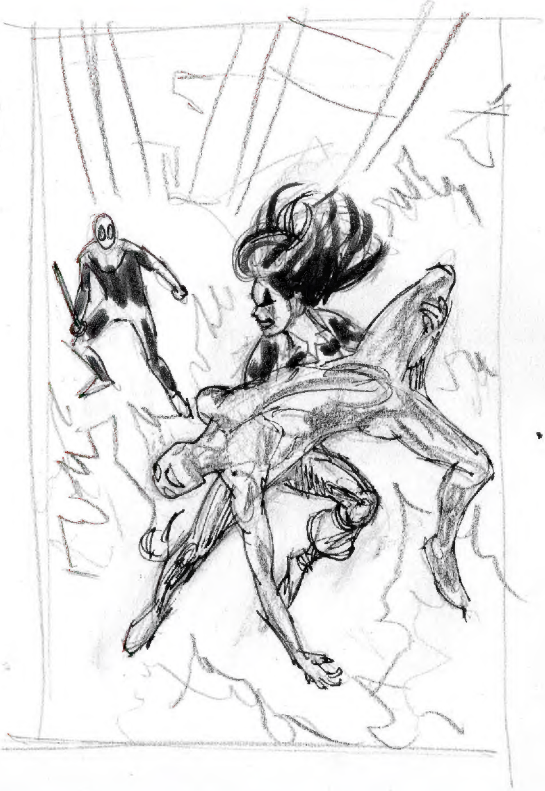

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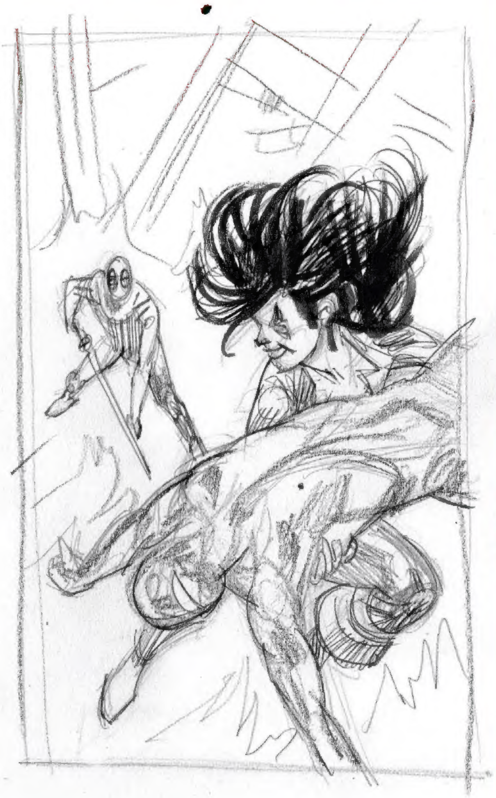

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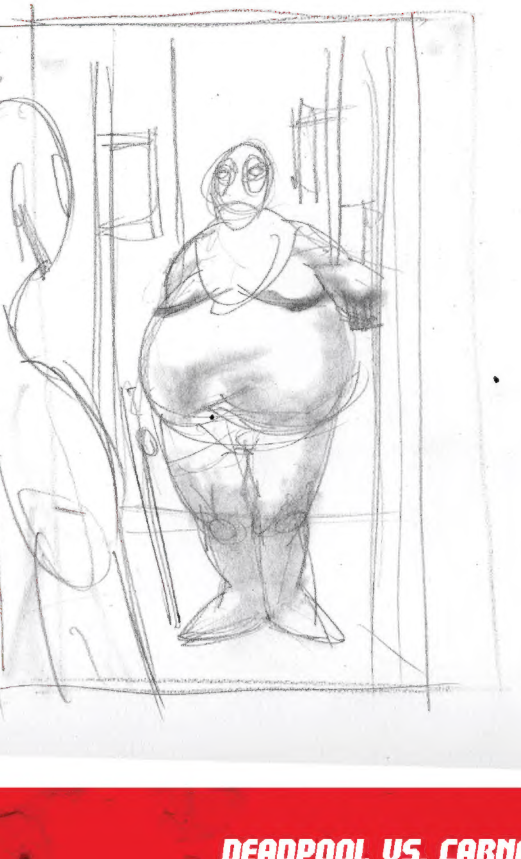

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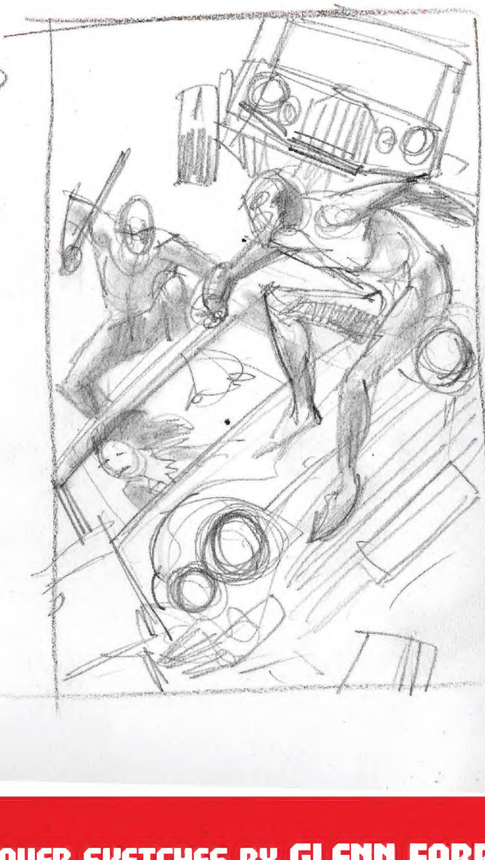
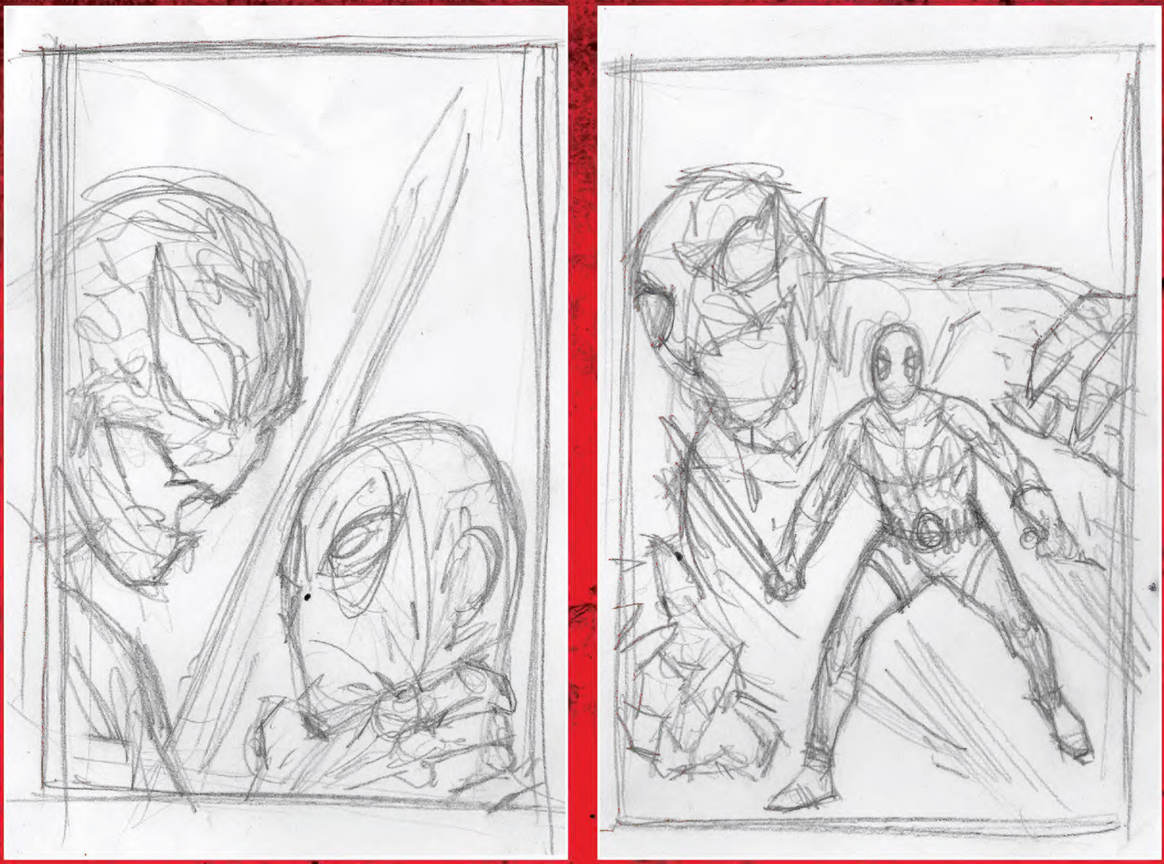
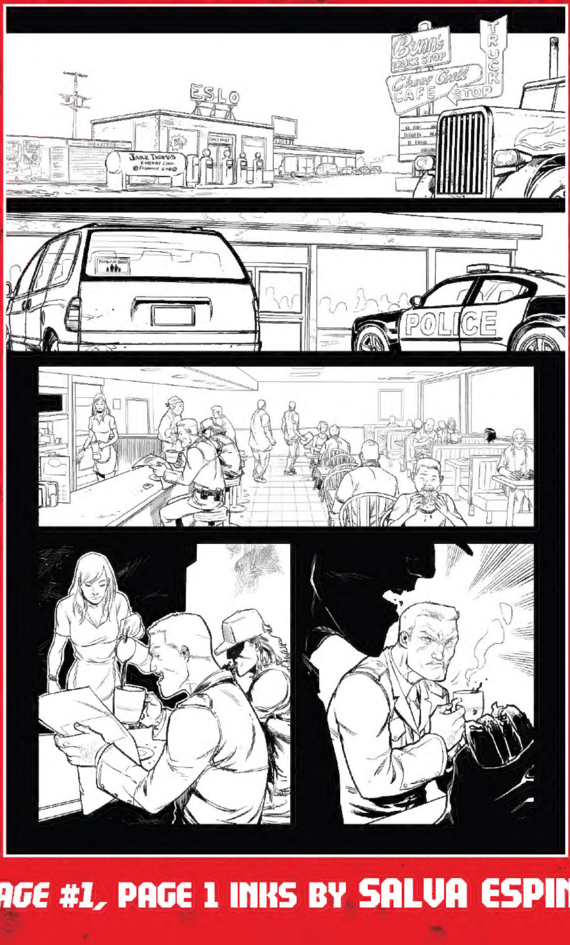


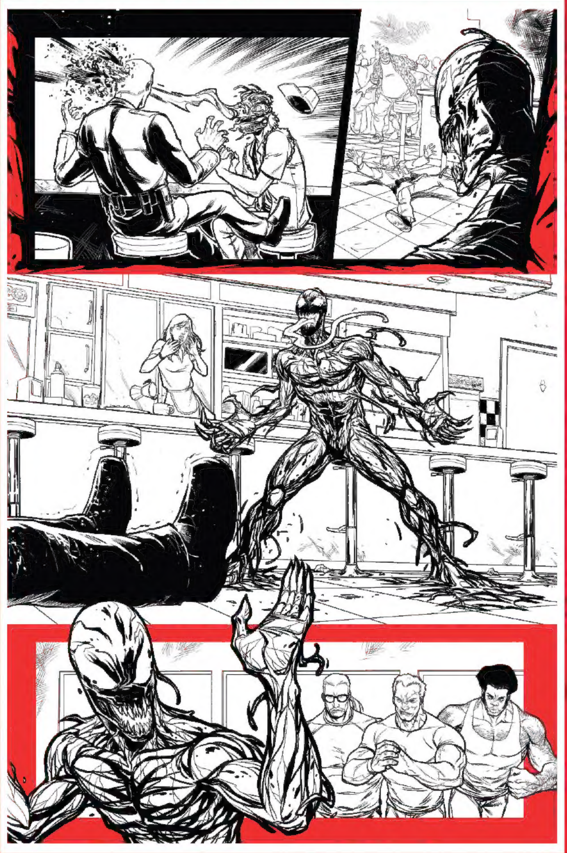
DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE COVER SKETCHES BY **GLENN FABRY**

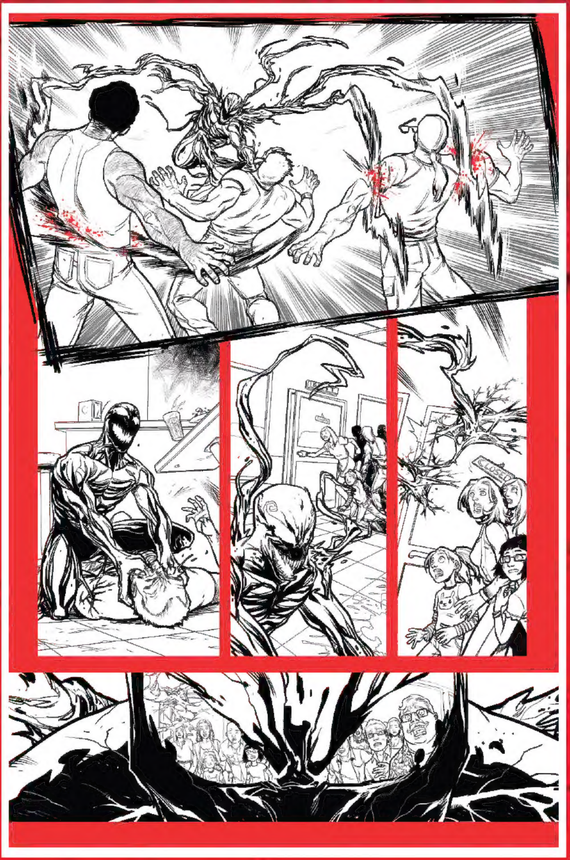


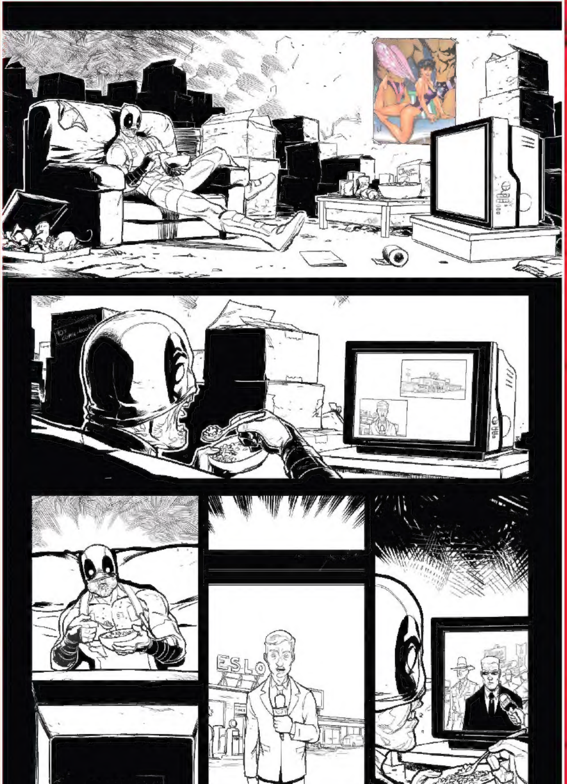
DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE **COVER SKETCHES BY GLENN FABRY**

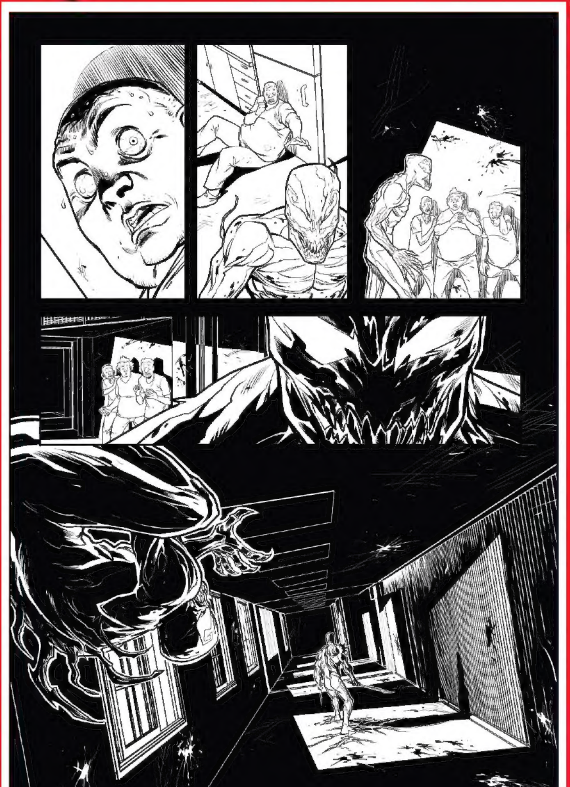

TRUCK STOP
CAFE
STOP
ESLO
POLICE

DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE #1**, PAGE 1 INKS BY SALVA ESPIN**









DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE #1, PAGES 2-4 INKS BY SALVA ESPIN

DEADPOOL VS. CARNAGE #4, PAGES 17 INKS BY SALVA ESPIN

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH TAKES ON MARVEL'S GREATEST HEROES AND VILEST VILLAINS!

Everything you knew about Deadpool's first encounter with Cable is wrong — now get the full story! Can X-Force save history from Deadpool? Then, Wade Wilson goes to Infinity and beyond throwing down the gauntlet against the Mad Titan, Thanos! But who will win Death's fair, bony hand? It's the ultimate battle of good-crazy vs. bad-crazy as Deadpool takes on Carnage — and there will be blood! And the regenerating degenerate hangs out with Hawkeye on Halloween! Oh, the horror! Plus: Madcap gets inside Wade's head, and DP helps out his "best bud" Spidey by wearing his webs! Winning friends and influencing people, Deadpool style!

Collecting *Deadpool vs. X-Force* #1-4, *Deadpool Annual (2013)* #1-2, *Deadpool vs. Thanos* #1-4, *Deadpool vs. Carnage* #1-4 and *Hawkeye vs. Deadpool* #0-4 — written by Duane Swierczynski, Ben Acker, Ben Blacker, Christopher Hastings, Tim Seeley, Cullen Bunn and Gerry Duggan; and illustrated by Pepe Larraz, Evan "Doc" Shaner, Jacopo Camagni, Elmo Bondoc, Salva Espin and Matteo Lolli.

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